

파그마의 후예

MAYA & MARU GAME FANTASY STORY

박새날 게임 판타지 장편소설



OVERGEARED

BOOK 04

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Overgeared

(템빨)

by

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Synopsis

Shin Youngwoo has had an unfortunate life and is now stuck carrying bricks on construction sites. He even had to do labor in the VR game, Satisfy!

However, luck would soon enter his hapless life. His character, 'Grid', would discover the Northern End Cave for a quest, and in that place, he would find 'Pagma's Rare Book' and become a legendary class player...

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Chapter 301

On the large screen, Elfin Stone scattered into black smoke. It was an incredible result.

Lim Cheolho stretched out a hand towards Yoon Sangmin and Team Leader Ashley, whose mouths were gaping open.

“Come on, give it to me.”

The two people pulled out a 50,000 won note.

“Ugh...! My allowance...”

“I won’t be able to buy chicken this week...”

Yoon Sangmin and Team Leader Ashley had some of the highest salaries in South Korea. However, they both had strict wives and only lived on a small amount of money. Their loss in the bet was really heartbreaking.

“I shouldn’t have bet... I never imagined this.”

They were convinced that Grid’s party wouldn’t succeed in the Elfin Stone raid. Lim Cheolho smiled warmly. “Grid won because he blocked the first Blood Field. If Blood Field was deployed at the beginning of the raid, the Overgeared members wouldn’t have been able to hold on that long.”

“I agree.”

Grid’s skills were improving day by day.

After reaching level 300 and waiting a short time to activate his newly acquired Item Combination skill, he could exert a fighting power comparable to the combat specialist legendary classes.

It was strong enough to transcend all presumptions. There was a reason Grid was included in the ‘five people who could make miracles’ that Lim Cheolho mentioned.

“But Grid... Isn’t it a little dangerous? Didn’t he die in the

Blackening state?”

Chairman Lim Cheolho laughed at Yoon Sangmin.

“Grid will get to experience a whole new world.”

In the meantime, Grid’s radius of activity was too narrow. The Human World. He was active only in the Eternal Kingdom on the continent. It was necessary to experience the wide world that two billion users enjoyed.

“In the first place, it isn’t a dangerous place. Most of the residents are friendly and similar to humans.”

[You have died.]

Grid had died before in the past. He died four times to the green slime that even level 5 beginners could go against. However, death was unfamiliar to Grid after he became Pagma’s Descendant.

The last time was with Doran. It had been a long time since he struggled against Yura and died. If it was the Grid of the past, he would’ve been trembling about the penalties caused by death. He would’ve cursed. But now he was different. He was worried about the safety of his party members.

‘Is everybody okay?’

Grid wasn’t sure if the Elfin Stone raid succeeded. His mind had darkened the moment the 5th strike of Linked Kill had landed.

“Status window.”

Lv.300 (11.05%)

“...Hah.”

Grid smiled as he checked the experience gauge on his status window. When he encountered Elfin Stone, Grid’s experience gauge was only 0%. If he had failed the Elfin Stone raid? Of course, his level would’ve decreased. However, now his experience gauge

was at 11%.

In other words.

“The raid was a success.”

The death penalty at level 300 meant a 30% drop in experience, so he had gained 41% experience from Elfin Stone. It was a huge number, as expected of a named boss.

‘Everyone will be safe.’

Thank god. A relieved Grid was reminded of the pavranium.

‘Did he drop my pavranium?’

There was no need to worry even if it didn’t drop. His party members would search the city for it.

“In the meantime, I...”

The durability of his items was ruined by death. In particular, the item combination meant that Failure only had 10 durability remaining. If things went wrong, it would’ve been destroyed.

‘I need to repair my items.’

Grid turned to head to Khan’s smithy and hesitated.

“...Where is this place?”

Grid’s resurrection point was Reidan. The landscape that unfolded before his eyes should be familiar. But the surrounding scenery was unfamiliar. It was a small and tranquil village with around 20 shacks. Grid stood alone in the center of it.

“...?”

The confused Grid unfolded the map. However, Grid’s location wasn’t marked anywhere on the map.

“What the hell is this?”

Grid frowned and swept over the village. There wasn’t a general store in the village. There were just 20 shacks, macaroon trees, and

a small stream.

‘There aren’t any people.’

Grid picked a sweet and sour macaroon and placed it in his mouth. Why did he resurrect here instead of Reidan? A bug was unlikely. He never once heard of a bug being discovered in Satisfy.

“Kuk....”

Grid’s thinking ability was unable to analyze the current situation.

‘I need to go back to Reidan.’

In order to do that, he needed to know his current location. Grid tried to ask the guild members for assistance.

{Does anyone know my location right now?}

[You have failed to send a message to the guild. Hell is disconnected from the human world.]

“...Hell?”

Hell was a place with a blue sky and warm breezes? Shouldn’t hell be darker and filled with lava?

“Dammit!”

In the end, Grid revealed his nature.

“This is hell! I fell down into hell!”

If he knew this, he would’ve lived a nice... No, he would’ve paid more attention to his demonic power figure!

‘I killed too many people in the empire, the Vatican, and Winston.’

Grid currently had 401 demonic power. It happened when Grid was sure that he fell into hell because his demonic power was too high.

“They are...?”

A group was entering through the entrance of the village. They had strange appearances. Some men had horns on their foreheads, while some women had purple skin. They didn't look strong, but it was hard to see them as humans.

‘Demonkin?’

He didn't want to fight when the durability of his items was so low.

The demonkin found Grid who was trying to run away. It was so fast that Grid failed to escape.

‘Damn... In the end I have to fight. But demonkin do farming?’

The demonkin held farming equipment in their hands and their clothes were dirty. It was like Piaro's usual appearance. The demonkin asked him a question.

“Who are you?”

“A traveller...? Why would a traveller come to a place like this?”

“...?”

The demonkin weren't wary or hostile towards Grid. They treated him normally. It was great for Grid.

‘The demonkin aren't hostile towards humans?’

Grid felt doubt and suddenly looked down at his hands. They were pale. He looked at the rest of his body, but it was the same. Grid realized.

‘Blackening wasn't over.’

That's right. Grid was currently in a half demon state. The demonkin perceived him as their own people. An old demonkin put down a basket full of unfamiliar plants and looked benignly at Grid.

“You seem stiff for some reason. Don't be nervous. Everyone's just curious because it has been almost 100 years since a visitor

came to this village. Wasn't it an exhausting trip? Would you like to have a meal? As you can see, this is a poor village and we can only cook Atura grass."

"...Grass? You eat grass? You don't eat humans?"

Grid blinked and questioned. The demonkin laughed.

"This young friend made a funny joke."

"How can we eat humans?"

"We are fortunate not to be eaten by humans."

"...?"

Their perception of humans was quite strange. These demonkin seemed different from the stories that Grid had heard.

'Living in this shabby neighborhood... Are they weak among the demonkin?'

Then Grid cocked his head with surprise. It was because a demonkin called Helmis came up and grabbed his wrist.

'Do they know that I am human?'

Grid was nervous as Helmis looked at his hands with interest.

"Looking at your calluses, you are a blacksmith? Isn't this very interesting? I've never heard that there was another blacksmith among the demonkin."

'Blacksmith?'

Blacksmith among the demonkin?

'Perhaps...'

Was the one who made Iyarugt a demonkin?

A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[Blackening will end in one minute.]

Blackening wasn't lifted even if he died. The problem was that it wouldn't last forever.

‘This...’

He didn’t know what would happen if he changed back to a human here. The demonkin were surprisingly good people so Grid asked them.

“Do you know how to go to the Human World?”

The demonkin said hopelessly.

“We don’t know either. Even the great demons can’t freely enter the human world, so how can trivial people like us know the way?”

“Why do you want to go to the Human World? You, aren’t you a little strange?”

“Something is suspicious.”

The demonkin started to question Grid.

‘Did I screw up?’

Grid gulped. At that moment, Noe jumped out of Grid’s pet inventory.

“Nyang! It was the smell of home!”

The short-legged cat sniffed and his tail waved as he smelled the familiar scent of hell. Looking at his bright expression, Noe seemed quite happy. He even seemed to be doing a shoulder dance.

‘Cute.’

Grid wanted to continue watching Noe dance. The demonkin’s faces turned pale as they gazed at Grid.

“Heok! M-Memphis!”

“The best demonic beast of hell!”

The astonished demonkin shouted and knelt down when they saw Noe. A memphis. The most intelligent and mighty servants of the great demons, they were objects of worship for common demonkin. Then Noe finally noticed the bowing demonkin.

“Ah! Do you see Master? This body is so great!”

Grid scolded him.

“You only hid when I was trying to hunt Elfin Stone.”

“I’m sorry...”

Noe’s expression changed rapidly. The demonkin started speculating when they heard Noe called Grid his master.

“M-Memphis’ Master!”

“We didn’t know who you were and we dared offend you!”

“Kill us!”

Although they were demonkin, they were also friendly people who invited him for a meal. It happened when Grid was about to answer them.

[The duration of Blackening is over.]

[Your demonic power is sealed and your species has returned to a human being.]

[It is impossible for ordinary humans to enter hell. You are expelled from hell.]

“Kuk...!”

Grid’s vision blurred. Then after a moment, he opened his eyes at Reidan’s resurrection point.

{Grid! Are you okay?}

{What, why were you marked in an unknown location?}

There was an uproar in the guild chat window. Jishuka and the Pavranium Expedition members were clamoring. Grid could feel how worried they were.

‘The Elfin Stone raid must’ve succeeded if they can make contact with the outside world.’

{Grid! Look look! These are the items Elfin Stone dropped!}

{Really amazing! A growth type item! We didn't even know that these items existed!}

“...!”

Grid's eyes widened. It wasn't because he checked the item options of Elfin Stone's Ring and Iyarugt that was shared by the party members. There was another reason why he was surprised.

“You came.”

“...Yura?”

Why was she here? Yura looked at Grid and her cheeks puffed out. She could make a cute face like this?

Yura was standing next to Lael and the Overgeared members.

‘Acting like this because she's pretty. Tsk tsk, those pathetic guys.’

Grid was smiling despite this. The power of beauty was truly great.

Chapter 302

Grid's party would fail at the Elfin Stone raid. It was regrettable, but it couldn't be helped. Elfin Stone was too strong. The Overgeared members all thought so, except for Yura.

She believed that Grid would produce results that would overturn everyone's expectations. This wasn't an inadequate belief that stemmed from her liking towards him. It was because she became a Demon Slayer and realized the power of a legendary class.

"Didn't struggling with the strong help you?"

She believed that Grid would succeed in the raid. Yura smiled at Grid. Grid's expression was full of confidence as he replied.

"Yes, it was a very big help."

There was an insurmountable wall in Grid's consciousness. It was none other than Hell Gao. The great demon whose body was sealed by Sword Saint Muller, with only the soul remaining. He was very strong. It was impossible to defeat him unless the fire stones were taken.

But now it was different. Grid was comparable to Hell Gao. No, he might even be stronger after gaining the experience of defeating Elfin Stone.

'Sooner or later, I will hunt Hell Gao again.'

Then it would be different from the past. Grid would raid Hell Gao without resorting to the fire stones, and would eventually reach a higher ground.

'I must become the best.'

He didn't want to ever sacrifice his colleagues again due to his own helplessness. It was enough to only experience that dirty feeling once. Grid's expression as he vowed was more mature than

before. The growth of the 28 year old youth was continuing without stopping.

How charming would he be once he was over 30 years old? Yura's heart thumped at the thought. She trembled as Grid stared at her.

“But why is your level so low? The 5th place ranker is only level 203? Have you been cheating people?”

What was this? He seemed to go back to the time when he spat things out without thinking. But Yura accepted it well. She thought he was better than a man who was pretentious or always bluffed.

“Check my class.”

“Class? Aren't you a black magician?” Grid only saw Yura's level in the guild members information and belatedly confirmed her class. Then he was shocked. “Demon Slayer? What is this? Huh? Uh? L-Legendary...!”

At the press conference for the 1st National Competition, Lim Cheolho had stated this: There were a total of nine legendary classes.

However, two legendary classes were part of Overgeared. Grid's heart was overflowing with joy.

“You are really welcome!”

Grid was so happy he wanted to embrace her. But he didn't want to be labelled as a molester and refrained.

After that.

Grid left Reidan with Yura and Huroi. It was to join up with the Pavranium Expedition. He had 84 days left in his quest to secure the remaining pavranium. City 13 was one of the most difficult ones, and it was already cleared. Their power was strengthened, so it would be easier to secure the rest of the pavranium.

The 13th vampire city.

After Grid died killing Elfin Stone, the surviving party members searched all over the city. The ultimate goal of this expedition was to secure the pavranium. But it was difficult to find. The scale of the city was too big and it was also dark.

“The torches have already run out.”

“If I had known this, I would’ve packed more.”

“Zednos. You’re a third advancement magician, and yet you can’t use any light magic?”

“I only learned wind magic.”

“Sigh, you should learn the basic spells, regardless of attribute.”

“I’m willing to continue with this path. Who knows? If I keep learning only one type of magic, I might obtain a hidden class.”

“Ugh... What if we ask for Minor to be sent? He would find it quickly.”

“Let’s look a little more.”

Four more hours passed. They killed the scattered remnants of the vampires’ familiars while searching and eventually found a deep cave. The entrance was covered by a rock wall, making it look like a secretive and suspicious place.

“This seems like it?”

Vantner took the lead. The moment when all the people behind him entered the cave.

[The Guardian of the Labyrinth has detected an intruder and woken up from a long sleep.]

[The traps have been activated.]

Papat! Pa pa pa pat!

Kwarururung!

A rain of arrows fell from the ceiling while spikes rose up from the ground. The chain lightning that came from the walls was stronger than many magicians. In the past, Grid couldn't cope with the damage from Braham's traps and survived due to his immortal passive. But it was somewhat lacking to threaten the current Overgeared members.

"Titan."

Kuwaaaah!

Vantner summoned an illusionary giant. It was a skill that increased the physical defense power of each party member, as well as blocking the projectiles.

Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!

Most of the arrows were neutralized by the giant. The thorns rising from the ground pierced the soles of their feet, but the increase in defense allowed them to avoid any fatal wounds.

"Wind Curtain!"

Chain Lighting was weakened by Zednos' magic. Thanks to that, the party members could escape from the traps. Two very large golems were waiting for them.

"Wow, they're huge. Aren't they a bit bigger than the ancient weapons that attacked Reinhardt?"

"This golem..."

Jishuka and Vantner were familiar with these golems. The two people thought about it.

"They resemble the golem that Grid fought when he obtained the pavranium."

"However, they look much bigger and stronger."

"It means this place definitely has pavranium."

"Okay, let's take them down lightly."

The two guardians of the labyrinth! They were 150 levels higher than the golems that Grid defeated in the past. They were also stronger than the ancient weapons that invaded Reinhardt. But the Overgeared members also grew. The golems couldn't exert any power against the elites of the Overgeared Guild. No matter how high their stats, the golems had simple defensive patterns, so they weren't a threat to rankers who had transcendent control skills.

“The defense is quite high.”

“Slow down and concentrate on the feet. Knock it down.”

“Zednos, look for the mana core. Then I can deal fatal damage to the mana core with my quick-draw sword technique.”

Kurururu!

20 minutes after the battle started. The guardians of the labyrinth had high defense and health, but they eventually collapsed. The party members' expressions brightened as they identified all the minerals that dropped.

It was because they imagined Grid's happiness. As they were thinking this, someone's voice was delivered into their minds.

[Now dogs and cows dare touch my things.]

“Dog?”

“Cow?”

“Us?”

He was referring to them, who were in the top 20 of two billion users?

“Who are you to say that?”

Vantner growled and asked the voice.

[I am the great magician Braham.]

Braham was looking forward to it. He wanted to see their terrified reactions when they heard his name. However, the

Overgeared members responded in a completely unexpected way.

“It’s just a specter of the past.”

“You’re the one who installed the traps? You have a sneaky personality.”

“If you’re dead, you should leave peacefully. Why are you staying in this world to harm people?”

“Give us the pavranium.”

[You guys...!]

Braham knew that the intruders were Grid’s subordinates. It was thanks to Euphemina, who was currently in the Siren Kingdom. Braham had watched them through Mumud’s Orb when she had been staying at Reidan. Braham didn’t like them.

[You truly fit together! All of you are just like Pagma’s Descendant!]

Grid, the thief who stole the pavranium instead of making the Vessel of the Soul. Even now, he was sending his minions to rob Braham’s pavranium. It was an act that couldn’t be forgiven.

[I will show you!]

Grid would take a direct hit if he killed these guys! Braham pulled out the weapon he had prepared for when he would reunite with Grid.

[Mumud!]

Kwajak!

An old coffin emerged from the ground. The Overgeared members were surprised at the sight of the coffin.

“Another vampire?”

“What magician can summon a vampire?”

The Overgeared members determined that it was a vampire, but this was a big mistake.

Creak.

It was a skeleton, not a vampire, that emerged from the open coffin.

“Skeleton?”

In Satisfy, skeletons were summoned using bones. What skeleton was kept in a coffin? Zednos turned pale as he found the orb in the skeleton’s hand.

“Mumud...! I knew that name was familiar. He was Braham’s disciple!”

“Then?”

“That skeleton, it’s a lich!”

“What?!”

A lich was on a different dimension from a skeleton. They possessed infinite magic power and were rumored to surpass the 10 great magicians of the continent. Braham’s soul fluttered as he identified the nervous reactions of the Overgeared members.

[Demands are a privilege of the strong. You want me to give you the pavranium? You children who don’t understand who you are going against, I will punish you.]

Kiyaaaaaah!

The lich stood up. The magic power emitted by it was reminiscent of Elfin Stone.

“Let’s escape. We can wait until Grid comes back.”

“Yes, we don’t have to fight it now. Let’s go back safely.”

They were still exhausted after the Elfin Stone raid. The risk was high and there was no merit to fighting the lich without a plan. The Overgeared members quickly judged the situation and tried to escape.

Step step.

At that moment, someone's footsteps were heard in the cave.

‘Perhaps?’

‘Grid!’

Grid always appeared with perfect timing. He was like a character in a movie who appeared in a moment of crisis. He was a person who made them feel a strange anticipation.

“I finally found it. Lich Mumud.”

“...!”

The Overgeared members thought the footsteps belonged to Grid. Their brightened faces distorted instantly. They never imagined the true identity of the owner of the footsteps.

“Why are there so many guests?”

A man appeared in front of the Overgeared members and the lich. He swept back his pale green hair and scanned the Overgeared members.

“Look at these guys who are rushing around because they received their third advancement. Don't you know how to play alone?”

Who could speak in such an unreasonable manner to the prestigious Overgeared members? There was only one person. This man had the nickname of Crazy Person. Or Mad Dog.

“Agnus...!”

Chapter 303

“Agnus...!”

He was ranked 6th after Yura disappeared from the rankings list. He was originally thought to have an epic class, but now it was known that he had a hidden growth class. He never showed up in public. However, a few top rankers knew his strength. They often bumped into him at the hunting grounds.

“Hey, Overgeared noobs.”

Jishuka, Peak Sword, Pon, Regas, Faker, Vantner and Zednos. Agnus didn't shrink back despite facing the party of eight. Rather, he poked fun at them.

“I've been looking for that lich for 11 months. Don't touch my prey or I'll kill you.”

“You bastard!” Vantner cried out furiously towards Agnus. “If you don't want to die, don't make fun of us!”

Agnus shrugged. “Bald Vantner. You're really stupid.”

Vantner's face turned red.

“I'm not stupid or bald! This is a shaved head! Aren't you the one interfering? We found this place first!”

“So what? Are you going to fight that lich?”

“Why not?”

“Kukuk! Aren't you funny? You look tired, probably from defeating the master of this city? Mumud was close to being a legendary magician. Now that he's beyond death, he's even stronger. He isn't something you guys can go against.”

“You bastard! Yet you want to raid him alone...? Oof! Oof!”

“Relax. Our purpose isn't to raid the lich.”

Jishuka blocked Vantner's mouth. Then she suggested to Agnus.

“I will give you that lich. We won’t get involved in the raid. Instead, we have something separate to do. Can you not restrain us?”

“I will think about it if you kneel down.”

“You should act in moderation, Agnus.”

“Kukuk, yes, yes. I understand.”

Jishuka was surprisingly passive towards Agnus. This was also a good development for the Overgeared members. Agnus would get the lich and they could concentrate on securing the pavranium.

Vantner couldn’t accept it.

{Are you going to just let him go? Why are we leaving it alone when he is treating us like this?}

Vantner was the lowest ranking member of the party. He had no experience with Agnus. However, the other members were different. They all had at least one hunting ground overlap with Agnus.

{It’s better to avoid Agnus.}

The sky above the sky, Kraugel. Pon acknowledged Kraugel as this. However, that was just in a one-on-one fight. Agnus was king of the dead and could rule over hundreds.

{He’s a man who absolutely shouldn’t be our enemy.}

Vantner didn’t understand.

{All of you have been saying that he’s great for a long time, but I honestly don’t know. Is he so strong that we have to flee, despite there being eight of us?}

{We aren’t running away. We are just avoiding him?}

{That is the same thing! Ah, damn! I’m sorry towards Grid! Ignoring the Overgeared Guild is no different from ignoring Grid!}

{...Speaking of Grid. If the two people meet, they will fight.}

{Their personalities are similar. Grid and Agnus absolutely shouldn't meet.}

{We need to find the pavranium before Grid arrives.}

Papat!

The determined Overgeared members scatter all over the cave. Vantner was left staring at Agnus alone, and eventually had to follow his party members. Agnus looked at them and muttered.

“Don't rush. I have to test the performance against you if I get Mumud.”

Braham shouted at Agnus, who was smiling in a disgusted manner.

[Why do things keep on getting twisted? Who are you?]

“Me?” Agnus' gaze shifted towards Braham's soul. “I am someone looking for your body.”

Kwajik! Kwajijik!

The ground around Agnus split apart and hundreds of skeletons popped out. Death knights and a lich were included. Third advancement necromancers could obtain death knights, but liches were different. There was no lich summoning in the skill tree of the third advancement necromancer.

In the first place, liches were originally human. Even the great magician Braham couldn't fully control Lich Mumud. He took advantage of the coffin for vampires. Braham identified the lich summoned by Agnus and was astonished.

[You...! You are Baal's Contractor!]

“Don't bring up that damn name.”

Agnus frowned and waved his hand. Then the death knights and hundreds of skeletons hit Lich Mumud.

Kiyaaaaaah!

Mumud fired off magic power. The flash of light shot forward in a straight line, turning the skeletons in front to powder. It was like a dark dragon's breath.

“Hoh.” Agnus didn't shake despite losing dozens of skeletons at once. Rather, he was pleased. “As expected.”

Now, become his.

“Kuahahaha!”

Agnus burst out laughing. In response, the death knights, lich and skeletons' eyes turned red. Braham's soul shook like a lamp in front of the wind.

[This dog...!]

He couldn't lose Mumud. Braham only had a handful of souls left, so Mumud was almost his only support. But Baal's Contractor showed no mercy. The powers of the death knights and lich strengthened the skeleton soldiers, gradually driving Mumud on the defensive.

[Indeed, you were chosen by Baal for a reason...!]

Puok!

The death knight's sword struck Braham's soul fragment. At the same time, Braham's voice stopped. It took a few more minutes before Lich Mumud was under control.

“Sigh.”

Agnus made a tired expression. His dark circles had noticeably become thicker. He sighed and swept away his matted hair. Then he approached the captured Lich Mumud and drew an unidentified sigil on the skull. It was a sigil of absolute domination, that could only be used three times in total.

Kyaak!

Lich Mumud screamed. It was strange, since the undead couldn't feel pain.

“Kukuk.”

After a while. Lich Mumud stood next to Agnus. Agnus stroked his skull like he was cute and looked around.

The Overgeared members had already left.

“I took too long. Well, it’s okay. This has brought me closer to my heart’s desire. I’ve become the owner of two liches. The third and final one will be saved for you, Braham.”

He would surely find out where Braham was buried.

“Kukukuk!”

Agnus laughed and left the cave.

After a while.

The Overgeared members appeared one by one in a corner of the empty cave. They wore the invisibility cloaks and received a huge shock as they watched Agnus. Vantner was sweating as he asked.

“Agnus is a necromancer with a lich? I can understand the death knights and skeleton soldiers, but how can he summon a lich? Even Braham can’t...”

A lich and three death knights. It was a power that could be considered an army. It was a level that could wreck a nation.

Pon looked troubled. “His strength is on a completely different dimension compared to when I saw him last year. This is making me anxious.”

It wasn’t good for such a crazy person to gain such power.

“The entrance is open.”

The 13th vampire city. The entrance that was like an ant hill was wide open. The city’s master Elfin Stone was defeated, so the entrance was released.

“Where are they?”

Grid was waiting with Huroi and Yura, and eventually sent a whisper to Jishuka.

–We just arrived at the city’s entrance. Where are you? Have you found the pavranium yet?

Jishuka hurriedly replied.

–We found it! We will leave here soon, so head towards the 14th city first.

–Why do we need to go first? We’ll wait at the entrance.

–No, just go ahead!

‘What is this?’

It was strange. A thought crossed Grid’s mind as he frowned.

‘Perhaps...’

Could they be in danger? They were considerate and didn’t want him to get caught up in it? It was quite possible.

‘How useless.’

Grid was no longer a person to be protected. It was the opposite. Grid turned a cold gaze towards Yura and Huroi.

“Are you ready to fight?”

“Of course, My Lord.”

“I’m always ready.”

“Okay, then let’s go.”

Grid’s group went through the entrance. At the same time.

“Huh?”

Agnus popped out of the ant hill. It was exquisite timing that allowed Grid’s party to barely avoid him.

“Was I mistaken?”

He thought he felt something when he warped through the

doorway, but he wasn't sure. In any case, his work here was over, so Agnus looked at his schedule.

“Next is the Sword Grave.”

The legendary blacksmith, Pagma. At the end of his life, he allegedly made and destroyed thousands of swords. According to the history records acquired through quests, Braham often visited it...

Agnus sent a whisper.

–Veradin, have you located the Sword Grave?

–I'm sorry. I mobilized all of my resources, but couldn't find it.

–Really worthless.

–I'm sorry.

–Find it quickly. I'll head to the next one.

–I will keep that in mind.

“Tsk.”

Agnus clicked his tongue and started to cross the desert. He didn't shed a single drop of sweat, despite the boiling heat.

“Huh? You're safe?”

Around 10 minutes after entering the 13th vampire city. Grid reunited with the Pavranium Expedition. Jishuka examined the puzzled looking Grid and asked.

“Are you okay? You're not injured? You weren't bitten by a crazy dog?”

Jishuka told Grid to head to the 14th city first because she was worried that he would face Agnus. Fortunately, it didn't seem like that happened.

“Why would there be a dog in the desert?”

Grid responded like it was absurd. A relieved Jishuka handed him presents.

“Then take this.”

They were the items dropped by Elfin Stone, various minerals, and pavranium.

“Everyone has suffered.”

Grid bowed in thanks to Jishuka and his companions. The party members smiled brightly.

“It was you who suffered the most.”

Strictly speaking, it wasn't the case.

Grid got a bus ride from them. If they hadn't given up the experience, he wouldn't have reached level 300 and they would've failed to clear the city. Securing the pavranium? He couldn't even dream of it.

Grid vowed.

“Once this expedition is over, I will give all of you the best items.

“Are you talking about the Grid set you mentioned before?”

The moment that the party members were becoming excited.

“What? Why is this girl here?”

Jishuka belatedly discovered Yura with Grid. Yura calmly replied, “You still speak in such a violent manner. I'm afraid that it will have an adverse effect on Youngwoo-ssi's feelings.

“Youngwoo-ssi? He's Duke Grid. Can't you distinguish between reality and the game?”

“I will call him what I like. It's none of your business.”

Pajjik!

Sparks flew as the two women's gazes crossed.

‘Beauties are fighting over Grid...’

‘Grid already has Irene...’

The party members were jealous of Grid. They were truly envious. However, Grid didn’t pay attention to them. He was busy identifying the newly acquired items.

[Three pieces of ??? have been collected.]

[The information about the ??? Pieces has been updated.]

‘This...!’

Grid’s eyes widened.

Chapter 304

[Three pieces of ??? have been collected.]

[The information about the ??? Pieces has been updated.]

Ttiring~

[Red Mirror Piece]

Pieces of a round mirror made of blood stones.

The exact function of the mirror isn't known.

The third prince of the Saharan Empire is looking for this mirror. It is recommended that you gather all the pieces and give them to him.

Weight: 3

‘This...!’

Grid verified the updated information of the unknown pieces. Then another item passed through his head.

‘Amethyst Shield!’

[Amethyst Shield]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 200

Defense: 200 Magic Resistance: 200

A beautiful shield that shines purple, red, or black depending on the angle. It is a symbolic piece that is awarded only to the head of the Red Knights.

It was an item lost three years ago when Piaro, who was framed as a traitor by Asmophel, fled to the Eternal Kingdom.

The third prince of the Saharan Empire is looking for this shield. It is recommended that you bring it to him.

Weight: 350

It was an item he acquired more than a year ago in Satisfy time. The Awakened Guardian of the Forest had dropped it. How could he meet a prince of the empire? He had placed the item in his inventory and forgotten about it.

‘The performance isn’t very good, but I kept it because it’s a quest item.’

How could he have forgotten about it...?

‘Well, a busy person can forget about the little things.’

His memory wasn’t bad. Grid had a habit of getting involved in incidents every day, so he rationalized it to himself.

‘Anyway, there seems to be a big episode since the empire’s third prince is always mentioned.’

Could he get a hint from Piaro, the owner of the Amethyst Shield?

‘Once this expedition is over, I should talk with Piaro.’

Grid determined and checked the remaining items. First was Iyarugt.

“Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal.”

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Iyarugt]

Rating: Unique (Growth)

Durability: 351/351 Attack Power: 793

* Sword Mastery Level +5.

* The skill ‘Blood Cry’ is generated.

* Decreases the healing ability of the target by 50% when they are hit.

* A critical strike will cause a bleeding status that will last for 3 seconds. The bleeding damage will be proportional to your attack power.

* The target's bleeding effect will be maximized when three combos are achieved. At this time, the damage done to the target will increase by 200% for 1 second.

* When five combos are achieved, the target's thinking ability will be destroyed for 0.3 seconds. At this time, you can link the skill 'Hell Sword.'

Iyarugt is a sword made by the only blacksmith of hell, out of a soul and blood stones. It has exceptional damage for a one-handed sword.

The soul of Iyarugt will turn the wearer into a master of swordsmanship. However, he rarely accepts anyone as a master.

Conditions of Use: A person chosen by Iyarugt.

Weight: 290

[A hidden function doesn't exist.]

'Amazing...!'

A legendary rated two-handed sword had an attack power of 1,040~2,166. On the other hand, Iyarugt was a unique rated one-handed sword, but its attack power was close to 800. This was a tremendous number considering the fact that two-handed swords normally had more attack power, while one-handed swords normally had more speed.

'It also increases the level of Sword Mastery by 5. The average damage might rise or fall slightly compared to Failure. It will be far superior if it's raised to a legendary rating.'

It was an excellent sword. The material was far superior to blue orichalcum, but there was also the skills of the blacksmith.

'Hell's only blacksmith...'

Helmis. A demonkin he met when he died in the Blackening State and fell to hell.

‘Is it his work?’ But it was strange. ‘He seems to have an affinity with the blacksmithing class itself... If we meet again, will he teach me?’

Grid was filled with expectations. But he didn’t want to go to hell. Of course, hell was very different from his imagination. It was a peaceful world with a clear blue sky and grasslands. The demonkin were also surprisingly friendly.

However, he shouldn’t be misled by appearances. A rash decision was always poisonous.

‘Hell is the land of evil.’

He should avoid that place, as long as he didn’t know what risks might be present. Grid dismissed the reunion with Helmis and examined Elfin Stone’s Ring next.

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Elfin Stone’s Ring]

Rating: Epic (Growth)

* During normal attacks, 12% of the damage done to the target will be restored to you as health.

* During skill attacks, 5% of the damage done to the target will be restored to you as health.

* This effect is only invoked once every 21 seconds.

* Strength, stamina and health +20

A ring that contains Earl Elfin Stone’s unique magic power.

It raises the potential and survival ability of the wearer.

Weight: 1

‘This is also amazing...!’

In Satisfy, a potion’s cooldown time was long and healers were precious, so the value of a vampire’s ring was astronomical. In addition, Elfin Stone’s Ring was applied to skill attacks. This was a unique feature that went against common sense, and the compatibility with Grid’s legendary skills was excellent. The only thing lacking was that the cooldown time was 21 seconds, but that wasn’t a huge disadvantage.

‘It gives me a 60 point stat bonus...’

Wasn’t it like gaining six levels? Grid’s heart pumped. He was glad about obtaining another top quality accessory after Doran’s Ring and Dark Bus’ Ring. It was worth sacrificing his life to succeed in this raid.

A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[This item has a hidden function.]

[The information of Elfin Stone’s Ring has been updated.]

“...!”

Grid’s eyes widened. He was amazed to see the true function of Elfin Stone’s Ring.

* If this ring grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summon Vampire Earl Elfin Stone.

“...Uh?”

He was able to summon the strongest and worst boss? There was no mention of whether the summoned person would be a subordinate, or if he would still be hostile to Grid. But if he thought about it with common sense, Elfin Stone was more likely to be his subordinate.

Grid clenched his fists tightly. He was thrilled as he imagined Elfin Stone becoming his slave. However, there was one thing that bothered him. Grid turned to stare at the party members.

“All of you should know the value of these items. It’s too burdensome for me to gobble them up alone.”

The party members smiled brightly.

“Don’t you normally do this for us?”

“We can get items from a legendary blacksmith for free, as long as we provide the materials.”

“Besides, don’t forget that the main player in this raid is Grid.”

“In the first place, we wouldn’t have raided Elfin Stone if it wasn’t for you.”

“Everyone...”

He was deeply grateful for their help with his quest, as well as giving him such consideration. Where in the world did such nice and kind friends existed? Grid vowed yet again. He had to return double the grace they showed to him. But before that, there was something he needed to do.

“Jishuka. Please fire Phoenix Arrow here.”

“Huh? Why?”

Phoenix Arrow was a symbol of Jishuka’s authority, as well as her ultimate skill. It was the strongest skill that summoned a fire bird and turned the whole area into a sea of fire. Why did Grid want her to use Phoenix Arrow here? Grid pointed towards the pavranium that Jishuka had given him.

“To smelt this.”

“...”

Jishuka recalled a disgraceful moment from the past. Grid had wanted her to use her ultimate skill as a substitute for a blast furnace. Her pride was upset. However, she couldn’t refuse her guild master just because of pride. Moreover, Yura was also present. Jishuka wanted to prove that she was better than Yura.

“...I understand.”

Jishuka used Phoenix Arrow. It was a tremendous decision considering her normal prideful personality. Her colleagues looked at her with a pitying gaze.

‘Grid’s attitude towards women is too lacking.’

‘He isn’t delicate...’

‘Our poor Jishuka. Falling in love with an uncaring guy like that.’

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid became a bad guy who devoted himself to making an item. Using the fire that Phoenix Arrow generated, he smelted the pavranium and attached it to Lifael’s Spear. As a result, a small handle was attached to Lifael’s Spear. It meant that he could swing Lifael’s Spear by holding it in his hand.

But it still wasn’t complete. In order to truly be reborn as Lifael’s Spear, he needed to acquire the remaining 14 pavranium.

‘If I collect all 14 pavranium...’

The length of the handle had to be increased in order to enhance the spear to its best performance. At that time, it would be truly reborn as Lifael’s Spear. Its power would be comparable or even higher than Iyarugt’s.

“Give me any equipment you want repaired.”

Grid reached out to his party members. Then they entrusted him with the items that were damaged during the course of the city raid.

Ttang! Ttang!

Indeed, Grid was a legendary blacksmith. There were dozens of items to be repaired. His speed was several times faster than ordinary blacksmiths. Grid’s true power was revealed when he was holding the hammer.

After that.

“Let’s depart.”

After the maintenance, Grid’s party left the 13th city and headed towards the 14th city. They planned to conquer the 14th and 15th cities first, then start sequentially from 12 down to 1. They were tired at the thought of all the city masters being like Elfin Stone, but the party didn’t shrink back.

It was because Grid’s increased strength and the addition of Yura raised the morale of the party. Unlike the concerns of the party, the expedition proceeded smoothly. The masters of the 14th and 15th cities were only barons, not earls. They were ridiculously weak compared to Elfin Stone.

“Indeed, if vampires like Elfin Stone were so common, then this world would’ve already been dominated by vampires.”

The party was able to deduce that the difficulty of the 13th city was exceptionally high. Only Grid was suffering among the party members who had regained their composure.

Chapter 305

‘No, dammit!’

Pagma’s Descendant could wear all types of equipment items unconditionally. This was one of Pagma’s Descendant’s greatest strengths, and was the source of his destructive power. However, he couldn’t equip Iyarugt. It was because Iyarugt rejected Grid.

–An inferior demonkin? The demonic power that I feel from you is too weak and low quality. You don’t deserve to be my master.

[You are rejected by Iyarugt.]

[You have failed to wear Iyarugt.]

If Iyarugt had cursed him, he could’ve cancelled it with his passive immune status. But Iyarugt just didn’t tolerate Grid’s existence itself. It wasn’t a matter that could be overcome with status immunity.

Grid was baffled. He never imagined that there would be an item he couldn’t wear.

‘It’s frustrating.’

There was only one way to increase the rating of a growth item. Use it a lot. However, Grid couldn’t wear it so he had no way to increase the rating. Grid wanted Iyarugt to become a legendary weapon, so he was now in a difficult situation.

‘I have to increase my demonic power?’

Iyarugt rejected Grid because his demonic power was too low. If he increased his demonic power, Iyarugt would no longer reject Grid. But Grid was unwilling.

‘The higher the demonic power, the more likely I am to go to hell.’

Demonic power rising. It meant he would become a demon sooner. The reason Grid could be sure of this was because of the

notification windows he saw when he was in hell.

[The duration of Blackening is over.]

[Your demonic power is sealed and your species has returned to a human being.]

[It is impossible for ordinary humans to enter hell. You are expelled from hell.]

The system had clearly said so. It was impossible for a human to enter and stay in hell. In other words, if his demonic power was high enough to allow him entry to hell, he had already become a demon.

‘A demon...’

If he played a species hostile to humans, would it be possible to progress normally in the game? It would be tough. He wouldn’t be able to keep his position as lord of Reidan, which meant the collapse of Overgeared. In the worst case scenario, Irene and Khan would leave his side. Grid wanted to avoid becoming a demon as much as possible.

‘For the time being, I will use Iyarugt only when Blackening is activated.’

If he handled it briefly, he would improve his understanding of the item. If it reached 100% understanding...

‘At that time, I will use the Legendary Blacksmith’s Reconstruction.’

He would change Iyarugt into a soul that obeyed him, making him the perfect master of Iyarugt. Grid’s face distorted in a wicked manner as he pledged.

‘I will change its name to Yakult.’

It was a 200 won drink that Grid had drank since he was a child, and Iyarugt was hard to pronounce. It was a good choice to change the name into something easier to call.

“Kukukuk...!”

The demon sword Iyarugt, which had swordsmanship comparable to a great demon. It wasn't long until his noble pride would be brutally trampled on.

Yura joined the party from the 14th city onwards. She was level 203 when she joined. She might've been the former 5th ranked user and a legendary class, but wasn't her level too low? The party members judged that Yura joining them was too premature. She would be a burden, rather than help the party.

But she defied everyone's predictions. The legendary class, Demon Slayer, seemed to be fatal to all demonkin. Yura showed off a transcendent combat power against the vampires.

Tatang! Tang tang!

A Demon Slayer's main weapon was a magic gun. For convenience, a magic gun was a weapon that could only be produced at an alchemy facility and it depended on the user's control ability. It required discharging a constant amount of magic power quickly and properly as a bullet.

Every attack required a series of steps, so it wasn't easy. If Grid was given a magic gun to use, he would fail more than 100 times. Maybe it would take him more than three minutes to shoot a bullet.

But Yura was different. She skillfully handled the magic gun based on her masterful control from her time as a black magician, as well as her innate talent. Even magic gunmen would admire her skill.

“Kuak!”

“Kiyaaak!”

The pure white pistol blended with Yura's white skin. Every time

she fired a magic bullet, the inferior vampires would shed blood.

“What is this...?”

The vampires made disbelieving expressions. A human woman with ebony hair tied up. She was so beautiful that she even attracted the vampires who regarded humans as food, and she didn't have any divine power. Yet her abilities were deadly to them.

Their bodies turned to black smoke, but still received damage. It was an attack that even neutralized the black smoke.

“This woman...! What is your identity?”

A vampire shouted when he saw his kin die from the bullets. The vampires reigned as a top-level predator, but they were now terrified of a human. Furthermore, a Korean woman! Peak Sword's patriotism rose at the sight.

“Do you know Yura!!!?”

“...That person, it's obvious that 'do you know' are the only English words he speaks.”

“He doesn't even know how to use it correctly.”

The party clicked their tongue at Peak Sword's tendencies. Yura just focused on the battle. The passive skill that was fatal to all demonkin, 'Purification' was refined into the magic bullets and then she shot them with 'Demonkin Contempt.'

Tatang! Tang tang!

The biggest advantage of a magic gun was the speed of the bullets. It was almost impossible to cope with the bullets, unlike arrows. The disadvantage was the slow firing speed.

Unlike the guns of modern society, the magic guns had to undergo the magic refinement process, making the shooting speed very slow. This was a fundamental problem that couldn't be overcome, even with Yura's skill.

Click!

Yura shot at the head of a bullet and was reloading her magic power.

“Damn human!”

The surviving vampires rushed over and wielded their sharp nails at Yura.

“This!”

Vantner, the only tanker of the party, was protecting Zednos. It was because Zednos used a wide area spell and attracted the aggro. He couldn't help Yura. Someone ran over as Vantner looked shocked.

“Yura!”

The person desperately called out Yura's name. Was it Grid? No. Grid was struggling with Iyarugt while hunting alone. In the first place, he wasn't paying attention to Yura. The person rushing to help Yura was Peak Sword. Yura was the proud daughter of South Korea, so he couldn't tolerate her being hurt.

“I'm coming! Yura!”

Peak Sword shouted. In fact, Yura didn't need his help. A legendary class. In addition, it was a combat focused legendary class.

Supak!

Yura put away her magic gun and pulled out a sword. She used the skill 'Brilliance Sword' and swung at the vampires. The vampires tasted the pain of burning flesh. Peak Sword couldn't help admiring it.

“You can even use swordsmanship...!”

That's right. A Demon Slayer's main weapon actually wasn't a magic gun. A Demon Slayer possessed the Weapons Mastery skill and could use all types of weapons. It was just that the active skills

specialized in the gun and one-handed swordsmanship.

“You’re really running wild against the small fry!”

The intermediate vampires witnessed the junior ones being beaten up by Yura and rushed over. Panic appeared on Yura’s face. The junior vampires were in the mid-200s, while the intermediate vampires were at least level 280. The level difference between them was so large that Yura couldn’t do any damage at all.

“Where are you looking?”

Jishuka’s voice was heard as Yura looked around for a way to escape the vampires. Jishuka was talking to the vampires.

“Your opponent is me!”

Pepepeng!

The arrows revolved like a drill and pierced the hearts of the vampires. Jishuka connected fire arrows with the dancing arrows, causing them to explode.

“I didn’t help you. I was just maintaining my experience.”

Yura smiled at the words.

‘I’m happy.’

Due to her innate talent and beauty, Yura was always alone. People of the same sex were jealous or wanted to borrow money from her, so she never opened up her heart to make friends. But the Overgeared members were different.

They were all people with the same talent as Yura. They didn’t give Yura special treatment or try to keep her in check. Yura was able to realize again. It was much more rewarding being with someone, rather than being alone.

‘It is really good that I joined Overgeared.’

The reason why Yura joined Overgeared was because of Grid. She wanted to quickly regain her ranking by joining Overgeared. There

was also her personal liking. Grid was different from ordinary men. He was indifferent to her. Every once in a while, he showed annoyance.

This aspect was attractive to Yura. Was she masochistic? No (perhaps). Yura just felt comfortable with the man who didn't put pressure on her. The main point was that Grid's help in the National Competition was very attractive. It was the first time she had a crush on someone, so Yura wanted to be near Grid.

However, now she liked the Overgeared Guild itself.

"It's up to here!"

Chaaeng!

It was around two days after Grid's party started killing the vampires in the 10th city. The boss appeared in the middle of the city, as windows of a building were shattered. Just like the 14th, 15th, 12th and 11th cities, the boss was a True Blood Baron.

"Daring to make a mess in my city! It can't be forgiven!"

Kuoooooh!

Bloody magic power spread in all directions. The surge of magic power was enormous. It was much stronger than a normal dungeon boss. But it was nothing compared to Elfin Stone. Grid's party had experience raiding Elfin Stone, so the baron vampires were no threat.

"Blackening."

Grid revealed his power from the beginning. The red sword and dark power coming from him made him look like a grim reaper.

"K-Keok! Why are humans so strong...?"

The boss of the 10th city scattered into black smoke. The vampire ring he dropped was distributed among the Overgeared members.

"Okay."

His understanding of Iyarugt was approaching 20%. It was very slow, but it was at least going up. Grid once again vowed to rename him Yakult and started searching for the pavranium.

Then he encountered Braham's soul in the cave with the pavranium. It was a reunion after around one and a half years of Satisfy time.

[Pagma's Descendant! We finally meet!]

‘Eh?’

It was an unexpected reunion. It was because Braham's soul didn't appear in the 11~15th cities. To be honest, Grid had almost forgotten about Braham's existence.

‘Will he be angry?’

Grid was stealing the pavranium instead of performing the quest, so Braham would obviously be angry. Grid greeted him awkwardly.

“I-It has been a while.”

But Braham's response was surprising.

[Please help me!]

Not only was Braham not angry, he was actually begging. It was different from the personality that Grid knew. The class quest left abandoned was about to undergo an upheaval.

Chapter 306

Braham Eshwald.

One of the nine direct descendants of Shizo Beriache. He was one of the cleverest in the clan, and one day he had a deep question.

‘God Yatan gave us the Curse of Idleness because of our strength and ambition, but why?’

God Yatan had a destructive desire. He wished to bring destruction to all the beings blessed by the goddess of light, Rebecca. Absolute strength and cruelty was necessary to accomplish this desire, and the right species was the vampires.

Vampires were powerful and could achieve God Yatan’s wish. So why seal their power with the Curse of Idleness? He couldn’t understand it.

Furthermore.

‘Why wasn’t any prohibition placed on the great demons?’

It stunk. Braham smelled something nasty and started to explore deeper into the gods. Then after 483 years, he discovered a fact. God Yatan’s destructive instinct only activated in a certain cycle.

‘Once human desires reaches the peak, chaos will come to the world.’

In other words, it happened when Goddess Rebecca could no longer control the world. Only then would God Yatan’s destructive instincts be exercised.

‘God Yatan will emerge to destroy the world, then Goddess Rebecca will once again create a new world.’

Yatan and Rebecca. The two opposing gods on the surface were actually cooperating with each other.

“Kukuk... We’re just playthings in the hands of the gods.”

Even now, the creatures of Yatan and Rebecca were hating and slaughtering each other. It was originally designed like this. Yatan and Rebecca were actually in a relationship to maintain the balance of this world?

Braham felt a great sense of betrayal. His infinite reverence for Yatan vanished. He suddenly realized the reason why Shizo Beriache, originally one of the great demons, was expelled from hell into the human world.

‘Mother was like me.’

The clever Beriache would’ve known about the reality of Yatan. She questioned him and was cursed with the Curse of Idleness, as well as being expelled from hell.

‘What about the other great demons?’

Did they know the truth, or were they just obedient puppets?

‘No matter what.’

There was only one thing Braham wanted.

‘I will overcome the Curse of Idleness.’

Shizo Beriache was a great demon of predation. The vampires who inherited her blood also had the same tendencies. Among them, Braham wanted to eat knowledge. However, due to the Curse of Idleness, he slept most of the day and it was almost impossible.

‘There is deep meaning in the great god’s curse.’

He must’ve cursed us to restrain our appetites. But what was the reality?

‘There is no god in the first place.’

Yatan. In other words, the omnipotent entity they thought of as a god didn’t exist. He was a passive machine that existed just for the providence of the world. There was no reason to serve it or endure the current trials.

‘Yatan, I will overcome the curse you laid on us and will be faithful to my instincts.’

He would accumulate knowledge and become a perfect existence! On that day, Braham pledged to explore all the disciplines and magic of the world. Over hundreds of years, he built up his knowledge and devoted himself to magic research by using all types of species as his test subjects. Among them were his clan members.

And this was the beginning of the worst situation.

“Braham! I’ll kill you!”

A vampire was crying while hugging his lover’s dead body. It was Elfin Stone, the 9th child of Shizo Beriache.

“Leah, you dare do to her...! Leah!!!”

Elfin Stone was enraged that his lover was the victim of the research. Braham asked him, “Brother, do you fail to understand my inquiring mind even until the end? Don’t you wonder about the source of my inquisitiveness?”

“I don’t understand! How can I understand your strange behavior when studying magic, to the point of even sacrificing your clan members? You’re just crazy!”

“...You’re saying this as well?”

He blamed the Curse of Idleness. They didn’t question anything. They found everything annoying and only coped with the things in front of them.

“There is no value for our clan.”

Braham confirmed it.

“Brethren, listen to me. You’re worse than the humans you treat as livestock. You have no right to grab at my ankles.”

“Stop talking such sophistry!”

Elfin Stone used Blood Field and summoned Iyarugt to attack Braham. But he wasn't his match from the beginning. Braham was a duke while Elfin Stone was just an earl, so the difference was clear.

“Dammit...! Dammit! Brahammmm!”

“Disgusting.”

The sight of the screaming and bleeding Elfin was sad and funny. Even as Elfin Stone was about to be killed by the enemy, he couldn't endure the drowsiness and his eyes were closing.

“Braham.”

A woman appeared in front of the laughing Braham. Shizo Beriache.

“Mother...”

Braham was shaken. Beriache had been sleeping for hundreds of years after being directly cursed by Yatan, so why was she awake at this time?

‘She should've woken up in 50 years.’

Braham was confused when he suddenly felt something strange from Beriache.

‘I can't feel her vitality.’

Beriache was dying. Why? She should have eternal life.

‘That girl...!’

Braham belatedly noticed the girl standing next to Beriache. It was a black-haired girl who looked exactly like Beriache.

“Is this my 10th sibling?”

Braham's expression distorted. The magic power coming from the girl was far beyond Beriache's power.

“Mother! You gave birth to a being beyond yourself!”

“...You broke the taboo that the clan members shouldn't be harmed, no matter what.”

“Mother, that...”

Braham tried to explain, but closed his mouth. He knew that his actions of sacrificing his clan members for his greed wouldn't be forgiven. Beriache looked at him with hatred.

“I have loved you more than anyone.”

“...”

Tears appeared in Braham's eyes. It was because Beriache, who should be enjoying eternal life, now had wrinkles on her neck. All of this was due to that girl! Braham struck at his new sibling. And he failed to hit the girl, Marie Rose.

“Excuse me for doing this from the beginning.”

“...!”

The power of Marie Rose was absolute. Despite being a newborn, she defeated Braham who was the strongest of the clan.

Paduduk!

“Ack...!”

Braham groaned angrily as he grabbed his injured wrist. Beriache's hate-filled gaze didn't leave him. She was merciless.

“I have warned all of you that our clan has a craving for predation, so an unimaginable situation will occur if we hurt each other. You have killed many clan members while I was sleeping, and now you want to harm your sibling in front of me? I will punish you to set an example!”

“...!”

Braham's expression twisted. Marie Rose's little fangs bit his neck and all the blood in his system was sucked out, causing

unimaginable pain. On this day, Braham lost his eternal life. He was banished from the clan.

After 100 years.

Braham concealed himself as a human while studying magic and succeeded in overcoming the Curse of Idleness. But now he had a finite life. He needed to regain eternal life in order to eat more knowledge.

Braham started to explore immortality magic, and in the process, he gained the title of great magician. In the end, he couldn't complete the magic of eternal life. But there was no need to feel despair. It was the next best thing, but he completed the resurrection magic.

Braham finished recalling the past and returned to reality. He stood in front of the human called Grid.

[I asked you to make me the Vessel of the Soul. Then I will be resurrected. I will be able to repeat this resurrection several times in the future. But you said that you can't create the Vessel of the Soul because you can't receive God Yatan's blessing?]

"Yes. It's impossible, since I have a hostile relationship with the Yatan Church."

Braham begged Grid.

[If so, please give me permission to possess your body.]

"Possess... What?"

Grid doubted his ears. Possession! It meant that a ghost would be inside his body! Wasn't this the material of a third-rate horror movie?

"W-What if I don't want to?"

Grid disliked supernatural phenomena. Braham tried to persuade him.

[There is no need to worry about your body. The only thing I will do is fly to the Yatan Church to receive Yatan's blessing.]

“Will it be that easy?”

Grid asked suspiciously, but Braham answered without hesitation.

[I can smash the Yatan Church, even if I was occupying the body of a five year old child.]

Indeed, this was the confidence of a legendary great magician who survived fighting against the dragon Trauka.

[I will give you all the pavranium I possess if you let me borrow your body for half a day. In addition, I will teach you one spell.]

“Why does an already dead person want to be resurrected?”

Braham's answer was simple and concise.

[I want to explore all the knowledge that exists in this world. I will become immortal!]

Then a notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[The Second Class Quest: [Great Magician's Resurrection has been updated.]

[Great Magician's Resurrection]

Great Magician Braham is insatiable. He has no intention of stopping his search for knowledge.

It is part of his natural instincts, so he can't be condemned.

Quest Clear Conditions: Accept Braham's soul and make a Vessel of the Soul out of the pavranium that has been blessed by God Yatan.

Quest Clear Reward: Learn a magic spell. Acquire all the pavranium scattered throughout the continent.

‘The total number of pavranium was 28.’

Out of that number, Grid currently owned 11 pavranium.

‘I need at least 18 pieces of pavranium to perfectly reproduce Lifael’s Spear.’

If he obtained all the pavranium, he would have 10 pieces remaining, even if he made Lifael’s Spear. No, he didn’t need to cling to Lifael’s Spear. He should be able to create an even better item if he took advantage of all 28 pavranium. But the reward of the magic spell attracted Grid more than the pavranium.

‘Can I really learn magic as a blacksmith?’

It might be only one spell, but it was a spell taught by a great magician. Obviously the spell would be terrific. The thrilled Grid accepted the changed quest without hesitation.

“Okay! I will accept your request!”

At the same time.

[An excellent choice!]

Braham’s soul fragment shouted and flew towards Grid.

[Braham is trying to enter your body. Would you like to accept?]

“Of course!”

At the same time, Grid’s body was surrounded by light.

[You have accepted the soul of the great magician, Braham.]

[Your class will be changed from Pagma’s Descendant to Great Magician.]

[From now on, your body will move according to Braham’s will.]

“Wow...”

The party members watching the situation let out impressed sounds. It was because Grid’s status window was amazing after he accepted Braham’s soul.

Grid (Great Magician)

Lv. 545

Health: 858,310

Mana: 13,965,000

The party information window didn't show detailed information such as attack power, magic power, defense, skills list, etc. However, they could guess it based on the level, health and mana. The white-haired, red-eyed Grid spoke to the open mouthed party members.

“I am thankful to everybody. The securing of the pavranium is now meaningless, so return to Reidan first.”

Pahat!

Grid's body disappeared with the light.

Chapter 307

A vast body of water. There was a flash of light over the endless sea and a man appeared.

Grid. As Braham's soul occupied his body and immediately teleported to this place, he opened up the status window.

Name: Braham Eshwald (Grid)

Class: Great Magician

Title: Possessor of Great Knowledge

* The best intellectual of this time. The truth hasn't been learned yet, so he is still obstinate. This pursuit of knowledge is very strong, sometimes acting as a poison.

* Intelligence will rise by 35%.

* There is a low probability of running wild.

Title: One who Became a Legend

* Abnormal conditions don't work well on you.

* You won't die when health is at the minimum.

* Easily acknowledged.

Title: ???

* ???

Level: 545

Health: 858,310/858,310 (Correction)

Mana: 13,964,000/13,965,000 (Correction)

Strength: 258 Stamina: 3,400

Agility: 1,009 Intelligence: 15,880

* In this human flesh, Braham Eshwald's full strength can't be drawn out. Most of his stats are sealed.

Every level up gave 10 stat points. In other words, it meant that the sum total of Braham's stats at level 545 exceeded 20,000, which was beyond common sense. Of course, there were many ways to raise stats apart from levelling up, but even considering this, Braham's stats were too unrealistic.

Grid's total stats exceeded 14,000, but that was because he had a large variety of stats. Grid only had around 6,000 points in his combat related stats. It was ridiculously high, but it just seemed shabby in front of Braham.

'It even says that Braham's stats are sealed. What was his original strength?'

Considering his health and mana, Braham's strength and stamina should be at least 10 times higher than it was now.

'Rather...'

'In this human flesh, Braham Eshwald's full strength can't be drawn out.'

This phrase really bothered him.

"You, are you not a human?"

[My appearance is no different from humans, and I have a finite life.]

'...Does that mean he's human?'

Humans were humans. No. If that was the case, answer simply instead of making it so complicated.

"So, where is this place?"

It was difficult to distinguish the sea from the sky. Grid was confused about whether his feet were in the sky or sea right now, or if he was standing upright or upside down. Braham laughed at him, who was struggling before the overwhelming majesty of nature.

[A legend feels awe at something like this?]

“Isn’t it natural for humans to feel smaller in front of nature?”

[A legend is transcendent. You shouldn’t think of yourself as a simple person. It is no different from making a wall around yourself.]

‘It is plausible.’

Originally, Grid was suspicious of Braham. Pagma was recorded as dying 100 years ago. On the other hand, Braham said that Pagma died 300 years ago, making him a liar and suspicious. But was it because Braham’s soul was now inside him? His suspicions and wariness towards Braham faded and he started to sympathize with the words.

[You should only beware those who can threaten you, and feel contempt towards the rest. That is the attitude of a legend.]

“Then do you fear caution as well?”

Grid sounded him out. Grid’s mouth smiled. It was Braham’s smile.

[I am beyond the boundaries of fear.]

“...Ah, I see.”

It was like this when they met a year and a half ago. Braham had high pride. He was already dead, but what would he have been like when alive?

“In any case, where is this place?”

Grid asked Braham again.

[The Red Sea]

Red Sea. It was the largest sea that separated the East Continent and West Continent. In the past thousands of years, both continents had poured a myriad of resources into crossing the sea, but they failed.

Only a few people succeeded in intercontinental movement. In

the process, tens of thousands of victims were said to have shed blood here, turning the sea red.

[This is the center of the world. It is a source of infinite mana. That is where the worst creatures can exist deep in the sea.]

“You don’t have to explain every trivial detail.”

[Okay, I will get to the point. I can obtain something from here.]

Kuooooong.

Immediately after Braham’s meaningful remark, big waves occurred on the surface of the sea.

Kururung!

A tsunami occurred in a short amount of time. A thunderstorm occurred in the darkened sky, causing a shiver to go down Grid’s spine.

“What is this all of a sudden... Heok?”

The grumbling Grid suddenly realized it. The source of irritation that stirred the endless sky and sea. It was Braham. The notification windows proved this.

[Braham has used Spell Drain.]

[There is no target.]

[The target isn’t limited.]

[Magic power has been stolen from the atmosphere.]

[Magic power has been stolen from the sea.]

[Magic power has been stolen from the sun.]

[Your magic power has temporarily increased.]

[Your magic power has temporarily increased.]

[Your magic power has temporarily...]

...

...

‘This is ridiculous!’

Spell Drain. It was a magic that could steal a certain amount of magic power from the targeted user, monster, or NPC. It was a basic spell that any magician could learn, and the effects were insignificant.

Braham’s Spell Drain was showing a power that was beyond common sense. By designating the target as all of nature, the amplification rate of the magic power was unthinkable.

[This is enough.]

Braham stopped Spell Drain when his magic power was several times higher than before and used Teleport. Grid’s body disappeared again with the light.

The location of the Yatan Church’s main temple changed from time to time. There were many hostile forces, so they had to keep the location a secret. Since Satisfy opened, there wasn’t a single user who knew the location of the temple. Even the black magicians who were members of the church didn’t know the location of the main temple.

But today.

“I finally found it.”

The 1st ranked explorer, Skunk’s party succeeded in finding the Yatan Church’s main temple. It was truly a historic achievement.

“Isn’t it small and unimpressive? I thought it would be a nice place like the Rebecca Church’s Vatican.”

“The Vatican is unnecessarily big.”

Eighth Canyon. The steep walls were in the shape of the number eight, and the temple was located on the outskirts of the canyon. At first glance, it was like a shabby temple in a rural village.

However, the three pillars placed at the entrance of the temple looked exactly like those described in the book.

“Contact every guild and church. Sell this information at an expensive price.”

The Yatan Church had committed a lot of evils. There were many users with quests to subjugate the Yatan Church. Skunk’s party could become rich if they traded the information.

“Hao is offering 1.5 million gold.”

“That dog.”

“The Giant Guild is offering 1.8 million gold.”

“It is still lacking.”

“The Violet Guild is offering 2.35 million gold.

“Violet? Oh, the first paladin of the Dominion Church.”

Damian of the Rebecca Church, Toban of the Judar Church, and Violet of the Dominion Church. They were often called the three main paladins. Among them, Violet’s ranking was the lowest. However, it was rumored that her combat ability was the best. In the first place, it was natural that the Dominion Church’s paladins would be more specialized in battle than the paladins of other religions.

“2.53 million gold... It’s a little less than I expected.”

Skunk made an ambiguous expression while his companions tried to persuade him.

“It has already been one year and eight months since the massive war between the allies and the Yatan Church started. But there are fewer people obsessed with the Yatan Church’s quest than I thought.”

“The Dominion Church is a religion that admires war.”

“I don’t think anyone will offer more than Violet. Make the deal

with Violet.”

Skunk nodded.

“Hmm, okay. Instead, I have a condition.”

“What condition?”

“She should come with reporters from at least 15 countries.”

Skunk’s party had found the Yatan Church’s main temple! Skunk was planning to increase the value of himself and his party by spreading this great news all over the world. The party members nodded.

Then three days later. Skunk’s party met up with Violet. Dozens of reporters filmed their meeting.

“The publicity is excellent.”

Skunk shrugged at Violet, who handed over the advance with a cynical smile.

“Don’t you want to spread the word that you are the one who shattered the Yatan Church’s main temple? Take them to the Yatan Temple and have them film you in action.”

“Our guild operates an internet broadcasting station. It is more profitable to spread the quest’s progress through the guild’s station rather than sell it to other broadcasters.”

“Ah, is that so? Then the reporters should go home alone.”

Violet paid the reporters for their work. Then she followed Skunk’s guidance and headed towards the main temple.

“Chase after them.”

The reporters weren’t going to miss this scoop. Unlike their promise to Violet, they secretly followed her group instead of leaving. The next day. The Violet Guild were able to reach the Yatan Church’s main temple, hidden in Eight Canyon.

“This is the place....”

Gulp.

Violet's party members couldn't hide their tension as they stood in front of the main temple. Tallos, the Yatan Church's First Servant, was at the main temple. Could they really succeed in raiding him?

There were over 90 of them and their preparations were complete, but the information about Tallos was lacking. They only heard rumors that he was the strongest black magician.

Violet encouraged her uneasy troops.

"The class combination of our group is ideal, and there are four people who have third advancement classes. Our strength is enough to kill the First Servant, and then we will shatter the main temple of the Yatan Church."

There was a reason for Violet's confidence.

[Kill the First Servant of Yatan (SS+)]

It had been one year and eight months since she received this quest. Violet was only a first advancement paladin who hadn't reached level 200 yet when she got it. Now she was a third advancement paladin.

Couldn't she defeat Tallos, who was a named grade boss that she received at the time of the second advancement? Tallos' level was likely to be lower than everyone expected. Violet made this positive analysis and her group entered the main temple, with the reporters following closely behind.

Then after a while. Violet's group fell into misery.

"Look at these trivial things."

Yatan's First Servant, Tallos. His strength was beyond belief. As a fourth advancement black magician, he overwhelmed Violet's group alone. Even his subordinates were third advancement black magicians.

Violet's face distorted as she fell victim to a curse.

“This is crazy...!”

She would miserably fail the quest that she had for one year and eight months! Violet thought it was unfair. Her stomach cramped because she paid 2.35 million gold to Skunk and 300,000 gold on the preparations. She wanted to split apart the head of the alliance general who gave her this difficult quest at level 200.

On the other hand, the reporters were busy capturing this scene. They forgot about acting secretly so that they wouldn't be seen by Violet.

‘Amazing!’

‘A huge scoop!’

Yatan's First Servant that was wrapped in a veil of mystery, Tallos! He was more than expected. The audience ratings would be huge the moment they showed the large scale group that included four third advancement users being overwhelmed. The reporters could get this year's press award and special bonuses.

The moment that Violet's group was feeling desperate.

“Magic Missile.”

It was a basic spell that level 10 magicians who just started the game could learn. The weak spell pierced through the temple and struck Tallos' chest.

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Huh?”

“Huh?”

What was wrong with him? Tallos, who hadn't flinched despite being hit by the third advancement users, was screaming with pain. It was natural for all eyes to move in the direction that Magic Missile came from.

“A fake. Hey, where is Amoract’s soul hiding?”

The white haired man speaking in a haughty manner to Tallos. The people who identified him were astonished.

Chapter 308

“Grid...?”

The man who made Tallos scream with just one Magic Missile. The ID ‘Grid’ was above his head. Violet’s group and the reporters were extremely confused.

“Is that Grid?”

The first legendary class, Grid! How many people in this world didn’t know him? Except for children under six years old and elderly people over 80, most people had probably heard Grid’s name.

Violet’s group also knew about Grid. How he lived a hard life before obtaining a legendary class, how he absorbed the Tzedakah Guild, and so on. There wasn’t much that the rankers and reporters didn’t know about Grid.

That’s why the impact was larger.

‘How could Grid use a spell?’

He often used Fly. However, it was already analyzed that it was a magic that only showed up when he was wearing certain boots. Then what about now? They didn’t know why, but Grid wasn’t wearing a single item. He was wearing the basic clothes that were provided to everyone.

In other words, the Magic Missile he used a while ago wasn’t magic attached to an item, but a spell he used directly.

‘How can a blacksmith use magic...? Heok! D-Don’t tell me?’

‘Perhaps! A second class!’

The mysterious Mongol was the first to earn a second class. Over a period of a year and a half, more than 100 people with second classes had appeared. They couldn’t rule out the possibility that Grid was one of them.

‘A legendary class and now a second class...!?’

‘This is a headline!’

The cameras of the excited reporters were focused solely on Grid. They had completely lose interest in Violet’s group.

‘This is...!’

Violet felt bad for many reasons. She invested millions of gold in this raid, reporters were filming this failure, and now Grid interfered? It was tiring and annoying. She threatened the reporters with legal action, then shouted to Grid.

“Grid! Don’t you know the basic etiquette? Intervening in an ongoing raid without permission, it is an act that deserves criticism!”

Violet was a woman, but she spoke like a man. In addition, her outward appearance was no different from a man. Her hair was short and she was wearing heavy armor with no embellishments. The complex about her physique was a large reason behind her neutral appearance.

“Etiquette?”

Grid slowly descended from the collapsed ceiling. He looked down at Violet with a chilling gaze and smirked.

“You want to impose etiquette on someone superior to you?”

“W-What...?”

Violet’s face reddened. Speaking in this tone to someone he met for the first time? And he was superior? What a bunch of crap!

“It’s the first time I’ve seen such an arrogant expression!”

Grid was a legendary class, duke of a kingdom, and master of the Overgeared Guild. As a representative of all of them, he should be more careful with his remarks and behavior. Violet was extremely disappointed and embarrassed about these arrogant actions.

The same was true for Grid.

‘Braham you bastard...!’

Braham currently had control of Grid’s body. He was the one who just said those words.

“I didn’t say that!”

Grid shouted, but it only echoed in Braham’s brain. He was feeling frustrated while Braham approached Violet. Redness appeared on both of Violet’s cheeks.

‘H-Handsome?’

Originally, Grid’s appearance was ordinary. His cool eyes and prideful attitude made him look not bad, but he couldn’t be called handsome. But now he was different. The white skin that was in harmony with the white hair, the sharp jaws, and the ruby eyes. The subtle difference highlighted his facial features and brought Grid’s appearance to another level.

Even Violet’s heart started pounding, despite lacking confidence as a woman and building up a wall against the opposite sex. The reporters also realized that Grid’s appearance was different from normal.

‘What? How is he so handsome just from dying his hair?’

‘This is obviously...’

The puzzled reporters suddenly recalled something.

‘Plastic surgery!’

The reporters were convinced that Grid received plastic surgery, since South Korea was famous for it. But it was a misunderstanding. Grid didn’t get plastic surgery. He had no major complaints about his face, and was brave enough to endure it if he ever received a terrible injury.

If it wasn’t plastic surgery, how did Grid look like this? It was the aftermath of accepting Braham’s soul. Grid’s appearance was

partially assimilated with Braham's appearance. Just as women had the power of makeup and celebrities had lighting, Grid currently had the power of a soul.

"I am not the one being rude, you are. You should be thankful that I saved you, yet you dared speak to me in such a way."

'Wow, really arrogant.'

Violet's group and the reporters all clicked their tongue at Grid's arrogance. Violet was filled with anger. She wanted to apply for a PK duel with Grid right away. But her opponent was the leader of Overgeared. She didn't know how her guild would suffer if she did.

Violet refused to talk to Grid anymore, but he didn't mind. No, Braham liked it.

"Yes, lower your tail. It is your duty."

'I'm screwed!'

Grid wanted to cry. He was scared about gaining a large number of anti-fans because of Braham.

'I will be cursed in every Internet article about me!'

The number of fan club members would decrease and there would be a flood of personal attacks. In the worst case, people might curse his parents, like how Huroi normally spoke. As Grid was grieving, his body moved on its own.

He ignored Violet's group and faced Tallos.

"Where is Amoract's soul hiding?"

During the time Grid wasted speaking to Violet, Tallos had restored his wounds.

"What is Amoract's soul? Why are you asking me?"

"Magic Missile."

Puok!

"Keok!"

Tallos was appalled. It was because the Magic Missile used by the white haired person penetrated his chest once again.

‘How can this be?’

Tallos was a fourth advancement black magician and one of the 10 great magicians on the continent. Strong magic power was always surrounding his body, so weak spells couldn’t penetrate through it.

Now a Magic Missile pierced his chest. It was something that shouldn’t have happened.

“No way... What the hell is your identity?”

He tried to repair the wound while asking the question, but Grid once again launched a Magic Missile. Tallos was hit in the thigh and fell to his knees.

‘This is crazy!’

Tallos was about to go crazy. He was elected as the agent of Amoract, yet he was suffering because of Magic Missiles? He couldn’t accept it. Grid fired another Magic Missile at Tallos, who realized the seriousness of the situation.

“Kuaack!”

Tallos screamed as his heart was pierced this time. He coughed up a large amount of blood, as Grid casually asked.

“Just answer my question. Where is Amoract’s soul hiding?”

“Ack...!”

Unlike what the world knew, Tallos wasn’t Yatan’s First Servant. The true First Servant was Amoract, the great demon of conflict. The only ones who knew this truth were the servants of Yatan.

Tallos questioned it.

‘What is his identity? How is he so strong, and how does he know about Amoract?’

Grid fired another Magic Missile at him after he didn't answer.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Tallos fell after being hit. It was painful, but his shame was greater. He was one of the continent's 10 great magicians! On the surface, he was Yatan's First Servant! The dogs of the Dominion Church were watching as he was humiliated by Magic Missile! It was an absolute disgrace!

The incensed Tallos started to attack.

“I won't forgive you...! Death Fear!”

Kyaaaak!

The illusion of hundreds of evil spirits appeared behind Tallos, and a powerful shock wave occurred. The members of the Yatan Church, Violet's group, and reporters from various national television stations.

All of them felt terrible pain and panic under the influence of the magic that didn't distinguish between friend or foe. They collapsed and their blood vessels turned black. But Grid was fine. Tallos was greatly confused, but he didn't make a mistake and linked the next spell.

“Dark Rage!”

Kwa kwang!

Grid was hit by black magic power. It was a spell that could even penetrate the thick leather of a basilisk. Tallos smiled with satisfaction but was still alert. Magic was linked continuously and the ground around Grid was devastated as it burned with flames summoned from hell.

He used all his power. It was normal for Grid to be turned into ashes. However, he was fine.

“O-Only Shield...!”

The lowest level defense magic, Shield. It absorbed a certain

amount of damage. This extremely simple and basic magic disabled four of his strongest black spells. Did he have trouble? No, it was simple!

“Does this make sense?”

20 years. Tallos had been playing the role of Amoract’s representative for that long. He always maintained his grandeur, but now he was suffering like this.

“You monster! I’m not a match for you, so kill me quickly!”

Grid’s attitude towards him didn’t change at all.

“Magic Missile.”

“Kuaaaaak! Shit! Shit!! Kill me in one blow with Meteor!”

“Magic Missile.”

“Kuheok! You cruel bastard!”

The First Servant of Yatan, killed by Magic Missile! If this rumor spread, he was concerned that the image of the Yatan Church would be severely damaged. Tallos hoped that the white haired man would kill him with higher level magic.

However, the white haired man continued to use Magic Missile, making Tallos go crazy. It didn’t take long for the strong mental power of the strongest black magician to succumb.

“P-Please... Please stop with Magic Missile...”

Tallos was begging. Grid stopped just as he was about to use Magic Missile again.

“Where is Amoract’s soul hiding?”

“L-Ludhadan Cave...”

Magic Missile was more effective than any mental spell. The stronger the opponent’s pride, the more they were affected. It was enough to open Tallos’ mouth, despite his deep loyalty to Amoract.

“Okay. I will take your trivial life in exchange for that answer.”

Tallos begged. He wasn't begging for his life. He wanted something separate.

"P-Please kill me with advanced magic."

He would be too embarrassed if he was killed with Magic Missile. Tallos didn't want such a situation. Grid nodded at Tallos, who was desperately asking for advanced magic.

"Fireball."

"This dog ㄸ...!"

Tallos' curse didn't last long. He was swallowed by flames that were as hot as hellfire and turned to ashes.

[You have defeated Amoract's agent, Tallos.]

[2,620,090,770 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[A Dark Rune has been acquired.]

'Wow...'

Grid confirmed that Braham was still level 545 in the status window. This meant that Grid was the one who levelled up, not Braham.

'S-Such profit...'

The Overgeared members would be shocked. Grid raised his level and received an unidentified rune just for accepting Braham's soul! He was feeling thrilled by the unexpected gain when the reporters rushed towards him.

"Did you acquire a magician as a second class?"

"Why is your Magic Missile so powerful? That was Magic Missile, right?"

"Your shield's defense was beyond imagination! How high is your magic power?"

“The fireball seemed like hellfire! What’s the secret behind this great skill?”

The reporters looked at him with envy. Their resentment towards Grid’s arrogant attitude disappeared.

Chapter 309

“The Violet Guild is famous for their excellent raid skills. A month ago, they raided the Rotten Horned Rayon. They couldn’t compete with Tallos’ strength, but you succeeded with just Magic Missile and Fireball. Please give us an explanation.”

The questions of the excited reporters continued. Grid was troubled because some of the questions were as sharp as knives.

‘Rumors might spread that I am a bugged user, or that the S.A. Group is supporting me from the rear.’

Based on the experience he gained, Tallos was far more powerful than Pascal. It was impossible for a user to kill him alone, especially with just basic magic. Grid was troubled by the suspicious reporters.

“I don’t think you understand me.”

Braham borrowed Grid’s mouth and started to chatter.

“I am a legend. I am omnipotent. Trivial beings like you can never imagine, let alone understand me. It is normal.”

“Wow.”

The reporters were shocked. At this moment, Grid was beyond arrogance...

‘Chuunibyou!’

He was calling himself omnipotent with a serious expression? It was also in front of dozens of cameras! Grid wanted to curl his hands in shame.

‘How embarrassing.’

Grid used to be a chuunibyou. But at the age of 27, Grid met the chuunibyou Lael and was able to overcome it. Therefore, the 28 year old Grid had a stigma towards being called a chuunibyou.

‘Braham, please act more moderately for me!’

He was thankful for gaining a level, but that was it. He didn’t know how to get rid of the mess that Braham had entangled him in. As Grid was feeling troubled, Braham used Teleport and left the reporters behind.

“13 minutes ago in real time, the guild master of Overgeared, Grid, destroyed the First Servant of Yatan with Magic Missiles and Fireball.”

“Talos, Yatan’s First Servant, is a fourth advancement black magician, and even Violet’s group failed in the raid. Grid killed him with basic magic, so his strength is beyond common sense...”

“People all over the world are raising suspicions that Grid is a bugged player. The S.A. Group has issued an official position that this isn’t the case. However, the suspicions of users isn’t fading. There’s a conspiracy theory that there is some type of deal between Grid and the S.A. Group.”

The international media covered the Grid incident. Of course, the public opinion wasn’t good. Most people were suspicious of Grid’s overwhelming strength. There was a lot of speculation on SNS.

Then the experts from various fields stabilized public opinion.

“Grid is likely doing a story-driven quest.”

“Story-driven quest? Ah, you are talking about the ‘Bring Chocolate to the Mother Wolf’ type of quest?

“Correct. A typical quest that occurs only when the user meets certain conditions. A story-driven quest is often to ‘experience something.’ A typical example is ‘Bring Chocolate to the Mother Wolf’ quest that most of us would’ve experienced in the early days.”

Bring chocolate to the mother wolf. It was a quest acquired at

level 8. The user who accepted the quest wouldn't be able to control their body, as they turned into a young wolf and brought chocolate to the mother wolf. The user's role was just to observe the story of the wolf and appreciate it.

“Grid's appearance and tone are different from usual. The fact that he also easily handled a named boss is proof that it isn't Grid. It is likely that he is experiencing something very special.”

“That's right. However, who is that special being?”

South Korea, the United States, France, Canada, Russia, China, Japan and so on. The international experts came up with a common thought.

“Braham Eshwald.”

“The legendary great magician.”

After that, the portal sites around the world became dominated by articles about Grid.

[The legendary blacksmith, Grid! He is experiencing what is it like to be a legendary great magician!]

[Is a great magician the second class that Grid will acquire?]

[The arrogance of a talented and handsome man is charming? Women all over the world are raving over the white haired Grid!]

[Grid's arrogant way of talking is trending on SNS... It's likely to become a social problem.]

[The popularity of Grid in Japan, the origin of chuunibyou, is huge! Is this the advent of the 5th Korean wave?]

[The number of Grid's fan club members have doubled in 3 hours... The advertisements are soaring.]

‘It would've become a mess by now.’

Grid sighed. He was afraid of the aftermath of Braham's words.

‘I saw the reporters’ faces. Their reactions were disgust.’

He could easily imagine how they would write the articles. Grid chuunibyou, Grid is arrogant, Grid is bugged, Grid is crazy, and so on. All types of malicious articles would spread on the Internet, and he would gain millions of anti-fans.

‘I am probably taking over the real time search words...’

He was afraid to log out. Knowing his bad luck, he might be chased around the streets.

‘Should I hire bodyguards?’

How long would his suffering last? Grid had no idea of the actual situation and was feeling frustration, while Braham scoffed as he moved through the Ludhadan Cave.

‘Amoract, you are as careful as Mother said.’

The level of the veil placed over the cave was considerable.

‘But it isn’t at a level to mislead me.’

Grid asked as Braham moved deeper into the cave without hesitation.

“By the way, who is Amoract?”

Why did he need to hide himself behind a representative? Braham’s answer was simple and concise.

“The great demon of conflict.”

“Great demon...! The First Servant of Yatan is a great demon?”

Grid was completely shocked by the unexpected answer.

“Surely you don’t mean to fight a great demon right now?”

“The Amoract here isn’t in a perfect state. It’s just a part of Amoract’s soul, so there’s no need to feel scared. A soul fragment is helpless against me.”

A great demon wasn’t his opponent. It was like he was declaring

that a great demon wasn't tough.

The deepest part of the dark cave. There was a white soul floating above an altar in the center of a large space.

[You came.]

The soul greeted Braham. The response was as if it had been waiting for Braham. Braham borrowed Grid's mouth and said.

"Amoract, you were aware that I would look for you."

[Of course. I know you need the blessing of the gods to get rid of your mortality.]

"If my guess is correct, you're going to listen to my demands?"

[That's right.]

"Kukukuk, Marie Rose must be pretty annoying to Yatan."

'Marie Rose?'

It was a familiar name to Grid. A vampire duke who showed absolute dignity. A chill went down Grid's spine as he recalled her existence.

'If she's somewhere in the vampire cities...'

It would've been impossible to obtain all the pavranium. It was fortunate that he accepted Braham's soul to complete the quest.

[God Yatan favors you, regardless of Marie Rose. Always remember this.]

"He isn't a god."

[...Be careful with your mouth.]

Amoract's sweet voice hardened. It was a level of intimidation that made Grid's chest tighten. However, Braham wasn't agitated at all.

"Shouldn't you step foot on this land before trying to intimidate

me?”

[It isn't about intimidation, but manners.]

“I won't show courtesy to Yatan. I don't serve him anymore.”

‘Anymore?’

Did this mean Braham once served Yatan? Grid had doubts, but it wasn't a question that could be resolved at this time. Braham ordered Grid.

“Take out the pavranium.”

[You have temporarily gained control of your body.]

The notification window popped up and Grid regained his freedom.

‘Now I got a little taste.’

It wasn't pleasant to give up control of his body to others. Grid felt peace of mind as he summoned Lifael's Spear. Then Braham commanded Amoract.

“Now give it Yatan's blessing.”

[I don't like it but... Okay. This is the will of God Yatan.]

Amoract's white soul grew bigger and bigger. Then after a short period of time, a dark beam fell from the ceiling.

Chaaeng!

Lifae's Spear was struck by the dark light and shook. Then the notification windows were updated.

[God Yatan's blessing has fallen on the pavranium.]

[Pavranium has gained the ability to increase magic power.]

Goddess Rebecca's blessing boosted recovery speed, God Dominion's blessing increased attack power and God Judar's blessing increased defense. These blessings were always applied to Grid, who was the owner of the pavranium.

Grid had been expecting a lot from God Yatan's blessing. However, the magic power buff was disappointing. Magic power wasn't very important since Grid couldn't just magic.

‘No, no.’

Given that he would learn one spell from Braham, it wasn't so bad that his magic power increased. Grid thought about it positively, while Braham was feeling thrilled. Their souls were assimilated so Grid could feel his intense joy.

“Finally...! The time has finally come!”

The resurrection that he had been desiring for hundreds of years. The excited Braham shouted.

“Now Pagma's Descendant! Make the Vessel of the Soul!”

“Okay.”

Braham's dubious elements weren't important to Grid right now. Grid just wanted the enormous rewards from Braham.

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid stripped a small amount of pavranium from Lifael's Spear and made a small bowl. It was a bowl that seemed somewhat rough, but the craftsmanship of the maker could be seen.

“Kukukuk! Kuahahaha!”

Braham's soul left Grid's body and moved to the Vessel of the Soul.

Chapter 310

The moment Braham's soul was added to the Vessel of the Soul.

Flash!

A blue light emerged that brightened the dark cave. Grid's heart shook wildly.

‘With my hand, I’m reviving a legendary great magician...!’

Braham Eshwald. He was the person who established the current magic system and was regarded as the father of magic. The achievements he left behind were so great that he was truly worthy of being called a legend.

Grid would resurrect that person with his hands! He was filled with a strange pride at the thought.

[The soul fragments of Braham scattered all over the continent have gathered in the Vessel of the Soul.]

The moment the notification windows appeared.

Syuong! Syuoung!

Dozens of blue souls shot through the entrance of the space. It was truly spectacular. The appearance of the souls flying in the darkness was like looking at the universe. If there was only one flaw...

‘I should’ve made the bowl more beautiful.’

The bowl produced by Grid was too plain. It had a bright gold color, but the shape was just a rice bowl. Braham's soul pieces were the rice. To be precise, it looked like blue rice was being cooked.

‘Cough... I’m sorry Braham.’

It was a true emotion. Grid received Braham's soul and shared some emotions and thoughts, so a rapport had developed. Despite his wariness towards Braham, he felt a sense of kinship with him.

It was complete carelessness. This was Braham's intention. Braham's soul asked Grid a question as he started to unite with the Vessel of the Soul.

[Do you remember the words I said on the first day we met?]

“Roughly.”

[History states that Pagma died 100 years ago. But I told you that Pagma died 300 years ago. Have you ever wondered why?]

“Either you or history, one of you is telling a lie.”

Of course, it was likely that Braham was the one who spoke the lie. Grid had obtained Wendy's diary from the doppelganger raid. Pagma had appeared before them 140 years ago. In other words, Braham was a liar when he said that Pagma died 300 years ago.

However, the truth was different.

[No, there is no lie. Both statements are true. Pagma died 300 years ago, but he existed 100 years ago.]

‘What are you saying?’

Grid's comprehension wasn't excellent. He couldn't understand Braham's words.

[I first met Pagma around 300 years ago, and I was amazed beyond admiration. His blacksmithing skills far exceed human standards, making even me feel awe.]

After that, they became friends. Braham, looked down on others, including his kin. This was the first and last time he respected and socialized with others.

[Pagma taught me a lot. I was able to evolve further thanks to him.]

They spent 10 years together. Braham's vast knowledge was expressed with Pagma's techniques, greatly contributing to the growth of both.

[Thanks to Pagma, I was able to study the magic of eternal life more deeply and succeeded in designing the Vessel of the Soul. However, in order to produce the Vessel of the Soul, a special mineral that transcends the god mineral adamantium was required. The only person who could create that mineral is Pagma.]

The mineral that the two people created was called pavranium.

“But didn’t you say that Pagma died of old age after making the pavranium?”

[I thought it was like that.]

“...Thought?”

They were meaningful words. As Grid wondered this, Braham’s soul fragments combined into one. The blue that was like the clear sea switched to an ominous red color.

[Pagma’s Descendant, my soul has become perfect. It’s all thanks to you.]

“Stop making small talk about Pagma. Give me the rewards that you promised.”

[But isn’t it strange?]

“What?”

Braham’s words were designed to amplify his curiosity. Grid frowned with irritation and Braham spat out horrifying words.

[Is it possible to resurrect with just a perfect soul? There is no body.]

“...!”

Grid’s eyes widened. He finally noticed that something was wrong. Braham’s soul flew towards Grid as he hurriedly pulled out Failure from his inventory.

[Give me your lowly body!]

‘Bullshit!’

Just what was this bullshit? What type of quest was this? Grid couldn’t understand the situation at all.

‘The quest clear condition was to produce the Vessel of the Soul!’

Grid had already made the Vessel of the Soul. The Great Magician’s Resurrection quest should’ve been completed by now. But rather than the quest being cleared, Braham was aiming for him. This was going against the system.

‘Is it a bug? I thought this was a bug free game! Dammit!’

Would he be the first user to experience a bug in Satisfy?

‘Why do I always have to go through this...!?’

Grid grumbled and complained to the gods, while struggling against Braham’s soul. Braham’s soul circled him and evaded Grid, before entering Grid’s body.

[The Great Magician Braham is trying to take away your body.]

[The player’s body is safely protected. Braham’s attempt has been neutralized.]

‘So it’s like this...! There isn’t a bug in Satisfy!’

Grid’s terrified expression changed to delight as the notification window popped up. Braham spoke to the relieved Grid.

[Didn’t I say it at the Red Sea? Be wary of anyone who can threaten you.]

“Why are you preaching after trying to strike me in the back of the head? You bastard! You were trying to take the pavranium and get out of teaching me magic, weren’t you?”

[It’s a misunderstanding. As you know, only you and Pagma can control the pavranium. Apart from the Vessel of the Soul, the pavranium is just a simple mineral in my hands. It’s also very easy for me to teach you magic. I will fulfill my promise.]

“...?”

Wasn't this the person trying to kill him a moment ago?

‘A personality disorder?’

For example, multiple personalities. Then a notification window popped up in front of the suspicious Grid.

[The quest ‘Great Magician’s Resurrection’ has been cleared.]

[17 pieces of pavranium have been acquired.]

[You have acquired the spell ‘Magic Missile.’]

“What...?”

It was very encouraging that he cleared the quest safely. He was also happy at acquiring a large number of pavranium. But he actually learnt Magic Missile?

Joy and anger.

“You... You!”

A legendary great magician taught him basic magic? Grid's face turned red as Braham spoke.

[Know and understand the subject. You committed a crime by stealing the pavranium for one and a half years, but now I feel good and will forgive you.]

Braham's soul was arrogant to the end as he faded away.

“Dammit...! Dammit!”

Grid yelled as he was left alone. Amoract's soul carefully looked at Grid from the alter.

‘The Yatan Servants’ Slaughterer. He has gained Braham's favor.’

Sururuk.

Amoract's soul disappeared from the cave. He failed to turn Yura into a demon, but he succeeded in setting up a way to keep Marie

Rose in check, so his role in the human world was complete.

“In the end, it went as planned.”

The chairman’s office in S.A. Group’s headquarters. Lim Cheolho smiled bitterly as he monitored Ludhadan Cave.

Braham. This was a mysterious existence. He was captivated by the irresistible instinct for knowledge and ended up experimenting on his clan. Braham envied his disciple Mumud, but never harmed him, despite intercepting his achievements. He also hated and missed the friend who betrayed him.

However...

‘He tried to kill Grid, but also feels favorable towards him.’

Just as Grid felt close to Braham through their souls assimilating, Braham also felt close to Grid.

‘Or he might’ve judged that Grid is worthy after inheriting Pagma’s skill.

It was hard to judge Braham. He was an imperfect existence that felt a conflict before his instincts and the humanity he acquired. Lim Cheolho had always been interested in Braham, whose personality changed drastically after losing eternal life and living as a human.

“Living a life where he lies to himself and others, turning a blind eye to his changing self... It’s lonely.”

No matter how tragic, Satisfy’s story was going through the planned sequence. It might not change much for the users who were playing the game, but the progress of the story was fun to watch as an observer.

“Hah...”

Grid sighed as he remained alone in the cave.

“Magic Missile... I am a Magic Missile magician...”

Magic Missile was a basic spell that magicians acquired at level 10. It was a basic spell, so the magic power efficiency was terrible. It was hard to inflict a scratch against someone with a certain level of magic resistance. The only advantage was its fast casting speed.

‘If I can use it properly, I can use it to disperse the enemy’s gaze or to restrict their movements.’

Of course, it wouldn’t do any damage if the enemy’s magic resistance was high.

‘I can only use it to hunt slimes...’

Now that he was level 301, he wouldn’t be hunting slimes anytime soon.

“Hah, really.”

Grid grumbled and confirmed the information of Magic Missile.

[Magic Missile (Enhanced) Lv. 1]

A magic missile developed by the legendary great magician who has completely overturned the activation formula.

It boasts tremendous power, but consumes a lot of resources.

It deals damage equal to twice your current magic power to the target. It also ignores the enemy’s magic resistance.

Resource Consumption: 400 Mana.

Skill Casting Time: 1 second.

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 seconds.

“What type of Magic Missile uses 400 mana?”

It consumed more mana than Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link. A beginner level spell consumed mana that was equal to a legendary skill?

‘What is this...? Heok?’

Grid skimmed through the spell’s explanation and was belatedly shocked.

‘Deals damage that is double my magic power? Ignores magic resistance?’

What about a regular Magic Missile?

{Does anyone have the information on Magic Missile?}

Grid asked in the guild chat window, and a few magicians shared their skill.

[Magic Missile Lv. 10 (Master)]

It is one of the most basic spells.

Deals damage equivalent to 5% of your current magic power to the target.

Resource consumption: 20 Mana.

Skill Casting Time: 1 second.

Skill Cooldown Time: 2 seconds.

“Wow.”

It turned out that it wasn’t an ordinary Magic Missile. The Magic Missile that Braham gave him was a legendary magic. Grid’s magic power was low compared to magicians, but it wasn’t bad to use it as a trump card.

“...I can’t hate you.”

Grid’s opinion of Braham was becoming better. The relationship with him, it might end here.

Chapter 311

‘Naive... No, a fool. Learn how to be more suspicious and vigilant.’

Braham had no intention of taking Grid’s body from the beginning. He needed to be resurrected in his own body, not somebody else’s.

The reason why he attempted to take Grid’s body was to make an alarm ring with Grid. It might seem threatening, but it was intended to do a favor for Grid.

Why?

‘He’s a person who makes me nervous, but he’s also the benefactor who achieved my 300 year old wish.’

It was his way of expressing his appreciation. Grid didn’t know it.

[Well, we might be enemies when next we meet.]

Braham’s soul started moving. His destination was the Sword Grave. It was where Braham’s body was sealed.

Reidan was a city that aimed to be the next Talima. Therefore, Administrator Rabbit invested most of the budget into blacksmithing and alchemy development.

But it was funny. Currently, the most developed area in Reidan was agriculture. Fields spread out in all directions around Reidan.

“Now the crops are growing.”

Grid returned after completing a quest that he had left alone for a year and a half. He looked around at the fields.

“I think the scale has become bigger...”

He didn’t know why, but Piaro had a passive skill that had a 100% chance of making the land fertile. Thanks to this, Reidan always

enjoyed the pleasure of a good harvest, no matter what crops were grown. The agricultural products accounted for the largest portion of the items that Reidan exported.

‘It is rumored that this is an agricultural city.’

A city with a legendary blacksmith had become an agricultural city? It was indeed ironic. Honestly, Grid didn’t like it.

“Huh?”

The agricultural section of Reidan was growing despite not having a big budget invested in it! He didn’t know if he should be glad or sad. The confused Grid stopped in place at the rice fields. It was because a scene captured his gaze.

“You can do it! A newcomer will arrive in one hour!”

“Okay! Heok? Dammit! We have been waiting for a new guy!”

Heave ho, heave ho.

Farmers were working hard, using various farming equipment. Users were mixed in among them?

‘What?’

The desert ecosystem had stabilized thanks to the activities of the Overgeared members, but the barrier of entry was still high. It was unthinkable to step foot in this place unless they were level 260+ users. In Reidan, it was difficult to find users other than the Overgeared members, and the residents were NPCs. In such a situation, why were users farming?

As Grid was feeling doubts. Piaro, leader of Overgeared Knights Division and commander in chief of Reidan appeared in the fields. He started to lecture the hard working users in the field.

“It isn’t about the quality of the hand plow. More wrist...”

“Isn’t the ground too fine? This isn’t the only way to plant seedlings. Brownie trees grow better in rough soil.”

“...”

[A legendary farmer has been born!]

He recalled the phrase he witnessed a few months ago. Grid was blank with shock for a moment, before shaking his head.

“No. Piaro dreams of being a sword saint, so he can’t be a farmer. My Piaro isn’t a farmer.”

He decided, but he couldn’t bring himself to check Piaro’s details using the Great Lord’s Sword.

‘I should ask about the Amethyst Shield next time...’

He didn’t want to talk to Piaro while he was wearing a straw hat.

Trudge trudge.

Grid’s footsteps were heavy as he ignored Piaro and moved away from the fields. On the other hand, 21 users were working in the fields under Piaro’s direction.

‘Dammit... A 55th ranked magician has to be farming.’

‘I have to swing a hand plow instead of a sword...’

The 21 users caught by Piaro had a high level. Most of them were in the late 200s. They came to Reidan to join Overgeared, but unfortunately couldn’t join the guild. It was because they were caught by a crazy farmer.

The crazy farmer was naturally Piaro.

In the past when he dreamed of becoming a sword saint, he enjoyed fighting with strong users and caught the ankles of high level users. After becoming a legendary farmer, he caught the users’ ankles for another reason.

“I will develop Reidan into the best agricultural city.”

The problem was that Administrator Rabbit didn’t increase their budget. In particular, he was lacking manpower. Insufficient manpower? He had to make up the difference.

“Uhuh! That isn’t how you use a hand plow!”

“...Hah.”

The users caught by Piaro could only sigh. However, the reason they stayed in the fields was because of the reward of the quest.

[Fun and Enjoyable Training!]

★ Hidden Quest ★

Live with the farmer Piaro in Reidan. If you join him, you can grow significantly.

Quest Clear Conditions: Live together with Piaro for three weeks.

Quest Clear Rewards: All stats +10. The skill ‘Farming’ will be obtained.

The reward was low compared to the hidden quest that Kraugel and Damian received. However, that was just a story for the two people. From a general point of view, the reward of +10 to all stats was tremendous.

“There is a crazy farmer in Reidan. He will fight you and knock you down. Don’t run away. That’s right. If you can endure the trials that will follow, you will be able to taste sweet fruit.”

A strange rumor started to circulate on the Internet. Most people thought it was a ghost story, but the seven guilds were different.

“Crazy farmer...!”

Reidan was still being guarded by him? The 2nd ranked Zibal grabbed his forehead. His forehead was still sore.

The first person Grid looked for when he arrived in Reidan wasn’t Irene or Khan. It wasn’t Lael or Rabbit either.

“Eh? Grid?”

Laella. A beautiful British woman who was a world class idol.

Grid was once her fan. Rather than her excellent vocal ability or appearance, Grid liked her because her body suited his tastes. Her breasts were very large. It was enough to be reminiscent of fruit.

“...”

“What did you find me for?”

Grid stared at her breasts as always. Laella’s face turned red with embarrassment and she hurriedly asked. Grid regained his spirit at her reaction and explained his purpose.

“Hum hum, this time I learned magic. I want to accurately test its power.”

Laella was in charge of the magicians at Reidan. There was a facility for measuring magic power in the mage barracks that she was in charge of, and Grid wanted to use it.

“Magic?”

Laella’s eyes widened. The blacksmith Grid could use magic?

“How can you use magic...? Ah! You did a quest related to Braham. Did you learn a spell from Braham? What spell did he teach you?”

Grid replied to Laella without hiding anything.

“Magic Missile.”

“...Ah, yes.”

Indeed, it would be hard to teach a blacksmith proper magic. Laella couldn’t hide her disappointment and led Grid to the training ground behind the barracks.

“Fireball!”

“Ice Arrow!”

It was the Ul Clan, who Grid had saved from destruction. They were gifted in magic and were training on one side of the training ground. Laella pointed to a silver scarecrow as Grid was observing

the Ul Clan with a proud expression.

The scarecrow was produced by Reidan's alchemy facility. It was a type of magic sandbag that could set the magic resistance from 0 to 5,000.

"First, set the magic resistance to zero."

Grid stood in front of the scarecrow and Laella said to him.

"I have set it up."

"Okay! Magic Missile!"

Grid aimed at the scarecrow and shouted. Then a white flash struck the scarecrow.

[You have dealt 2,894 damage to the target.]

The effects of various titles, Malacus' Cloak and the Black Quartz Earrings meant that he currently had 1,048 intelligence. The resulting magic power was 1,258. The buff on the pavranium increased magic power by 15%, so Grid's final magic power was 1,447.

The expected maximum damage of Magic Missile (Enhanced) was 2,894, and this was the result that emerged. Laella was startled.

'Isn't this surprisingly powerful? Is he wearing items that amplify magic power?'

A blacksmith didn't invest points in the intelligence stat. Laella thought that Grid had 400 intelligence at most. The damage that users could exercise with a Lv. 1 Magic Missile and 400 magic power was very small.

Grid's Magic Missile was remarkably powerful. Grid spoke to the stunned Laella.

"Increase the scarecrow's magic resistance to the maximum."

The maximum was 5,000. Even most boss monsters didn't have this much magic resistance. Magic Missile would be completely

ineffective against it.

“There will be no damage.”

Grid just urged Laella.

“Hurry.”

‘It’s a pointless experiment.’

Laella thought that Grid was so excited about magic that rational judgment was impossible. She imagined Grid’s look of disappointment as she set the scarecrow’s magic resistance to 5,000. Then after a while.

[You have dealt 2,894 damage to the target.]

“W-What...?”

Laella was astonished. Grid’s Magic Missile ignored 100% of the target’s magic resistance. In short, it was a scam. Laella hiccuped with surprise, while Grid made a satisfied expression.

‘It isn’t very efficient in hunting or raids.’

It was great against users whose maximum health was only 10,000. The activation time was one second and the cooldown time was five seconds. It was a spell that would be very useful in PvP.

A dark smile appeared on Grid’s face. Then a guest came to see him. It was a completely unexpected guest.

Chapter 312

Following the Magic Missile test, Grid headed to Khan's smithy. Thanks to Grid, Khan was able to achieve Advanced Blacksmithing level 7. He was a more capable blacksmith than he was in Winston.

He supervised and taught over 80 young blacksmiths, while producing the supplies that Rabbit and the army commissioned.

"Don't you look younger?"

Grid's face brightened after not seeing Khan for a long time. Khan looked much better than before. Khan chuckled.

"Interacting with young people, isn't it natural to become younger and healthier? This is all due to you. I'm so happy that I could meet you at the end of my life and enjoy such blessings."

"I'm happy that you're happy."

Grid had known Khan since the days when he was invisible. Grid's affection for Khan was endless, and Khan was the same.

"For the rest of my life, I will always work hard for you. I will raise the blacksmiths of Reidan until I die."

"No, you're still young and healthy, so you have a lot of time left. Don't say that even as a joke. Huh?"

Grid belatedly looked around the castle. The other blacksmiths were watching him nervously. Work had stopped since the duke came and they were also restless.

"You worked hard. Don't mind me and continue what you were doing."

"Yes!"

The blacksmiths bowed deeply and returned to their place. Grid stood next to Khan and observed them.

"There are already two blacksmiths who have risen to the

intermediate rank.”

It had only been half a year since Reidan started training blacksmiths. The fact that intermediate blacksmiths were already born was an incredible growth.

“The environment is good. They can often see the work of a legendary blacksmith, so their talent can bloom faster.”

That’s right. It was useless to have excellent talent if the environment didn’t support them. The reason why the blacksmiths of Reidan could develop rapidly was because they received teachings from Grid and Khan, and had a good space to work.

“Until the day that they all become craftsmen, please continue to work for a long time Khan.”

Khan was the first friend in Grid’s life, so he was more important than anyone else. Grid was eager for Khan to live a long time.

“I understand. I will persistently survive and raise 10,000 craftsmen.”

It was a joke, but Grid wanted it to be reality.

“I’m looking forward to it.”

“Hah, truly. You want this old man to overdo it.”

“You won’t grow old. You will still be in full swing even when you’re 70.”

“So I will be in a cage?”

“Oh, that’s a good idea?”

Duke Grid and the commoner Khan, it was a strange relationship. The difference between the two people was greater than the heavens and earth. Yet they were on such friendly terms...

‘Indeed, our teacher is great!’

The young blacksmiths felt more respect towards Khan and were brimming with enthusiasm.

Ttang! Ttang!

The hammering sounds in Reidan didn't stop today.

Grid confirmed that there were promising and talented blacksmiths. He was filled with joy as Irene greeted him.

“Dear husband~”

Irene ran into Grid's arms with a large smile. As always, she freely expressed her affection towards Grid. Irene's love was delightful and precious for Grid, who had little experience with being loved by someone.

“I'm glad you have returned safely.”

Irene buried her face in Grid's wide chest. A pleasant smell exuded from her soft and clean skin.

“I've missed you so much.”

“I also wanted to see you.”

Grid kissed Irene's forehead. The words were great. It was an unimaginable appearance for the normal Grid.

“Indeed...”

Lauel saw Grid and Irene and gave a meaningful smile. He covered half his face with one hand and sent a provocative gaze towards Grid.

“I saw it on the news, but I am convinced at this moment.”

“What?”

Grid was confused by the words and looked at Lauel in a questioning manner.

Kukuk, Lauel's shoulders shook as he laughed.

“You must’ve been my only friend and rival in a past life, Angel Sylvanus.”

“...”

Laue’s chunnibyou symptom was in full bloom after witnessing the white haired Grid. He recognized Grid as similar to himself and included Grid in his delusional worldview.

‘When will this sickness be healed...?’

Tsk, Grid ignored Laue and touched Irene’s belly.

“In the next two months, I can meet Gold.”

“Huhut, that’s right. I wish that day will come quickly.”

“...Gold?” Laue’s face was disturbed as he regained his reason.
“Grid, are you planning to call your child Gold?”

Surely he wouldn’t name his child Gold? It was something that shouldn’t happen. The possibility of it being called Grid II was also too big.

“You have to consider the position of the child when naming it!”

Grid looked sharply at Laue.

“What are you saying? I’m not crazy enough to call my child Gold? It’s just a temporary name.”

“R-Really?”

He was glad. Grid’s naming sense was too bad. Then Laue asked again.

“What will you name the child when it is born?”

Grid replied with a confident expression, “I was thinking of Grene after Irene.”

“Yes?”

“Grene.”

“...?”

Was this a joke?

‘Of course it’s a joke.’

Lauel wanted to believe that. But Grid’s proud expression and Irene’s reaction were terrible.

“Oh my, dear husband. The name Grene is too pretty. It is a pretty and cute name that will suit a boy or a girl.”

‘What on earth...?’

It was scary. Irene thought any suggestion from Grid was good. Nobody knew that this absolute love and faith came from Grid’s dexterity.

Grid’s office. Grid called Piaro and asked him.

“What do you know about the 3rd Prince of the Saharan Empire?”

“He’s the third son of the deceased Empress Aria and has an introverted personality, unlike his siblings. I only saw him a few times and don’t know any details. Why are you suddenly asking about him?”

“This.”

Grid pulled the Amethyst Shield out of his inventory. Piaro’s eyes widened with surprise.

“How do you have this...?”

“A monster called the Guardian of the Forest dropped it. It was originally an object of honor?”

“It is a symbol that has been inherited from generation to generation by the captain of the Red Knights.”

“Is there anything special about it?”

“Yes, it is just a shield with a gorgeous appearance. The performance itself isn’t very good.”

“Then why is the 3rd Prince looking for this?”

“3rd Prince...?”

“It seems like he is looking for several things.”

“Hrmm.” Piaro suddenly recalled one fact. “That reminds me, there was a time when the 3rd Prince was interested in some ritual. His hobby is rituals, so he might be collecting the items necessary for it.”

“Ritual? What ritual?”

“I don’t know. It is just likely that the Amethyst Shield is useful as a tool for the ritual.”

“Hrmm.”

Was it a black magic ritual?

‘It is a shame.’ It might be better not to hand these things over to the 3rd Prince. ‘But it could be a quest related to an episode, so I can’t ignore it completely... Well, I’ll look at the situation and act accordingly.’

In the first place, it wasn’t urgent. Grid had separate priorities. At that time, Lael sent a whisper to Grid.

–A guest has come.

‘Guest?’

The guest wouldn’t be normal if they could arrive in Reidan. In particular, the person must be big if Lael was talking to him about it.

–Who?

–Chris.

–Chris? 3rd on the unified rankings?

–Yes.

Chris was the head of the Giant Guild, the largest of the seven

guilds. Grid hadn't heard about him since the First National Competition and the Reinhardt golem invasion.

‘But Chris has a hostile relationship with the Tzedakah Guild.’

Why would he take the risk to come here? Grid was interested and immediately rose from his spot.

–Bring him to the drawing room.

The Giant Guild lost their territory after the golem invasion and had a hard time for half a year. In particular, Chris' reputation was hit hard because he was defeated by Regas in the National Competition.

But Chris and the Giant Guild didn't get frustrated. They overcame the trials! Their power became bigger than before. In particular, Chris obtained a very useful second class. He was several times stronger than before.

However, there was a problem. He couldn't find a satisfactory weapon. Despite watching the item trading sites and in-game auction site for 24 hours a day, a suitable weapon didn't show up. Chris gradually became nervous because he knew how important items were to the game.

Thus, he looked for Grid.

“Make me the strongest weapon.”

This was the first time Grid met Chris. He only saw the 3rd ranking user on the news or from far away. In the past, the Giant Guild had a conflict with the Tzedakah Guild, but Grid had no personal grudge against Chris.

However, the other members of the Tzedakah Guild were a problem.

“I remember that Jishuka hates you quite a bit. Why should I ignore my guild members to make you an item?”

Grid had the advantage. Grid was currently in a much higher position. Of course, Grid didn't intend this, but it worked out excellently. Chris was in a bad position and had to bow to Grid.

"I will give you a lot of money. In addition, the Tzedakah Guild doesn't have a big grudge towards me."

"Then why was there a feud?"

"It was due to my one-sided competition, and the Tzedakah Guild didn't avoid the fight."

When playing the game called L.T.S., Chris and the Giant Guild had always been defeated by the Tzedakah Guild. The grudge was deeply rooted and this sense of competitiveness carried over to Satisfy.

On the other hand, the Tzedakah Guild didn't even look at the Giant Guild. It was the victim who clung onto the relationship.

"I will check it out. In any case, how much will you pay me if I make you an item?"

"I will give you something more precious than money."

Chris pulled a potion out of his inventory. Grid's eyes widened as he examined the details.

'Elixir...!'

It was a rare potion that was hard to obtain, even after clearing five vampire cities. Companies with huge assets and rankers aiming for the top wanted them, but the supply was scarce and the price soared.

Elixirs were also necessary for Grid. To be precise, it was the agility elixir. In order for his swordsmanship to become more powerful, it was necessary to make his agility equal to his strength. Coincidentally, the elixir that Chris presented was the agility elixir.

Grid's brain started to rotate quickly.

‘It is a deal that must be unconditionally accepted.’

However, there was a problem. Chris might become the enemy of Overgeared. Obviously, he should avoid the act of making his enemies stronger.

‘But it is too good to decline... Aha.’

Ssik.

A wicked smile appeared on Grid’s face as he contemplated the elixir in front of him.

Chapter 313

‘Grid will accept the deal.’

The value of elixirs were so high that Chris was convinced. Satisfy had all types of medicines, but the effect of the elixirs were unique among them.

‘It can increase the stat by up to 10 points...’

Taking one was like gaining one level. How many people in the world could resist this? He could confidently declare that there were none.

“Okay, I will make you a weapon.”

Grid naturally accepted the deal.

“Please make me the best weapon. Like the blue greatsword that you are using.” Chris earnestly asked again. He would cancel the deal if it wasn’t similar to Failure.

“Believe in me.”

Grid pledged.

He wanted to obtain the elixir, and he also felt honored.

‘Please make me the best weapon.’

It was the first time he received an item commission from a non-guild member. He felt proud as the master of Overgeared and a legendary blacksmith. He had no intention of poorly carrying out the request.

‘I will add this to the Grid set.’

After Grid’s Boots, it was time to make a greatsword. Failure, Dainsleif, the Doppelganger’s Greatsword, Lifael’s Spear, Iyarugt and so on. Grid’s Greatsword would be created based on the best weapons that he had used in the past.

‘I’ll add a special option.’

Grid's wily smile grew thicker.

"I can't see the Tzedakah Guild members anywhere."

"Are they hiding because they heard we were here?"

Five people were gathered in the garden of Reidan's castle. They were the five captains of the Giant Guild. They came with Grid to Reidan and were greatly disappointed. The Tzedakah Guild had been their enemies since the days of L.T.S. Now they couldn't be seen anywhere.

"I wanted to see Regas after such a long time."

In particular, the 1st ranked magic swordsman, Mihara, was disappointed. He fought a total of 14 times with Regas, and the result was three draws and 11 losses. Today, he intended to add a win to this humiliating number, but couldn't find Regas anywhere.

"We didn't come here to fight. Please suppress your emotions and don't make trouble."

It was the 1st ranked swordsman, Zirkan. He had lost his ranking to Ibellin for a while, but now he consolidated his first rank. Ibellin was promising as one of the 10 Rookies, but he didn't have enough experience to go beyond Zirkan yet.

"Sorry, sorry. I'll restrain myself. I was just saying."

Mihara had a tendency to be wild and self-indulgent, but he always complied with Zirkan's orders. The other captains were the same. Zirkan was Chris' teacher, so it was hard to resist him.

"By the way, this castle... There's nothing to see."

The only woman, Pinky, changed topics. She thought that Reidan's castle was ugly. It was large, but there were no gorgeous landscaping or decorations. It wasn't just that.

"The population is small."

Reidan was a big city, but there were no people on the streets. The difficulty of the desert was too high and accessibility was low.

“The speed of Reidan’s development is much slower than our predictions.”

“In the first place, there aren’t even 30 members in Overgeared. They don’t have the ability to properly manage this big city.”

“Isn’t the farming doing well?”

“It is a testament to their incompetence that such a big city was developed into an agricultural city.”

The Overgeared members were only good for fighting. The overall ability of the guild was low. The five captains of the Giant Guild thought so. They didn’t know that Overgeared had secretly absorbed the Silver Knights Guild. In addition, there was a yellow mithril mine somewhere in the vast desert.

Bairan was a small city in the north of the Eternal Kingdom. Cork Island, which had a wealth of resources. What if the five captains found out that the current Overgeared members were divided between these three places?

They would be shocked by the power of Overgeared.

“Ah, I’m bored. I will be going for a walk, so please let me know when Master comes out.”

“Don’t cause any incidents.”

“Okay, I understand. Who do you think I am?”

He laughed heartily at the Overgeared members. In order to soothe his boredom, Mihara left the group and wandered around.

“Wow, there really is nothing to see. How is this a duchy?”

Mihara was in the worst mood after finding out that Regas wasn’t here. He was someone who always pursued stimulation, so he didn’t welcome an ordinary situation.

“Huh?”

The grumbling Mihara suddenly stopped walking. His gaze was fixed on the old fountain. A pretty NPC maid caught his eye.

“This is perfect for wasting time.”

Mihara approached the maid.

“Hey, let me touch your body.”

Unless they were NPCs that gave quests, users didn't usually show any respect towards general NPCs. In particular, NPCs with a low status weren't treated as people. Since humans always hurt each other, it was impossible to protect the rights of NPCs. This was one of the biggest problems with Satisfy, which guaranteed a high degree of freedom.

“Kyaaak!”

The maid, pouring water on the flowers, was disgusted at the man who suddenly appeared and grabbed her ass. Mihara found her reaction funny.

“What are you screaming about? Isn't it just a small touch?”

At that moment.

“Who are you?”

A deep voice was heard in Mihara's ear. Mihara moved his gaze. A middle-aged man could be seen. He held a hand plow and looked like a farmer. His name was Piaro. He was also an NPC like the maid.

“This is an agricultural city, so there are farmers everywhere.”

Mihara angrily waved his hand.

“Get lost.”

“I asked who you were.”

Rather than stepping back, Piaro asked again. Mihara no longer paid attention to him. He chose to keep touching the maid's body

rather than care about a farmer NPC. Mihara couldn't imagine the disaster that this act would bring.

“All of Reidan belongs to Duke Grid. Even the emperor of the Saharan Empire can't covet anything here.”

Piaro's voice lowered even more. Mihara frowned.

“This bastard is talking nonsense. I am busy touching this maid's... Heok?”

A hand plow flew towards Mihara. Mihara's level and and agility were lower, so he barely detected it. Mihara used Haste to evade the hand plow and seethed.

“How dare a farmer threaten me?”

Hwaruruk!

Mihara pulled out a flaming sword. At this point, his judgment was blurred by the threat from the farmer. He tried to kill Piaro. But it was nothing from the viewpoint of Piaro.

“This is Reidan.”

Teong!

“What...!?”

Mihara was astonished. It was because the farmer threw a small seed at him.

“You trash.”

Teong!

“Keook!”

Mihara was struck on the forehead with a seed.

[You have suffered 9,150 damage.]

‘This doesn't make sense...!’

“This is a place where a person like you isn't allowed.”

Teong!

“Kuaack!”

Mihara shrieked. A seed flew again and struck his heart, causing him terrible suffering.

‘W-Will I be killed by a seed?’

Mihara checked his health gauge and thought this was a nightmare. The farmer threw seeds at the 1st ranked magic swordsman. It was a small seed like a sunflower seed, but he couldn’t be killed by this. But reality was relentless.

[You have died.]

Mihara was hit in the forehead by a fourth seed and saw a grey world.

‘I won’t touch an NPC’s butt again...!’

The NPC protection system had been strengthened so far! Mihara was logged out.

[Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation Skill]

You can create three equipment item production methods every time the skill level of the ‘Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill’ goes up.

Number of items that can be created at present: 12/18.

* When items are produced using this skill, the name of the creator is automatically placed on the item.

A long time after Grid’s Boots, Grid started to design an item. Prior to creating Grid’s Greatsword, he sketched a plan in his head. It was tremendous prudence compared to the days when he created items without any thought.

‘The worst thing about Failure is the excessive size.’

A greatsword was cool when bigger. It was the reason why Grid designed Failure to be 3m long, but he experienced discomfort

after using it. It took too long to recover the sword, and it was greatly constrained by the terrain. In particular, it often hit the floor.

‘A length of 1m and 40cm is the most suitable.’

It would be better to increase the width by 4cm. One of the advantages of a greatsword was that it was suitable to use for defense.

‘Let’s increase the feeling of weight.’

The biggest advantage of Failure was that it was made of blue orichalcum and was lightweight. The attack speed wasn’t decreased despite being a big sword, but its destructive power wasn’t maximized because it had no weight behind it.

‘Then the materials will be a mix of blue orichalcum and black iron.’

The cutting power of the blade would be maximized by increasing the blue orichalcum content, while the weight of the blade would be increased due to the black iron.

“...”

Grid had already closed his eyes for two areas as he drew out the shape of a new item. The young blacksmiths in the smithy couldn’t understand his behavior as Grid mediated to one side.

“Why is he only doing that after coming to work?”

“Is he taking a nap?”

“What reason would he have for taking a nap? That is meditation. The duke is trying to figure out the type of weapon he will create before he begins.”

‘Hoh.’

Among the blacksmiths sharing their opinions, there were those with exceptional eyes. They were the two young men who became intermediate blacksmiths first. Khan’s evaluation of them

increased.

‘They are the children who will be a great force for Grid after me.’

Currently, Khan was giving a break to all the blacksmiths. He wanted to give them a chance to see Grid work. The young blacksmiths asked questions as they looked at Grid’s actions, allowing them to grow step by step.

“Now, let’s get started.”

After the meditation, Grid used the Item Creation skill and designed Grid’s Greatsword. Then he finally pulled out his hammer.

Ttang! Ttang!

The young blacksmiths of Reidan watched every move that the legendary blacksmith made.

It was three days after Grid received the commission.

–It is completed.

Chris was hunting monsters in the desert when he finally received Grid’s whisper. He joyfully headed straight towards Reidan.

“Ohh...!”

Chris was amazed as he received the details of the item created. The performance of the item was more than he expected. But his face stiffened after he checked the options.

* This item can only be repaired by the maker.

‘This guy...!’

Wasn’t he very sly, unlike the rumors of his stupidity? Chris didn’t know that Grid had grown steadily.

“Is it a deal?”

Grid laughed as he asked. Chris was very displeased. But the performance of the item was so desirable that he inevitably nodded.

“I will... trade...”

It was the moment the 3rd ranked user and head of the Giant Guild fell slave to the power of items. Now he became someone who couldn't live without Grid.

Chapter 314

So far, Grid only considered the performance when it came to item creation and production.

This was understandable. Items were things that existed for the convenience of the user and to increase their stats. The most important factor for an item was the performance, and Grid always considered this.

However, the circumstances were different this time. He had to make an item for someone who wasn't a colleague, but a potential enemy.

'It will be sickening if a future enemy is armed with the most powerful item I have created.'

He couldn't refuse the deal. If so, he needed to set up a device so that Chris wouldn't become an enemy. How? The conclusion he came to after a long period of thinking.

'I need to make the buyer of the item dependent on the creator.'

But how? Grid came up with a simple yet dramatic solution.

'This item can only be repaired by the maker.'

The absolute maker of the item! Grid's Greatsword would establish a relationship between the maker and buyer, and it would be effective as a type of slave contract.

'I need to make a complicated structure so that only the maker can repair it.'

Designing it wasn't a problem.

'I am a legendary blacksmith.'

Great Magician Braham had said it. A legend was a transcendental presence. Don't make a wall himself.

"I will design an item that no one can imitate."

Grid encouraged morale by copying Braham's tone. He grabbed the thought, used Item Creation and designed Grid's Greatsword. It was a practical design that excluded beauty. He considered the balance between performance and usage conditions.

The strengths were combined. It contained a distinctiveness. It was faithful to the basics while bringing out the best performance.

Ttiring~

His design was finished after struggling for half a day.

['Grid's Greatsword' has been added to the list of item production methods!]

Grid was satisfied.

Grid's Greatsword

Rating: Unique ~ Legendary

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 575/575

Attack Power: 953~1,191

Attack Speed: -5%

* There is a low probability of blocking the enemy's attacks.

* There is a certain probability of activating the '3 Joint Attacks' skill.

* The damage of slashing attacks will increase by 20%.

* Skill damage will increase by 10%.

* Attack power +20% in dark places.

* If you hit the same target six times, the sixth attack will unconditionally be a critical attack.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 840/840

Attack Power: 1,274~1,440

Attack Speed: -3%

- * There is a certain probability of blocking the enemy's attacks.
- * There is a certain probability of activating the '3 Joint Attacks' skill.
- * The damage of slashing attacks will increase by 30%.
- * Skill damage will increase by 20%.
- * Attack power +20% in dark places.
- * If you hit the same target five times, the fifth attack will unconditionally be a critical attack.
- * If you succeeded in linking a skill within 0.5 seconds of 3 Joint Attacks, additional damage will be inflicted on the target.

It is a weapon designed by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

In a blind spot in the center of the blade, the content of black iron is increased to maximize the weight, and the cutting power is increased by adding blue orichalcum to both sides of the blade.

It is designed for the user's convenience and is perfectly balanced, helping the user achieve the best swordsmanship.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. More than 2,800 strength. Advanced Sword Mastery level 5 or higher.

- * This item can only be repaired by the maker.

Weight: 1,540

“Good!”

Grid's Greatsword wasn't better than Failure. The attack speed, maximum attack power and durability of Failure were all better than Grid's Greatsword. In addition, the level limit of 300 was identical.

But Grid appreciated Grid's Greatsword more than Failure. There

were many reasons.

First of all, the design of Grid's Greatsword was more efficient than Failure. Unlike Failure, which was inconvenient to use due to its excessive size, Grid's Greatsword had a very appropriate size.

In addition, the minimum attack power of Grid's Greatsword was far superior. When attacking a target, the minimum attack power was always guaranteed, unlike the maximum attack power. A weapon with a higher minimum damage was bound to have higher damage. There were also the options that increased slashing damage and skill damage.

There was only one part where Grid's Greatsword was worse than Failure. It had 3 Joint Attacks instead of 5 Joint Attacks. Grid had done his best to pass on the merits of Failure onto Grid's Greatsword, but it wasn't a complete success.

But Grid thought about it positively.

'This is fine. The terms of use might become ridiculously higher if it was 5 Joint Attacks.'

There was also a secret hidden in Grid's Greatsword. There was a deep groove across the center of the blade. It had a tremendous effect when used, but only Grid, who designed it, knew about it.

"Then let's get started."

Grid smiled with satisfaction and stood in front of the furnace. Then he confirmed the number of minerals he currently had in stock.

29 blue orichalcum.

99 black iron.

1,290 iron ores.

32 mithril.

Blue orichalcum was a mineral dropped only by the Guardian of the Forest. There was a limit on the quantity that could be

obtained, so it was virtually impossible for a person to have this much.

But Grid had Jishuka. While acting as ruler of Bairan, she steadily raided the Guardian of the Forest, gathered the blue orichalcum, and gave them all to Grid. The value of her help couldn't be converted to money, and Grid really appreciated her at this moment.

‘Thank you, Jishuka.’

Grid felt thankful once again and started to melt the minerals in the furnace. His perfect understanding of the minerals and control of the temperature was engraved into the young blacksmiths.

‘Finally...’

Over the past two days, Grid dedicated himself to making the item. As a result, two greatswords were in front of him. They were black swords with a deep groove in the center, while the blades gave off a subtle blue light. The harmony of colors was luxurious and seemed to improve the quality itself.

However, both were incomplete, as the handle wasn't attached yet.

“Sigh.”

The handle was a length that could be grasped with both hands. Grid took a deep breath before combining it with the greatswords. The young blacksmiths felt doubts.

‘Why is he upset before combining the handles?’

‘Is something wrong?’

The young blacksmiths thought Grid had a deep meaning behind delaying the completion of the sword. But it was a misunderstanding. The present Grid was engulfed with fear.

‘What if both are completed with a unique rating...?’

Grid used 19 blue orichalcum and 44 black iron just to produce one greatsword. Black iron was a relatively common mineral that could be obtained with money, but the blue orichalcum was different. It was a rare mineral that could only be obtained once every three months.

What if he used 19 of them just for a unique rated greatsword to be produced? It was obvious why he was trembling with nervousness. There was also the 'special event' that would happen in exchange for making the 10th legendary item. Even if he received a penalty, Grid wanted this to be a legendary greatsword. He couldn't always avoid legendary items.

'Please...!'

Grid strongly grasped the hammer.

'God, Buddha, Goddess Rebecca, God Yatan! Please give me good luck!'

Grid even prayed to God Yatan! As everyone watched, he attached a handle to the two-handed greatsword. The result was amazing.

[You have succeeded in making Grid's Greatsword (Legendary)!]

[A legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +10 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +500.]

[You have succeeded in making Grid's Greatsword (Legendary)!]

[A legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +10 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +500.]

"Ohh...! Ohh!!"

The blacksmiths were unable to close their mouths as they watched the completion of the greatsword. Khan was teary-eyed. He was pleased because Grid gave birth to a wonderful result. On

the other hand, Grid was distracted.

[You have proven your potential by making 10 legendary items.]

[Now you are growing into a blacksmith comparable to Pagma.]

[The penalty that occurs when an item's usage conditions isn't met has disappeared.]

“Penalty removal!”

Grid's eyes widened. The greatest disadvantage grabbing onto his ankles since he became Pagma's Descendant was now gone. Grid trembled with excitement. But that joy was brief.

[Your growth has deteriorated due to the blossoming of your potential.]

[You won't acquire any additional stats in the future when making items with a unique rating.]

“This damn thing!”

He had already expected to experience a penalty to some extent. But once the moment came, he couldn't help feeling bad.

‘If I want to increase my stats in the future, I have to produce legendary items...!’

The rate of producing legendary items was the worst. He had been Pagma's Descendant for over a year and he had only been able to produce 11. Grid felt desperate and frustrated. In the past, he would've cursed at the game operators for a few days. But now it was different.

Grid quickly overcame the frustration due to the growth in his mentality.

‘...Not bad.’

The deterioration of his stats increase was bad, but the item penalty had also disappeared. What did this suggest?

‘In the future, I will truly be dependent on the power of items.’

It was the rise of the overgeared legend, which didn't require potions or skills.

“I will... trade...”

The legendary rated Grid's Greatsword. Chris verified the details of it and finally accepted the deal. A slave contract. In the future, Chris would have to leave the repairing to Grid, so he could never become Grid's enemy. If he did something wrong against Grid, his item wouldn't be repaired.

“Okay, let's work well together in the future.”

Grid held out a hand to shake.

“...”

Chris looked at his smile and once again wondered if his choice was right. However, he desired Grid's Greatsword too much. It was the best item Chris had seen while reaching level 314.

“P... Please...”

Chris shook his hand without any strength. The look in Grid's eyes was relaxed as he looked at Grid. The present Grid was closer to being reborn with the attitude of a legendary, like Braham mentioned.

Chapter 315

[Your agility has increased by 10.]

After completing the deal with Chris. Grid took the elixir without any delay, and his body felt lighter.

Strength: 2,790

Agility: 1,756

‘There’s still a long way to go.’

He needed to gain at least 104 levels in order to make the ratio of strength and agility 1:1. Grid thought it was frankly out of the question. Amoract’s agent, Tallos. Despite the fact that he gained a huge 2.6 billion experience, he only gained one level. So how long would it take to gain 104 levels?

‘Every time my level increases, the amount of experience required increases too much. This is why a fourth advancement class hasn’t emerged even after one year.’

No, would it be possible for Kraugel to get a fourth advancement class in one year? His level was 319, which was four levels higher than the second place.

‘A monster... That guy must be only hunting.’

The 1st ranked Kraugel. Grid had never met him and never saw him on TV. However, Grid acknowledged that his level up ability was unique.

‘Anyway, it would be nice if I could frequently take the agility elixir.’

It was an unrealistic wish. Elixirs were a rare potion. This type of transaction might not happen again.

“Hmmm.”

Grid looked at the location of his guild members. The Pavranium

Expedition was still hunting in the remaining vampires cities. After raiding Elfin Stone, they got experience and item acquisition buffs.

‘Wow... Pon and Regas are already level 308. Aren’t they accumulating a lot of experience? I should go back to the vampire cities.’

[Experience and item acquisition rate has increased by 5%. This effect only applies to the vampire cities. The time remaining is 25 days, 13 hours, 40 minutes and 15 seconds.]

‘The next 25 and a half days. If I hunt while the buff is maintained...’

Couldn’t he gain at least three levels and an elixir if he was lucky? The inspired Grid headed to the smithy before leaving. He had some work to do.

First of all.

“Item Creation.”

[What item do you want to create?]

“Armor.”

[What materials would you like to use?]

“Blue orichalcum and black iron.”

[Please design the item.]

A blank blueprint appeared in front of him. It was already the seventh design, so Grid was able to seamlessly design an armor. After a while, Grid completed the armor with a satisfactory appearance and explained the features of the item.

“This armor can never be pierced. It won’t get any scratches from a sword, and even a dragon’s breath won’t melt it.”

[That isn’t possible. There are limits on the level of material and design used.]

“...Indeed.”

It was as expected. The item penalty had disappeared, but his dream of arming himself with a weapon with 999,999,999 attack power and armor with 999,999,999 defense was just a fanciful dream.

In the first place, (Understanding of Gods' Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill was only level 6. The standards of an item that could be made with blue orichalcum and black iron was only slightly better than Failure. In the past, Failure was created without taking into account the conditions of use.

‘This will change if I use pavranium as a mineral, but...’

It needed to be on the level of Lifael's Spear. Grid's lacking design level was a big obstacle.

‘Right now, it is better to use pavranium was a secondary item than an equipment item. It is urgent to obtain minerals better than blue orichalcum.’

Grid realized this and summoned Minor, the minerals detector.

“Find and report on any minerals that are superior to blue orichalcum.”

“Huh? What is this?”

Minor frowned at the words.

“Didn't you promise to let me live as a miner if you collected all the pavranium!?”

Minor's innate talents were more suited to minerals detection than mining. Minor's grand ambition was to become a legendary miner that surpassed Gis and become the right arm of the emperor. But Minor trembled because Grid didn't give him a chance to become a miner.

Grid patted the boy's shoulder.

“Endure it a little longer. Don't you know that I am a legendary

blacksmith? I sincerely hope that you will become a great miner and give strength to me. But not yet.”

“Kuoh...!”

Minor gritted his teeth. There was poison in his eyes. This was truly the attitude of someone who would betray his master. Grid inwardly tsked.

‘He needs to know reality.’

Minor’s talent was clearly outstanding. He had the qualities to be a huge miner. But it wasn’t enough to become a legendary miner. That’s what the Great Lord’s Sword was telling him. In other words, Minor’s dream was useless.

‘You are more suitable as a minerals detector.’

The ability of minerals detection was rare. Grid occasionally observed the people of Winston Bairan and Reidan, but Minor was the only NPC with a minerals detection talent. Grid hoped that Minor would grow as a minerals detector and would become a great force for him.

“Hasn’t your mother’s health worsened in Bairan? I will talk to the lord of Bairan to give your mother the best treatment. Now Minor. If you want your mother to regain her health, go on an adventure. Find the best minerals. Fighting!”

“Shit...! Shit! This evil person!”

Minor was only 14 years old. Grid struck at the boy’s weakness, so he seemed evil. However, Grid was convinced that this was the right way to deal with Minor. He believed that a life as a minerals detector would work out better for Minor than just being an excellent miner.

Minor trembled and left. Then Grid sent a whisper to Euphemina.

–How many of the Water Clan King’s Tears did you obtain?

-Four.

-Oh, that is a lot more than I thought?

Water Clan King's Tears. It was a rare material that permanently gave magic to an item. It was a production material with a unique effect, but the Water Clan's King only shed tears for one day every five months. Grid was surprised because Euphemina collected four tears in the three months after leaving for the Siren Kingdom.

-I was lucky. I got a special quest.

-Special quest? What is it?

-Hehe, I'll tell you later.

'She's excited.'

She must've gotten a fairly good quest.

Grid nodded with a smile.

-Yes, I'm looking forward to the good news. If you have any difficulties along the way, please feel free to contact me. First of all, place the tears in the guild's warehouse.

After a while.

Grid picked up the Water Clan King's tears from the warehouse and started to smelt the pavranium.

'A legendary item maker... This really exists!'

Chris's smile stretched from ear to ear after he made the deal with Grid. He might be in an unfavorable position to Grid, but what were the chances to get such a good item? It was safe to say that it wasn't common.

Grid's Greatsword transcended common sense, and it was more than what Chris wanted. Chris was convinced that the performance was more than Kraugel's White Fang and Seuron's Brutal Heavy Sword.

‘I can use it until at least level 360.’

It wasn’t an exaggeration.

Grid’s Greatsword was much better than the level 320 unique rated item that Chris acquired from a raid. Based on his analysis, he judged that level 350~360 items wouldn’t be as good as Grid’s Greatsword.

‘I don’t have to worry about weapons for at least 10 months. But the situation is serious...’

Didn’t it mean that Grid and the Overgeared members were armed with such items? Grid seemed remarkably strong compared to other forces.

‘Can they be left unchecked?’

Chris was the master of the Giant Guild. He wanted a higher position and to become a king, so that he could obtain the best wealth and power. From this standpoint, Grid was likely to be a big obstacle.

“Let’s go.”

Chris spoke to the Five Captains. (TL: Author uses the Five Captains as a title here, rather than using it to signify the number of people. So he will keep referring to them as the Five Captains, despite one being missing.)

Chris walked towards the gate with them when he suddenly felt doubts.

“Mihara?”

“I haven’t seen him since three days ago, when he said he was going to Pedro first.”

Mihara had been acting freely in Reidan. His capricious personality meant it wasn’t strange for him to return first.

“That guy. Huh?”

Chris suddenly stopped walking. The fields stretched out widely outside Reidan.

There was a farmer blocking their way?

“Who are you?”

One of the Five Captains, Asellas questioned the farmer who was blocking their path. Then the farmer held out five hoes.

“Clear the ground.”

“What?”

Was this farmer crazy? He appeared and told them to clear the ground? Everyone was speechless because it was so absurd, then Chris spoke.

“Why should we help you?”

The farmer, Piaro’s, logic was simple.

“Your companion dared touch a maid of Duke Grid’s. You failed to properly control your companion, so now you will help develop Reidan’s agriculture.”

Their companion molested a maid? Chris and the Five Captains were feeling disbelief when they remembered Mihara.

‘That stupid brat is doing something trashy again...!’

Mihara always caused incidents in the past. Chris sighed and nodded.

“I understand what you want to say. I will punish the one who touched the maid. Don’t be too angry and open the path.”

Chris thought the farmer called Piaro was doing some type of performance. He thought it was the cry of a weak farmer who knew about Mihara’s sin. But it was a misconception.

“I have already punished him, so now you have to work in the fields.”

In the end, Asellas raised his voice.

“Why do you keep talking nonsense? This is a viscount of the Eternal Kingdom and master of the Giant Guild, Chris! You shouldn’t even look him in the eyes, so how can you skip etiquette and even ask him to work in the fields?”

It had been a long time since they started Satisfy, and they hadn’t interacted with farmers for a while. Piaro looked indifferently at Asellas, who was seething with anger.

“I watched from afar, and you didn’t show any politeness towards Duke Grid. I’m just following your rude behavior.”

“Rude behavior...!”

Unlike NPCs, etiquette didn’t play a huge role between users. Chris and the Five Captains had to bow and be polite to Duke Grid? It was impossible. The five people thought that the farmer wasn’t aware of reality.

“Get lost!”

Their ankles couldn’t be grabbed by a farmer forever. Asellas pushed the farmer. No, it was a shove.

“Eek?”

Asellas’ eyes widened. He wanted to grab the wrist of the farmer, but his vision instantly changed to that of the sky.

‘What is this...?’

Asellas lay on the ground while the Five Captains were amazed, Chris as well.

‘Reidan’s monster farmer...! He really exists!’

They believed it was a rumor, but now they knew it wasn’t the case. Chris felt a great interest and grabbed Grid’s Greatsword.

“You’re the one who knocked down Zibal? Those skills, show them to me!”

The reason why the alliance of the seven guilds, except for the

Giant Guild, failed to invade Reidan was due to the unidentified farmers. A farmer who was strong enough to knock down the 2nd ranked Zibal, what if Chris beat him?

After obtaining a second class, the 3rd ranked Chris believed that he was stronger than Zibal. He rushed towards Piaro.

Chapter 316

The 1st National Competition and Reinhardt's golem invasion.

Grid appeared in public and always used a greatsword. Nevertheless, the public perceived the best user of the greatsword to be Chris, not Grid. It was natural. Grid overwhelmed his enemies with skills and items, but his ability with the sword itself wasn't special. The ability he showed at the time of fighting the Red Knight was merely excellent.

On the other hand, Chris' greatsword technique caused the viewers to feel wonder.

"You're the one who knocked down Zibal? Those skills, show them to me!"

A greatsword covered in a blue light. It had a considerable weight to it at first glance and felt good in his hand. The speed wasn't fast. But a considerable pressure was felt from it.

This was the effect of the passive skill, Rule with Might's Path. All enemies in the path of the charge had their casting speed and agility slightly reduced.

'He's scared.'

Piario stood still despite Chris' rush. The disappointed Chris mistook it for fear.

'This is the person who knocked down Zibal?'

No, his opponent's level wasn't low. It was just that his level was higher. The Rule with Might's Path skill had a greater effect depending on his strength. The effect of having 3,000 strength at level 314 was now being demonstrated.

Chris neared Piario, who was standing like a stone, and wielded his greatsword.

Kwaang!

There was no superfluous movements in the slash. There was a violent explosion of wind and the target was pushed back.

‘Perfect!’

Chris admired. The size and shape of the greatsword was very suitable, making the time it took to pull back the sword shorter than usual.

So far, he had used hundreds of greatswords, but this was the first time he had a greatsword that was perfect for his hands. It seemed to be a greatsword made exactly for him. He felt awe towards the maker, Grid.

‘Dead?’

Chris was worried that he might’ve killed Piaro with this strike. NPCs had one life. No, it was because they only had one precious life that they were NPCs. He felt a little guilty about taking his life...

“Eh?”

Chris’ gaze had been glued to Grid’s Greatsword. He was confused as he looked towards Piaro. It was because Piaro was still alive and well. Piaro clicked his tongue.

“Looking away after one hit? Your arrogance has reached the extremes. It’s important to believe in yourself, but that can be a poison.”

Chris couldn’t believe it.

‘There was clearly the sensation of something being hit?’

Was he mistaken? Chris was feeling confused when he suddenly saw the cut up straw hat at Piaro’s feet.

“Ninja...!”

Like most westerners, Chris, a Canadian, had fantasies about ninjas. He knew a little bit about ninjas, and learned that there was a ninja technique where the body was swapped with something

else. Once he saw it, he was certain that Piaro was a ninja pretending to be a farmer.

‘An assassin-type hidden class NPC! No wonder Zibal was killed!’

Chris was nervous. He guessed that now the ninja would throw knives at him, or aim a lightning punch at him.

‘I must be prepared!’

Like other warriors, Chris’ agility was only 200, because he focused his stat points on strength. It was virtually impossible for him to see and respond to the enemy’s attacks.

‘I won’t give up!’

Chris got ready to fight back. He could overcome his lack of agility with thorough preparation and prediction. Piaro felt pleased at the sight.

‘Excellent.’

His lord had many outstanding talents. In particular, Regas and Ibellin were amazing. And the man in front of him had their level of talent. It was a more refined talent. This was the first time since Kraugel.

“I acknowledge your skills.”

Piaro acknowledged Chris. He pulled out a weapon with a serious expression.

Gulp!

Chris gulped. Would he pull out a recognizable ninja weapon? Or maybe a whip? A ball and chain?

‘Is it a whip?’

Chris’ head spun quickly. He would take different actions depending on what weapon Piaro pulled out. But the weapon Piaro held completely deviated from Chris’ predictions.

“Hand plow!”

That's right. Piaro's weapon was a hand plow. It seemed to have just been used, as it was covered with moist soil. Chris failed to conceal his embarrassment as he shouted.

"It isn't a hand plow! You're deceiving me!"

"That isn't the case."

Was there a need for long words? It was better to show it with actions.

Teong!

Piaro moved. It was truly tremendous speed suitable for a ninja. The distance that Chris decided was ideal was instantly narrow, and the hand plow moved.

"You!"

The incensed Chris swung his greatsword. He was determined to blow away the hand plow and Piaro. However.

Dok.

"What?"

As he aimed for Piaro's chest, the hand plow struck the front of the greatsword. Chris' balance collapsed and his upper body leaned forward.

'What?'

The eyes of the captains watching widened. They couldn't understand why Chris looked like this. But Chris and Zirkan were different. They determined the situation in an instant.

'It was what he intended!'

Large weapons were much heavier and longer than one-handed weapons. The weight was great and had to be focused in order to exert more destructive power. Chris was faithful to the basics, and Piaro aimed for this. He accurately grasped the point where Chris focused the weight of the greatsword and struck it, causing Chris'

center of gravity to shift.

‘This is ridiculous!’

Wasn’t this like the protagonists of the 20th century Hong Kong movies? The hand plow flew towards the stumbling Chris. It was an attack that used the recoil of hitting the greatsword to link the next strike. Chris felt a chill and raised his shoulders. The hand plow that should’ve pierced his neck struck his shoulder instead.

[You have suffered 12,300 damage.]

‘What is with this hand plow’s damage...!?’

Even if this was a critical hit, it was an unbelievable amount of damage. Piaro was stronger than a named boss. Chris groaned and tilted his body forward. After limiting Piaro’s movements by sticking close to his body, he recovered the greatsword.

At this time, the greatsword moved naturally to strike at Piaro’s heart. Based on his hundreds of thousands of combat experience, Chris showed his dignity that threatened the enemy no matter what situation he was in.

“Sowing.”

A smile appeared on Piaro’s face after he was lightly wounded on the chest. He sprinkled several small seeds at Chris’ feet.

‘What?’

Why were seeds being sowed in a battle? Chris was confused, before suddenly realizing.

‘This is a mere trick!’

The opponent was a ninja. Ninjas were people who used tricks to deceive the enemy. Chris glanced away from the seeds that fell at his feet. It was a fatal mistake to ignore this.

“What?”

Chris tried to swing his greatsword again. The seeds that Piaro

sowed had sprouted and clasped tightly around Chris' ankles and thighs.

“What is this?”

Plants instantly grew from the seeds that were just sown? In addition, the pressure of the plants was very high. It wasn't something that could be understood with Chris' common sense.

It was natural. It was a legendary skill. Piaro who chose the path of a farmer after forsaking a sword saint! The 'Free Farming' method that he completed after becoming a farmer was at a level comparable to the legends in history.

In other words, today's Piaro was much stronger than the one who competed with Grid.

“You are the second strongest person I have ever met. You should be proud of your potential.”

The second? Then who was the first?

‘Is he talking about Zibal...!’

Chris' ego was shattered. The difference between them was just one level. He couldn't overcome that level difference, but he believed he was stronger. But he was weaker?

“Kuaaaak!”

Chris shouted and aimed his sword at the plants around his lower body. Then an energy blade aimed at Piaro. It was the Rule with Might Sword that made ranged attacks possible. As the powerful blade was about to penetrate Piaro's chest,

“Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field.”

Piaro pulled out a plow and started digging at the ground. As it struck the ground, the soil rose up and became a barrier that blocked the blade.

“This is ridiculous!”

Satisfy had started exactly two years and two months ago. He steadily trained with the goal of becoming number one. He was even equipped with the best items. Chris thought this person was a ninja who hid as a farmer, but he actually was overwhelmed by a real farmer?

He suffered defeat from farming methods such as sowing, plant growing and plowing.

‘I can’t accept it!’

Chris barely managed to restore his mental state. The opponent was someone who beat Zibal. It was naive to think he could win when his level was lower than Zibal’s, but Chris couldn’t tolerate this.

“Kuaaaah!”

Chris used Tyrant’s Strength which temporarily increased his strength by 20%, tearing apart the plants binding his lower body. It was done with pure strength. Piaro saw this and thought.

‘I am lacking practice.’

Free Farming Style 1 ‘Sowing’ and style 2 ‘Rapid Growth.’ The durability of the plants grown was weaker than expected. It was proof that Rapid Growth hadn’t reached the right level yet.

‘I have to work harder in the fields.’

As Piaro vowed this, the energy blades covered Piaro. The hand plow defended against every strike, then Piaro tried to break Chris’ center of gravity again.

‘His enlightenment is fast.’

Piario was surprised to see Chris’ skill in recovering his greatsword every time the hand plow collided with it.

‘It’s higher than Kraugel when I first met him.’

Piario acknowledged it and started to swing his hand plow. His skill with the farming equipment overwhelmed Chris. But Chris’

momentum didn't go down. His chest was struck but he didn't retreat as he shouted.

“I am above Zibal!”

Kuwaaaah!

It was like a lion's roar. There were farmers and users scattered throughout the vast fields. They were amazed and frightened, while the captains of the Giant Guild also blocked their ears. It was the power of Chris' second class, Tyrant.

‘This is the time!’

There was no one who would be safe when facing Tyrant's Growl. Chris used the gap caused by Tyrant's Growl to attack the temporarily confused Piaro.

Kurururung.

There was an earthquake centered on Piaro. The only person able to withstand this earthquake was Chris, the one who caused it. Chris expected Piaro to be swept away by Tyrant's Advent.

“Wow.”

Chris was at a loss after using the skill. He saw Piaro standing on a large number of rice plants growing out of cracks in the collapsing land.

“You have messed up the land. You will have more work to do.”

“...?”

It was strange. It sounded like Piaro was trying to make Chris do something. Chris was feeling confused when rice rained down on him. He defended by swinging his greatsword.

[The durability of Grid's Greatsword has decreased by 10.]

[The durability of Grid's Greatsword has decreased by 11.]

Hollow rice. They were a weak plant that had no sense of weight. No, this was a concept higher than aura. Chris couldn't endure it,

and became a rag along with Grid's Greatsword.

“Repair my greatsword.”

“What?”

20 minutes after saying goodbye, Chris returned. He handed his greatsword to Grid. Grid frowned as he checked the greatsword, which was cracked.

“What is this? Did you meet a dragon?”

‘You awful bastard!’

Chris believed that this incident was caused by Grid. The monster called Piaro was Grid's subordinate, so he was forced to think this way.

‘Is it to let us know who is superior in our relationship?’

He couldn't believe the rumors. Grid was rumored to be stupid, but he was actually incredibly scary. Grid extended a hand to Chris.

“The cost of the repairs. It is 3 gold for every one point of durability.”

“What...?”

It was 10 times more expensive than the normal repair price. It was an unreasonable price, but he couldn't refuse the transaction.

‘This demon... I absolutely can't make him an enemy!’

Chris handed over 853 gold with trembling hands and returned to the fields. The five leaders of the Giant Guild had to work there.

Chapter 317

“Sigh... It is hard, hard.”

“It is too hard to fill the quota. Does it make sense that there are only 400 people working in these vast fields? Looking at the scale, there should be at least 10 times more workers.”

“Dammit! If this is an agricultural city, increase the number of farmers!”

“They want to save money on the labor costs. I heard that Grid is quite cheap.”

“He’s beyond the level of cheap. Cutting labor costs and kidnapping users to become farmers, is this something normal people would do?”

The 21 users caught by Piaro and forced to work. They complained about Grid every time they gathered. It was because they were convinced that Piaro, who kidnapped them and turned them into farmers, was doing it under Grid’s orders.

However, the reason they didn’t run away was due to the rewards of the hidden quest. Honestly, they were happy about getting a hidden quest and didn’t hold any animosity towards Grid. The reason they came to Reidan was because they wanted to join Overgeared, and they basically liked Grid.

But the work was too hard, so it was hard to survive unless they complained. It was inevitable that Grid would be frequently mentioned.

“Are they new?”

The grumbling users working in the fields focused on one place. From far away, Piaro was leading five people over.

“This time it’s a group of five.”

“Tsk tsk, poor guys.”

The average level of the 21 users was 270. They had to be at least that level to cross the desert to Reidan. The group of five people would also be high level users. Wasn't it too absurd that they were being dragged as dogs to become farmers? They felt a sense of compassion.

“Ah?”

“Eh?”

The users looking at the five newcomers sympathetically became confused. They were the master of the Giant Guild and the Five Captains!

“T-This is ridiculous!”

They were dealt a big blow in the golem invasion, but they were still very strong. The Giant Guild was one of the best guilds. In particular, the Five Captains were third advancement users and Chris was 3rd on the unified rankings, so they were a high sky for the users. But they weren't even Piaro's opponent?

‘That crazy farmer is bigger than we thought!’

The users were astonished, while Piaro introduced Chris' group to them.

“They are new farmers. I hope you get along well with them in the future.”

“Who is a farmer?”

“Damn bastard!”

Chris, the 3rd ranked user, leader of the Giant Guild and viscount of the Eternal Kingdom was being introduced as a new farmer! The captains trembled at Piaro's absurd attitude.

But Chris wasn't offended. The opponent was stronger than him. Despite being able to kill him, Chris was spared and given a hidden quest. He didn't intend to make a fuss.

“Let's get along well.”

Chris greeted the senior farmers with respect. The Five Captains were forced to bow their heads.

“W-We will work hard.”

On this day, Chris and the Five Captains joined the fun and exciting training.

A strange rumor started to circulate on the Internet. The master of the Giant Guild and the Five Captains became serfs of Grid. It was a rumor that couldn't be believed. No one believed the rumor.

“What is this nonsense?”

Grid was more disbelieving than anyone else.

Grid had obtained 27 pavranium for helping with Braham's resurrection. Originally, there were 28 pavranium. However, one of them became the Vessel of the Soul and entered Braham's possession.

‘It is painful that I can't get one, but...’

Fortunately, all 27 out of 27 pavranium had the blessing of the four gods. As the master of the pavranium, Grid received a 15% buff on his attack power, defense, recovery and magic power. As a legendary class exclusive item, the pavranium was truly a scam.

‘It was only because of Braham that I could receive the blessing of God Yatan, so let's not think too much about giving him one pavranium.’

Grid had become a very positive and generous person compared to the past. In fact, a little while ago, he had reduced Chris' repair price by 2 gold.

‘2 gold is two ramyun.’

He could imagine how much Chris appreciated it. Grid didn't doubt that Chris would feel a great affection towards him. He thought about a future alliance with the Giant Guild, then

wondered what he should do with the pavranium.

‘I can’t make Lifael’s Spear.’

Lifael’s Spear was the strongest weapon in existence. It was an undeniable truth. Unfortunately, it was an inefficient weapon for Grid. The spear wasn’t influenced by Pagma’s Swordsmanship and he was poisoned by its divine power when he used Blackening.

‘It is enough to have Grid’s Greatsword, Failure, and Yakult as weapons.’

Then would it be better to make armor?

Grid was equipped with the Holy Light armor, gloves and a crown that were made by Pagma, and they boasted an outstanding performance when worn as a set. He also efficiently swapped between Grid’s Boots and Braham’s Boots for the shoes.

On the other hand, he was lacking a shield. But Grid used a greatsword as a weapon, so there weren’t many opportunities to use a shield.

‘Is there anything special that isn’t a weapon or armor?’

Pavranium was a mineral with its own will. It considered Grid’s safety as the top priority and moved with its own judgment. It was far more efficient to give it freedom than to limit it to his body. What was the best type of item to utilize that freedom?

‘A symbol of freedom...’

“Snack.”

“...It is a snack. Eh?”

Grid frowned. Snack? Who was the person who suddenly interfered with his deep thoughts by speaking nonsense? Grid shifted his gaze in that direction. The guy who had devoted himself to monster hunting since arriving in Reidan was now resting on the window sill.

“Give me a snack! Give it to me! Nyang!”

He had a very proud and arrogant attitude. It was almost a command.

“Have you lost your senses? No, in the first place, why are you after a snack? Don’t you eat monster or human souls?”

“That is food! Snacks are snacks, nyang!”

“What jerk gave you the concept of snacks...?”

“Your wife! Nyang!”

“...”

Setting aside where he learnt the word ‘wife,’ he was talking about Irene.

‘I heard that Irene has a hobby of baking cake these days.’

Irene was the daughter of an earl, so she never learned how to cook. Now after coming to Reidan, she wanted to learn how to cook and bake, so that she could give Grid a little joy. Thanks to her, the Overgeared members and the soldiers were able to enjoy sweet snacks. Noe seemed to have been added as well.

“Sigh, okay. Take a nap and don’t interfere with my work.”

Grid decided to ignore Noe and started thinking again about what to make with the pavranium.

‘An item that can highlight the advantage of moving on its own...’

“Teddy bear.”

“...A teddy bear is good... Ah, you.”

Grid frowned. Teddy bear? Who was interfering this time? The incensed Grid turned towards the owner of the voice. It was Randy, who was in the appearance of a little girl.

“I received a teddy bear from Irene!”

Randy was pure and cute as she extended the bear. Grid nodded roughly towards the child.

“Okay. Go and play with the teddy bear.”

“Yes!”

Randy smiled and went next to Noe to play with the bear. But her playing didn't last long. Noe teased Randy by repeatedly batting at the teddy bear.

“...I'm going crazy.”

Randy started crying while Noe laughed, interrupting Grid's meditation time. So he kicked them out. Then he wondered again.

‘The item I should make out of pavranium...’

“Please make farming equipment.”

“...The answer is farming equipment... Hah.”

Grid's face distorted like a demon. Farming equipment? This time, someone was pouring cold water on him! The owner of the voice was Piaro. Piaro was wearing dirt-stained clothing. Grid could no longer overlook it.

“Piaro, what is your job?”

“I am the leader of the Overgeared Knights Division, commander of Reidan, and a farmer.”

“Isn't there something strange in there?”

“No.”

Grid couldn't understand it at all.

“Why on earth do you keep clinging to being a farmer? Are you doing your duties as knight captain and commander of Reidan?”

“Yes.”

Piaro answered without hesitation. He felt pride in his responsibilities.

“Then I'm glad. But what about your goal of becoming a sword saint? If you don't have time due to your duties, isn't it better to

quit farming and practice your swordsmanship?”

[A legendary farmer has been born!]

The main character of the notification window that all users in Satisfy saw wasn't Piaro. Grid was certain, but he couldn't help feeling nervous. In this case, his uneasy feeling was proven correct.

“I realized that I am a farmer, not a sword saint.”

“...”

Grid was no longer a fool. Piaro was faithful to his role as a farmer. It was rumored that the seven guilds' invasion of Reidan was repelled by farmers. The users doing field work, and so on. All of these things attested to the fact that Piaro was the legendary farmer.

Grid just didn't want to admit it.

Sword Saint Muller. Grid hoped that Piaro's strength would be recognized as the strongest among the legends.

“...Is it because your talent isn't enough to pursue the peak of swordsmanship? In the end, you gave up and became a farmer.”

Grid couldn't hide his anger as he tried to provoke Piaro.

“...”

Piaro knew the role that Grid wanted for him. He knew the sense of loss that Grid would be feeling. Piaro was determined to prove himself to Grid. He would prove that he was superior compared to when he was a great swordsman.

“Farming is the foundation of our lives and it is more valuable than anything else in the world. I just chose a more valuable path.”

“It is possible for women to harvest the crops. You aren't the only one who can do farming.”

“However, I'm the only one who can master it.”

“Why do you need to master farming? Ah, to create a good

harvest? It is very minor. If you have power, you can occupy more territory. Then there would be more people and we can secure a large amount of food using it. It is much more profitable to develop the armed forces to aim for more land.”

“Mastering farming isn’t merely raising crops. I can exert more power if I have an understanding of nature. I can confident that I am necessary for My Lord.”

“Really? Then prove it. What type of power can a farmer exert?”

This was what Piaro wanted. He had been wanting this situation since he asked for farming equipment.

‘I must be acknowledged by My Lord.’

He would let Grid know the greatness of a farmer. Piaro took out his hand plow and plow, while Grid armed himself with Failure and Grid’s Greatsword.

“I will return you to your original form. Your hands are meant to hold a sword, not dirt-stained farming equipment!”

At present, Piaro wasn’t sane. Grid had to return him to the right path. Grid put on the Slaughterer’s Eye Patch and used Blacksmith’s Rage to overpower Piaro. Piaro made a sad expression.

‘His talent is weak compared to Kraugel and Chris.’

Grid made great strides after defeating Pagma’s Doppelganger, but his lord was fundamentally unskilled. It was unlikely that his growth had continued since then.

‘You might be poisoned with frustration after losing, but I believe that you can overcome this poison as usual.’

Piaro would first relieve his burden by proving his value. Piaro judged and blocked the blue greatsword Grid was swinging, then counterattacked while avoiding a dark blue greatsword. In his head, Grid had already collapsed.

But what was Grid's specialty? It was the power to overcome common sense and destroy predictions.

Chaaeng!

“...!”

As soon as the blue greatsword and hand plow collided, Piaro's eyes widened.

Chapter 318

As soon as the blue greatsword and hand plow collided, Piaro's eyes widened.

‘Heavy!’

Grid's swordsmanship was rough. It wasn't outstanding. However, his high strength and agility wrecked considerable havoc.

‘How far has he come?’

Piaro had experience teaching Grid. He knew more than anyone that Grid was dull-witted. Even though he inherited the legendary skills, Piaro was confident that a rapid growth wasn't possible for Grid.

But he was mistaken. Grid's growth rate was comparable to the geniuses that Piaro recognized, Regas and Ibellin.

‘Now!’

The synergy between the Slaughterer's Eye Patch and his high insight exploded. As Piaro was feeling confused, Grid's eye flashed red and he shook the hand plow off Failure. At this point, Grid's greatsword moved horizontally.

Chaaeng!

“Uh...!”

Piaro groaned. A powerful shock was delivered despite the defense of the plow. Blacksmith's Rage and the buff on the pavranium meant that Grid's attack power currently surpassed Chris. In particular, Grid's high agility gave him wings.

Chaaeng! Jjang! Jjejeong!

In the time it took Chris to attack twice, Grid had attacked three times. Piaro was very surprised. It was surprising since Grid was predicted to be below Chris' level. But this surprise didn't last

long.

Grid had one lacking point. It was his understanding of swordsmanship. Chris executed a trajectory that forced the enemy's movement to slow, while Grid was just fast.

First, defend and then pierce through the gap. Piaro turned to the left, aiming his hand plow at Grid's left shoulder. It was an attack that precisely aimed for the weak point, but something unexpected happened.

A golden blade flew and guarded Grid. Piaro blocked the attack and was amazed.

‘Indeed!’

A legendary blacksmith. Grid made up for his lack of swordsmanship with tools. However, didn't the golden blade stiffen from one strike? Piaro didn't consider the pavranium to be a variable. This was a natural judgment. It was too early to express this as carelessness.

But who was Grid? Once again, he was a legendary blacksmith. He transcended predictions with his items.

Peeng!

“Heok?”

Piaro had been the strongest ever since he became a great swordsman. He was considered invincible and rarely experienced a fright. The golden blade went stiff after protecting Grid's shoulder. Then it launched Magic Missile!

“Ugh!”

It was a completely unexpected type of attack. He never imagined that magic would come from the blade. Then Grid leapt forward through that gap.

Chaaeng!

Once the attack was blocked, he took advantage of the rebound

and swung Grid's Greatsword. It was an exciting linked combo.

Puok!

“...!”

Blood dripped down Piaro's chest. However, the damage didn't seem to be great and there was no shaking in his posture. Grid knew how robust he was and linked the attacks without hesitation.

Slashing and a descending cut. Landing and then a horizontal slash. The subsequent counterattack was defended by Failure and then countered with Grid's Greatsword. He succeeded in a total of five attacks with Grid's Greatsword. Then the option of Grid's Greatsword was activated, making the fifth attack a critical attack.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 22,900 damage to the target.]

‘Ridiculously durable.’

The person wounded was Piaro, but Grid was the one who felt surprised. It was because Piaro's defensive power exceeded Elfin Stone's, despite him only wearing simple clothes. His health must be at least 300,000.

Piaro was a legendary farmer, so he now had significantly higher stats than when he was a great swordsman. In addition, he raised his level through continuous training. Piaro's current level was 405, which was 38 levels higher than when Grid observed him with the Great Lord's Sword.

Grid was only level 301, so his attacks couldn't deal proper damage. This was a judgment based on level that the system decided by default.

Piaro expressed his respect.

“I am proud of you.”

Had he been working hard since the day he struggled with Pagma's doppelganger?

“I have to salute My Lord, who has done your best despite your lack of talent.”

[Piaro’s loyalty has soared to the peak.]

[The absolute trust in his lord has increased Piaro’s willingness and opened up his potential. Piaro’s stats will permanently increase by 10%.]

“Heok.”

Grid would normally be glad about the notification windows. But now was an exception.

“W-Wait a minute!”

Piaro should become stronger after the battle! He didn’t have time to put that thought in his mouth.

“Free Farming 1st Style, Sowing.”

Pa pa pa pat!

Piaro sprinkled dozens of seeds.

The pavranium responded because it was aimed at Grid.

Out of the 27 pavranium, four of the pavranium turned into blades had been mixed with the Water Clan King’s Tears. The remaining 23 were the basic form, showing a weak defense. They couldn’t fully defend against all the seeds sowed around Grid and stiffened.

[You have suffered 9,320 damage.]

“This damn thing!”

Grid was hit by a rice seed that penetrated through the stiff pavranium and screamed. In the past, a low level user in Patrian was hit by a bone and died. Now Grid was in the same position.

“Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth.”

Kwaduk! Kudududuk!

After hitting the pavranium or Grid, the seeds on the floor started growing rapidly.

‘What is this?’

Grid freaked out as he saw the rice growing.

“This is a power that only a legendary farmer can exert.”

Piario’s will was firm. As a legendary farmer, he wasn’t incompetent. So he wanted to be acknowledged. But Grid couldn’t accept it. No matter how strong a legendary farmer, he couldn’t get rid of the idea that a sword saint was better.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link!”

A sword dance was quickly unfolded.

Pit! Pipipipit!

Dozens of attacks flew out and scattered the rice plants. Grid and Piario’s eyes met.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship...!”

“Free Farming!”

Kuoooooh!

The air around Grid sank heavily. The intense aura around Grid was concentrated at the end of the greatsword, making the target feel an extreme threat. It was the manifestation of Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill.

Piario’s skill was even more amazing.

“6th Style! Flailing!”

The plow was replaced by a flail. It ruthlessly struck Grid’s Greatsword that was aiming for his chest.

Pepeok! Bam bam bam!

“Heok?”

Grid was surprised. It was because the energy of Kill was unable

to bear the power of the flail and dissipated.

‘This is crazy!’

Flailing! One of his strongest skills was disabled by a farming technique. The thing that made him even more irate was that the old flail Piaro was using was a rare rated farming tool that Grid made a few months ago. In contrast, his weapon was legendary rated!

‘Shit!’

It felt like he was grain hit by a flail. Piaro’s skill wasn’t just strong. It also had a tendency to break the enemy’s self-esteem. It was very powerful.

‘He might be a farmer, but a legend is a legend. This is pretty amazi... No, no.’

He couldn’t acknowledge Piaro as a farmer. Piaro should only be a sword saint. Grid barely recovered from his confusion and gave orders to four pavranium blades that contained Magic Missile.

‘Shoot from all directions!’

The pavranium only followed Grid’s will. They immediately reacted by surrounding Piaro and firing Magic Missile all at once.

‘This basic magic isn’t a threat to me!’

Piaro was caught off guard before, but not now.

Piaro demonstrated the hidden technique of Free Farming, ‘Natural State.’ Then the earth, air, trees and everything in nature gave him strength, causing his stats to rise dramatically. It was natural that his magic resistance would also increase.

But it was useless.

Pepepepeng!

“Cough!”

The Magic Missile (Enhanced) Grid received from Braham

completely ignored the target's magic resistance. Despite the use of Natural State, Piaro suffered a lot of damage.

‘What is with the strength of this magic?’

Piaro had fought with Earl Ashur, one of the 10 great magicians of the continent. But Earl Ashur didn't have magic that was this fast and powerful.

‘The magic of an artifact transcends that of a great magician...!’

His lord was truly great. Piaro felt sincere respect.

On the other hand, Grid was cursing.

‘Dammit.’

He was able to add magic to pavranium thanks to the Water Clan King's Tears sent by Euphemina, but there was a problem. In order to deploy the Magic Missile attributed to the pavranium, Grid's mana was consumed.

Malacus' Cloak and the Black Quartz Earrings increased Grid's intelligence, giving him mana close to 16,000. The mana cost of the legendary skills was very high, so it was too much to use both Pagma's Swordsmanship and Magic Missile (Enhanced).

But in this situation, Piaro became even stronger.

‘Natural State...’

It amplified his stats, like Braham's Magic Drain. It was an excellent legendary buff skill.

‘On the other hand, my Blacksmith's Rage...’

Blacksmith's Rage was based on sympathizing with blacksmiths! It couldn't be denied that it was a great buff that increased attack damage and attack speed, but the disadvantage was that the duration was too short. The skill at level 5 only lasted for 35 seconds. Piaro's Natural State and Braham's Magic Drain were undeniably better.

Pepeok! Bam bam bam!

“Ugh!”

Would Blacksmith's Rage one day be reborn to match a legendary skill? Grid's thinking was broken by Piaro's flail. Grid tried to defend, but it was difficult. The flail was light, its attack speed was fast and its trajectory was irregular.

‘This is a joke...!’

Piario was very fast after using Natural State. He avoided all the Magic Missiles fired by the pavranium again. Grid was distressed about the one-sided beating.

‘If only I had two more hands...!’

He would be able to resist Piario's flail and also reverse the situation by using Item Combination.

‘Ah?’

Grid was struck with an epiphany.

‘Yes, hands!’

The hands of a legendary blacksmith! What if he could reproduce these great hands with the pavranium? Just imagine it! The legendary blacksmith hands that moved according to his command.

During combat, he could use multiple items, maximizing the power of his items. In addition, they could be his substitute for the long activation time of Item Combination.

‘I can make several items at the same time, so the efficiency of my work will increase!’

...Irene would also be pleased.

Grid smiled with satisfaction and called out.

“Time! Wait! Stop! I said stop!”

“...?”

Not admitting defeat in a battle, just stopping? Piaro stopped moving his flail. It was truly great loyalty. Grid shouted to him.

“Let’s fight again tomorrow!”

Grid was too careless today. Even if Piaro was a farmer, he was still a legend. Tomorrow, if Grid lost again despite his full preparations...

‘At that time, I will respect your choice.’

Grid’s eyes were filled with confidence. The reason why he felt confident despite not reducing Piaro’s health by one-tenth today was because he had absolute faith. He had faith in his items.

At this moment, a legend of the new era started to evolve. He was in the process of catching up to the legends of the previous generation and overcoming them.

Chapter 319

‘Piaro is at least level 400.’

Grid didn’t even need to observe him with the Great Lord’s Sword. There was no other way to explain why his attacks didn’t do any damage despite Piaro wearing no armor.

‘At least a 100 level difference...’

The difference of 100 levels was big. It was a gap that couldn’t be filled. Apart from the level compensation system, the difference between the stat numbers and power of skills was different. Using common sense, the probability that Grid would beat Piaro was 0%.

But.

‘I have a means of destroying common sense.’

This meant...

‘Of course it’s items.’

It was the attraction of items that could destroy the balance of the system. For those who couldn’t afford it, items were a curse. But it was the opposite for Grid. He would stand at the peak as an overgeared person. On the other hand, Piaro was only using rare rated farming equipment and old clothing.

‘The odds are good enough.’

Grid knew the strength of a legendary farmer. However, how could it compare to a sword saint?

‘Piaro, I will break your stubbornness.’

He would make Piaro dream of becoming a sword saint again! Grid pledged and used the item disassembly skill. After extracting the Water Clan King’s Tears from the four golden blades, he poured a total of 27 pavranium into the furnace.

It was the beginning of the smelting.

‘What is he trying to make this time?’

Khan and the young blacksmiths flocked to Grid’s side. They focused on Grid’s behavior and tried to figure out his intentions. However, they couldn’t understand Grid’s state.

‘What is he doing?’

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid produced a mold while the pavranium melted. But the model of the mold wasn’t common. It wasn’t a blade or a spear, but Grid’s hand itself.

The pavranium expedition repeatedly attacked the 10~15th vampire cities.

They wanted to challenge the cities that hadn’t been attacked yet, but they took Grid’s warning to heart.

“There is a vampire duke called Marie Rose. Braham says she’s sleeping somewhere inside the cities. If we don’t want to be killed, only hunt in the places that we have secured. Yes? How old is she? Um... She is strong enough to wipe out all of the Overgeared members? This is a complete scam, a scam.”

‘Many times stronger than Elfin Stone...’

‘Perhaps a dragon class?’

Grid had succeeded in the Elfin Stone raid after reaching level 300. He recently became more and more suited to be called the strongest. They were also proud that the Overgeared members was the best guild. But this vampire had a presence that could overwhelm all of them alone?

Indeed, Satisfy was wide. There were many unknown areas and existences that hadn’t been met yet.

“The elixirs are really dirty. Since the first day we came here with Grid, the number of vampires we hunted has surpassed

10,000. So why hasn't even one elixir dropped?"

"I agree. If only one stamina elixir dropped..."

"There is even the buff that increases item acquisition, so the drop rate is worse than rumored."

"We still obtained 11 Junior Vampire Rings. That is big enough."

In cities where they had already raided the boss once, the appearance rate of the True Blood vampires dropped. The boss was also weaker than the first boss. This meant the difficulty of the dungeon fell, resulting in lower quality items dropped.

The Overgeared members couldn't make as much as they expected. But their attitudes were positive. It was because the vampires gave a lot of experience. The vampire cities were still the best hunting grounds. It was phenomenal, causing the level 203 Yura to rise to 210 in just one week.

"But why isn't Grid here? There are only 25 days left on the experience buff."

"He has something important to do, so he will come in two days."

"Important? He made a greatsword for Chris a few days ago, so what now?"

"Perhaps Chris hit Grid in the back of the head?"

"That's not it. He said that he's making an item that is the peak of being overgeared."

"Peak of overgeared...?"

Swords, spears, bows, etc. They were always discussed when talking about the peak of fighting. But the peak of being overgeared, they couldn't understand what this meant.

"Did he find a way to do Item Combination without the merging time?"

"...It might be possible."

Didn't Pagma's Descendant have many abilities? In addition, couldn't Grid take advantage of all of them? The Overgeared members still couldn't predict the result.

Grid thought rapidly.

'Hands? They're easy to make!'

Grid currently had close to 2,600 points in dexterity. There was also a large rise in proficiency due to making the two greatswords. Grid was more confident than ever, and made molds in the shape of his hands. Then he poured the molten pavranium in the five molds.

After a while.

"Okay! Perfect!"

Five golden hands floated and started moving around Grid. Grid was filled with joy. It was fun to imagine how these five hands could help him in the future. He couldn't ignore the battle-oriented aspects.

Just imagine it! The five hands would protect him with shields, while attacking the enemy with swords. Grid would be absolutely invincible.

"Ohh...!"

Khan and the blacksmiths were amazed to see hands floating in the air alone. Creating moving hands, they looked at Grid like he was a god.

"Huhut... Now, shall I test your performance?"

Grid took out Failure, Iyarugt, Grid's Greatsword, the Ideal Dagger and the Divine Shield from his inventory and commanded the five hands.

"Arm yourselves!"

Pa pa pa pat!

The five hands flew towards Grid and collided with the five items. That's right. They collided instead of grabbing the weapons.

"...?"

Rather than equipping the items, the hands let them drop to the ground. Grid was dismayed.

"What are you doing? To hold an item, you must fold your fingers. Why are you keeping your palms open?"

He asked with frustrating, but the pavranium didn't answer. They might have a will, but the pavranium was only a mineral. They couldn't possibly talk.

"Ah, this is frustrating."

The five hands lined up in front of Grid. Then he tried to teach them by repeatedly folding and unfolding his fingers.

"This is rock! This is scissors! This is paper! Now follow me!"

"..."

The pavranium didn't move despite his passionate shouts. They just kept their palms open.

"No, try to follow me!"

"..."

Grid cursed at the five hands floating in the air. The blacksmiths were baffled because Grid wasn't acting as normal.

'Why is he acting like this?'

'What's wrong?'

'Why is the great sun of Reidan...?'

Among the young blacksmiths, Khan shook his head.

"It's been a while since I've seen this..."

[Hand Model of a Legendary Blacksmith]

Attack Power: 22

A model of the hands of the legendary blacksmith Grid.

It is made of pavranium, so it can move by itself.

If the open palms hit the opponent's cheeks, the provocation effect is activated.

Weight: 15

“...Ah.”

Grid read the item description several times and belatedly realized. How delicate were the hands of a body? Due to the presence of multiple joints and muscles, fine control and all types of actions were possible.

In other words, it was necessary to produce the joints for these pavranium hands to function properly. Without the joints, it was no different from a plaster of a hand. The fingers couldn't bend.

“...Hah.”

Grid could only sigh. He needed to fully understand the structure of a hand in order to produce what he desired. It was dark in front of him.

“First of all, look at the encyclopedia... Although...”

Didn't the anatomy books need at least an IQ of 100 to understand? Grid trembled.

“Needing to know the structure of the human body to make an item in game...!?”

The Grid in the past would've cursed, asking why they didn't make a game for stupid people to play. However, not the current Grid. In order to get what he wanted, he needed to put in the effort.

He took a deep breath and logged out.

‘The hands consist of the thumb, the index finger, middle finger, ring finger and little finger. The thumb consists of two joints, while the fingers have three joints... The front and back of the finger have tendons, while the outer sides have the nerves and blood vessels...’

Shin Youngwoo searched for ‘hand’ in Korea’s largest portal site. He entered a medical encyclopedia and learned about the shape and structure of the hands. He repeated the same thing several times in order to memorize it. It couldn’t be helped because he didn’t have a good memory.

‘I don’t want to forget the contents after logging in.’

To be honest, he didn’t think this was necessary. In order to create an item that perfectly reproduced the functions of the hand, he could rely on the correction effect of the creation skill. He just needed the basic knowledge in order to draw a blueprint.

But Youngwoo did his best to memorize the contents. It was an act that originated from the desire to create perfect hands.

His mother’s voice was heard while he was studying for a long time.

“Youngwoo! Take out the trash!”

“...Disturbing your son who is studying for the first time in five years!”

His mother always had excellent timing. If he wanted to do his homework, he would be interrupted. If he sat down in preparation to study for five hours straight, she would come into his room and lecture him.

“Is she a psychic...?”

Maybe she had a hidden psychic ability? Youngwoo childishly imagined it and followed her order. He didn’t forget to wear a

mask and sunglasses that perfectly covered his face.

‘I will have millions of anti-fans because of Braham, so I have to be careful.’

Maybe he would be attacked. Youngwoo was too afraid to search his name on the Internet these days. He still didn’t know the repercussions of the incident with Braham.

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What should he do if he encountered someone? The nervous Youngwoo shot a movie for three minutes while taking out the trash bags. He looked around every time he took a step, and occasionally took a low crawling posture. He hid behind a telephone pole whenever car lights approached.

He was a former sergeant of the Republic of Korea army and was a reservist. Thanks to this, he was able to return home safely after taking out the trash.

“Sigh... It was good that I went into the army.”

He had struggled during his days of active duty, but the things he learned during the army were really worthwhile. First of all, the army was a sacred duty. Youngwoo didn't think it was a waste of time to go into the army. Rather, he took pride in it.

His mother, who was peeling garlic in the living room, looked at him with confusion.

“Why are you wearing a mask and sunglasses at night?”

“I have to do this because of a false accusation. I have to consider my body, so have Sehee take out the trash for a while.”

“Are you insane? False accusation? Consider your body?”

His mother had a concerned expression on his face. Youngwoo didn't want his mother to be concerned and changed the topic.

“It's a joke, a joke. I'll help you with the garlic.”

Pak! Pa pa pa pat!

Youngwoo peeled the garlic at a great speed. It was a level that transcended the skill of his mother, who had been peeling garlic for 30 years. His mother was astonished when she saw how quickly the white flesh of the garlic was revealed.

‘My son is also talented!’

Youngwoo hadn't done well since he was a child. He didn't reveal any talents. His mother always took it to heart. She felt sorry that her son had no talent, and she also felt guilty.

But now he had her ability to peel garlic. She was thrilled that her son's talent was belatedly discovered. It was to the point of tears. But he wasn't particularly happy.

After dinner, Grid accessed Satisfy.

He went to visit Irene as always. She would give birth in 50 days, so Grid was motivated to whisper endearments to her and to maintain a faithful attitude.

“Dear husband, have a good day today.”

Jjuk!

Irene's lips touching his cheek was softer and more thrilling than anything else in the world. Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[The child in the belly has felt the true love of the couple, increasing all stats by 1.]

It happened for the first time in a while. It had been 10 days. The rise in the child's stats was constantly being repeated in a certain period of time.

‘A good start!’

The road was clear. The confident Grid ran to the smithy.

“We greet the great sun of Reidan, Duke Grid!”

The young blacksmiths greeted him in unison. Khan also laughed. Grid responded to them, then closed his eyes.

‘Concentrate.’

Grid didn't delay. He recalled the structure of the hand that he had memorized and immediately triggered the creation skill.

“Item Creation.”

[What item do you want to create?]

‘Will it work?’

Item Creation wasn’t an almighty skill. A simple example was that Grid couldn’t create accessories. Grid could only create items that were suitable for blacksmiths to produce.

Gulp.

Grid gulped nervously and replied.

“Hands. I want to create hands.”

[...]

It was silent for a while. The system didn’t have a reaction.

‘Is it impossible?’

It was the worst case scenario. The moment Grid was going to frown with disappointment, [It is hands, not gauntlets?]

The notification window was different from usual. It was a more organic question.

‘Something is coming!’

Grid sensed this was a prelude to a special event and nodded.

“That’s right! I want to create hands! Hands based on mine!”

[It is possible if you set the material as pavranium.]

“...!”

His morale started to rise. Grid was delighted. He shouted with excitement.

“I will set the material as pavranium!”

At that moment.

Ttiring~

A cheerful sound was heard, and he couldn’t imagine what

happened next.

[You have had the same idea as the legendary blacksmith Pagma.]

[The third class quest ‘What Pagma couldn’t Achieve’ has been created.]

[What Pagma couldn’t Achieve]

Difficulty: Class Quest.

300 years ago, the legendary blacksmith created the strongest mineral called pavranium.

Pavranium is a mineral with a transcendent performance, even above the god mineral adamantium. It is said that it would’ve never been completed without the knowledge of Great Magician Braham.

Pagma was inspired. It was his desire to make something that even transcended the gods using the pavranium. But there was a clear limit to the quantity of pavranium, so Pagma had to think about how to use the pavranium.

At this time, he came up with the ‘God Hand.’

Several golden hands that could demonstrate a dexterity equivalent to the legendary blacksmith! With the God Hands, Pagma believed he could produce items in an area that he had never reached.

However, he was unable to make the God Hands. Human life was finite and Pagma was already old.

Now you have reached the same idea as Pagma, so create and produce the God Hands. Transcend the foundation set by Pagma by achieving the goal that Pagma couldn’t reach.

Quest Clear Conditions: Fully produce hands made of pavranium.

Quest Clear Reward: One of the hidden pieces of Pagma’s Descendant, ‘Sealed Abilities’ will open.

‘It is as Braham said!’

Pagma existed 300 years ago. In addition, he was dying at that point. So how did he appear in history 100 years ago? Grid gradually started to accept Pagma’s existence.

‘Perhaps a ghost... No, it’s useless to think about it now.’

It was something he would naturally discover during the progression of his story quests. Grid shook his head and focused on the challenge ahead of him.

‘I’ll do it!’

Grid was filled with a burning motivation. He was confident after memorizing the shape and structure of a hand for three hours.

[Please design the God Hand.]

A blank blueprint appeared in front of him.

Grid drew the structure he learned and a form that resembled his own hand. As a result, he was able to design a quality hand that exceeded his knowledge due to the Item Creation skill’s compensation effect.

[‘Design: God Hand’ has been acquired!]

God Hand. The name itself was tremendous. The performance was obviously great just based on the name. The blissful Grid smelted the pavranium. Then he used the Legendary Blacksmith’s Hammer to forge it.

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid focused silently. He didn’t let anything obstruct him.

“...”

It was quiet. For Grid, the only things that existed in the world at present were the pavranium, the anvil, and the hammer. There was nothing else.

Ttaang – ttang -!

The hammer and Grid were no longer separate existences. They were fully joined. The hammer was Grid and Grid was the hammer. The body and hammer moved as one.

Ttaaang!

The pavranium gradually took the shape of the God Hands. The complex and delicate structure was recreated. A clear sound rang out. Khan and the young blacksmiths were impressed as they watched the golden hands being completed.

[Your extreme concentration has activated the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath has increased the effectiveness of your production items.]

“...!”

At the end of a long work, Grid finally returned to reality. His eyes widened as he confirmed the result.

‘There is no possibility that I will lose today.’

Piaro didn't doubt it. Grid's level was beyond his expectations, but it still wasn't a match for Piaro.

‘I'm sorry towards My Lord.’

Grid was growing quickly. But that was it. Grid hadn't yet become a suitable candidate for the title of legend.

‘There is still a sky between you and me.’

A person's skills couldn't transcend that gap overnight. Piaro recalled the battle from the day before and was confident that he could win against Grid today without any injuries.

Puk! Puk puk puk puk!

Pa pa pa pat!

As Piaro was thinking, his hands moved without any rest. He

quickly dug out the vegetables in no time. Chris and the Five Captains were amazed at the sight.

‘I want such a farmer in our territory!’

It was Chris’ desperate wish. Pedro. The territory ruled by the Giant Guild was different from the past. Everything was trampled by the golem army, so they were currently in the process of rebuilding.

Of course, the fields were also a mess, and it was impossible to produce food. But what if they obtained a Piaro? Pedro’s crops would get better every quarter and the Giant Guild’s finances would rise. People would become motivated after getting food and the rate of the reconstruction would increase by several times.

“Sigh...”

Chris could only sigh. He was envious of Grid, who had a great number of named NPCs like Piaro.

“Um, I should end it here today.”

Piario rose from his spot. He finished work three hours earlier than usual.

“Are you going already? What about the sparring?”

It was Chris who talked to Piario with extreme respect.

“I have something important to do today. After finishing the field work, we will spar at night. I’ll see you later.”

The dirt-stained Piario left the fields.

“It must be huge if that old man, who is crazy about farming, left.”

“Maybe something happened with Overgeared?”

The Five Captains’ guesses were reasonable. Piario usually cherished working in the fields. What happened that would make him leave early?

“Follow him.”

Chris felt curious and followed Piaro. Piaro’s insight was so high that they had to be a considerable distance behind, but they were able to easily follow him. It was because Reidan’s population was low.

“Huh?”

“Grid?”

Chris and the Five Captains followed Piaro to a large smithy. They were confused at the sight of Piaro confronting Grid. Grid was armed with two greatswords and had a grim expression on his face, like he was planning to fight Piaro.

‘Is there a feud between the two?’

If so, was this a chance to recruit Piaro? Chris was inwardly cheering with delight.

“This idiot doesn’t understand who he is facing.”

The other captains scoffed, except for Zirkan. Grid couldn’t beat Piaro, who defeated even them. The Five Captains predicted that Grid would be killed with a hand plow in 10 seconds. They believed it was a natural result.

‘Because we were beaten!’

After reaching the third advancement, the Five Captains were stronger than ever. They were aware of the level of Grid’s skills. But what was the truth?

“Heok.”

The Five Captains watched the sight unfold before their eyes and couldn’t close their mouths. Chris was also shocked.

Chapter 321

“I greet My Lord!”

The vacant lot in front of Khan’s smithy. Piaro came at the promised time. Grid’s expression wasn’t good. It was because Piaro was the same as yesterday. He was wearing old clothes covered in soil and holding a rusty hand plow.

The outright image of a farmer. In addition, a poor farmer!

“Not dressing formally as the captain of the Overgeared Knights Division and commander of Reidan. Can’t this be interpreted as disloyalty towards me?”

Grid came out strongly. It seemed he still hadn’t accepted Piaro as a farmer.

Piario stood his ground.

“I dress appropriately when carrying out my duties as commander and captain of knights division. Right now, I am a farmer, so I look like this.”

“This damn farmer’s life, I’ll settle this today.”

“You don’t have to. Isn’t this the increase in power that My Lord wanted? As a farmer, I am capable of exercising power beyond what was possible before. Now I am much stronger than when I was a great swordsman. Please respect the path I chose and acknowledge this fact.”

“It’s weaker than a sword saint! Get rid of that farmer and become a sword saint!”

Grid didn’t speak for long. He pulled out two weapons.

[The +9 Failure has been equipped.]

[The +8 Grid’s Greatsword has been equipped.]

The plain Grid’s Greatsword from yesterday was now shining

with the color of a +8 enhancement. It was a result of investing all the enhancement stones that Grid had gathered. It was unfortunate that it didn't reach +9.

“Today I am different from yesterday!”

Confidence filled Grid's eyes. Piaro couldn't understand it at all.

‘Why does he believe this?’

Didn't he see the difference between them yesterday? His skills couldn't have gone up in a single day, so what was the basis for his confidence?

‘He is the master of 20,000 people and a legend.’

It was a bigger problem if he was arrogant. This could easily create enemies and cause danger. Piaro had a different set of values from Braham. Out of loyalty to Grid, he made a decision to break Grid down.

“I will show you my power today.”

As soon as Piaro armed himself with a hand plow and hoe, Grid attacked as if he had been waiting. He advanced and utilized the long reach of Failure.

Chaaeng!

He blocked with the hand plow, and used the repulsive force to retreat back.

Kuoooooh!

The air around Grid started to boil. His black hair and the stones on the ground started rising. Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcend.

[Entering the transcendent mode.]

[Attack power is doubled. Your basic attacks will be converted to ranged attacks.]

[This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

“If you don't want to die, avoid this.”

Kwa kwang! Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Grid continuously wielded his two greatswords. He swung them without a break. Every time he did, powerful energy blades poured out.

‘Hah.’

Piario admired it. Grid’s momentum rose and Transcend had a powerful force.

‘Certainly, he is different from yesterday.’

Yesterday, Grid relied on pure swordsmanship and suffered. Today, Grid used Pagma’s Swordsmanship from the beginning. It was a very wise decision. The legendary skills were the only means of narrowing the gap between Piario and himself. Piario was impressed with Grid’s wisdom.

‘But...’

The difference in basic abilities was too great. Wisdom alone couldn’t overcome the fundamental issue.

Pepeng! Pepepepeng!

Piario confronted the heavy bombardment with his hand plow and hoe. There was an explosion whenever the farming equipment collided with an energy blade, and the energy blade would disappear. Piario wasn’t hurt by Grid’s skill.

But to a third party, Piario seemed to be in a great crisis. Piario was in the center of a series of explosions and seemed like he would be injured.

“This is impossible...”

“Wow, that is complete damage.”

Chris and the Five Captains were astonished as they watched the battle from a distance. Grid’s use of Transcend was great. It looked impressive. Grid seemed like he was completely overwhelming Piario.

‘Grid can easily fight an opponent we couldn’t...?’

‘Grid is strong!’

They thought they had become stronger than him after reaching the third advancement, but this was a mistake. Compared to Grid’s legendary class, they were still lacking. As they grew, Grid was also growing. Chris and the Five Captains’ pride was crushed at this time.

“Sowing.”

Piario spoke from the centre of the explosion. Chris and the Five Captains were delighted as they confirmed that Piario was fine.

‘Indeed! Piario would never be defeated by Grid!’

‘Grid, it looked amazing, but there was no substance behind it!’

They weren’t any worse than Grid after reaching the third advancement. As Chris and the Five Captains were feeling happy, seeds shot like bullets towards Grid. The female of the Five Captains, Pinky, was certain.

“This is the end for Grid.”

Piario’s seeds weren’t something that could be blocked or avoided. They were fast and powerful, unconditionally dealing blows to the target. A few days ago, Pinky had been hit by the rice seeds and fell into a critical state. How could Grid handle this technique?

Pinky was certain. But she too arrogant. Pinky made this conclusion on the assumption that she was superior to Grid. But the reality was that Grid was much better than her.

“Freely Move.”

It was the skill attached to the title ‘Secret Hero.’ There were limits to the range of use, and the cooldown time was one hour. However, it was a top dashing skill that allowed him to avoid all non-targeting skills until he reached his target.

Piario's Sowing was quick and exquisite, but they couldn't reach Grid unless it was a targeted skill.

“...!”

Piario's eyes widened with surprise. Grid showed a surprising swiftness as he approached through the rice seeds.

“Aren't I different from yesterday?”

Puok!

Grid whispered to the surprised Piario and attacked. With the help of Freely Move, he arrived in front of Piario and used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle.

“This is impossible!”

The Five Captains were shocked. Piario had a big wound on his shoulder and was bleeding. They couldn't believe it.

“The opponent that even Chris couldn't harm...”

‘He received a fatal wound!’

Chris reminded the dumbfounded Five Captains.

“No, Piario is fine. This is the limit for Grid.”

It was true.

Piario's posture didn't collapse despite the wound on his shoulder. Grid struck properly, but the level difference made it possible to avoid a fatal blow.

Chaaeng!

Piario ignored the greatsword stuck in his shoulder and struck forward with his hoe.

‘I will be hit!’

Grid read it with the Slaughterer's Eye Patch and his insight, and tried to defend. He wanted to block the hoe by moving Grid's Greatsword. However, Piario's attack contained an anomaly. It

seemed to rush in front, but it actually moved to the side, making Grid's defense useless.

[You have suffered 11,900 damage.]

‘This is crazy!’

Grid paled as his side was struck. He was wearing the most powerful armor set in existence, but he received so much damage from a rare rated farming equipment? The hand plow flew towards his forehead.

“This is the end!”

This time, Asellas was sure of it. A few days ago, he had been defeated by Piaro's blow to his forehead with a hand plow. However, this was also a mistake. Grid had something that Asellas didn't. It was the power of items.

Jeeeong!

“Ah!”

Piario cried out with alarm. He was greatly astonished. It was natural. A shield suddenly appeared in front of Grid and blocked the hand plow. The hand holding the shield didn't belong to Grid...

‘A hand that's moving alone!’

This hand even held an item! He could imagine all the ways that it could be used. Grid laughed at the shaken Piario.

“Let me show you the power of items.”

Grid declared and threw Failure and Grid's Greatsword into the air.

‘What?’

Forsaking a weapon during battle? Chris and the Five Captains couldn't grasp the exact situation because they were watching from afar.

“E-Eh?”

“What is this...?”

Something ridiculous happened. Two more gold hands appeared and grabbed the greatswords thrown by Grid?

“Take a good look!”

Chris hurriedly spoke. This might be the only opportunity to get a glimpse of Grid’s power. He couldn’t miss anything.

“Who are you?”

“...!”

Chris and the Five Captains flinched with surprise while they were concentrating. It was due to the appearance of a handsome man with blonde hair to his waist. His name was Asmophel, and he wore white armor and a blue cloak.

An NPC.

“Who are you?”

Chris’s response was angry because he was interrupted in an important moment by a NPC. Asmophel responded with a nonchalant expression.

“A captain of the Overgeared Knights Division.”

“Overgeared Knights Division?”

“Pfff!”

The name of the knights division was funny. Chris and the Five Captains reflexively laughed. Asmophel didn’t like this reaction.

“Now you’re sneering at My Lord’s knights.”

Suuk.

Asmophel pulled out a sword. It was a one-handed sword that seemed to be a compact version of Dainsleif.

“Who dares draw a sword in front of us?”

“Everyone is looking down on us! Don’t make fun of us just

because we're covered in dirt!"

The Five Captains were furious and armed themselves, and they had to pay a harsh price.

"Red Sword."

"Keok."

"Ugh."

It happened in an instant. There was a red storm of light and all of the Five Captains, except for Zirkan, were bleeding.

"There wasn't only one monster...!"

Zirkan barely defended against the attack, but it was pure luck. Zirkan's eyes shook as he realized the difference with Asmophel from just one skill. Asmophel saw him and sighed.

"Many of my skills are dead."

He was once the only rival of a great swordsman, so it was shameful that he couldn't get rid of this weak person with one blow. Chris shouted as Asmophel was about to attack again.

"Look!"

"..."

Chris was clever and had experience with Piaro. He was well aware of how to act foolish.

"We have a mission from Piaro to work in the rice fields! Then we're going!"

What was more valuable than their lives? Chris and the Five Captains ran away from Amosphel. Asmophel didn't bother chasing after them. The important thing right now was the confrontation between his lord and his friend.

'What is this?'

Asmophel knew Piaro's strength better than anyone else. Therefore, he couldn't believe the sight that was unfolding before

his eyes. The four golden hands that were holding three greatswords and one dagger.

“Blackening.”

His lord was surrounded by black magic. Piaro started to be pushed back.

Chapter 322

Grid was shaken when Transcend was blocked.

‘I can’t believe it was defeated!’

The number of times he had fired the energy blades in 30 seconds was well over 50 times. But Piaro stood in place and blocked it with a hand plow? He recognized Piaro’s skill from the beginning, but his agility seemed higher than yesterday.

‘Truly amazing.’

Grid felt a thrill. He realized that he was blessed to have such a great subordinate. But Grid didn’t like that Piaro was a farmer. His subordinate would become much stronger if he was a sword saint!

‘Now I will make you a sword saint!’

Grid rushed forward towards Piaro while avoiding the dozens of seeds. He used Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Pinnacle that could only be performed once an hour. But the result fell short of expectations.

[You have dealt 10,500 damage to the target.]

‘Ah! Damn level system!’

Piaro’s stats were high and the level difference of 100 was too much. His attack power wasn’t properly applied, catching Grid’s ankles. But he didn’t feel despair. He had the power of items!

‘It is impossible to win with skills alone!’

Grid faced the incoming hand plow and finally summoned a God Hand, defending by equipping the Divine Shield.

Chaaeng!

“...!”

Piaro was greatly surprised by the sight. Grid smiled at the sight.

“Let me show you the power of items.”

[God Hand]

Rating: Unique (Growth)

Durability: Infinite

Dexterity: 814 Strength: 813

A hand made by the legendary blacksmith Grid, using the material pavranium that was made by the former legends Pagma and Braham. Since it reproduces Grid's hands, all items can be worn without restrictions.

An item born from the intervention of three legends, it has the ability to transcend a divine item.

However, steady learning is essential in order to open up its potential.

* The unique rated 'God Hand' only receives 30% of its master's strength and dexterity.

* The unique rated 'God Hand' isn't yet able to reproduce its master's skills.

However, the skills possessed by items can be fully used. Buff skills will influence the master.

* 'God Hand' can learn blacksmithing, swordsmanship and shield techniques.

Currently, the Blacksmith skill of God Hand is advanced level 1, while Sword Mastery and Shield Mastery are beginner level 2. Once the mastery reaches a certain level, the rating of God Hand will increase.

* Magic Missile (Enhanced) is attached. Due to the effect of the Water Clan King's Tears, this spell is reproduced with 100% of its power.

* Depending on the usage, it is easy to obtain the favor of the opposite sex.

Conditions of Use: Grid.

Weight: 21

The conditions of use was Grid rather than Pagma's Descendant. As a dedicated item exclusively for Grid, its performance and role fulfilled his expectations. There was a high likelihood of growth. It might be comparable or exceed a myth rated item, so he was full of expectations for the future.

But there was one regrettable thing.

'I was only able to make four.'

He was able to make five if he only reproduced the shape, but the pavranium consumption rate was too high once he had to make all the structures.

'Well, I still like it.'

Wasn't it still four hands more than other people? Grid threw Failure and Grid's Greatsword into the air.

'Why?'

Forsaking a weapon during battle? Piaro couldn't understand Grid's intentions and was confused.

'Perhaps...! There isn't only one golden hand!'

Piaro's gaze hurriedly turned towards the sky. Two golden hands appeared and grabbed the greatswords. Piaro paled.

"Is it the time to look away?"

Grid replaced the Divine Shield with the Ideal Dagger, then he shouted.

"Cut!"

Papat! Papapat!

The speed of the pavranium was comparable to hell's best demonic beast, a memphis. An ordinary person wouldn't be able to react. Three God Hands approached and wielded their greatswords

and daggers at Piaro. The golden hands were moving and wielding their weapons by themselves. They might be fast and amazing, but their sword skills were terrible. It was like child's play to Piaro.

“This isn't the end!”

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

Piario blocked all the hand attacks with just one hand plow! He tried to aim the hoe at Grid.

Chaaeng!

‘There was one more hand!’

A chill went down Piario's spine. A golden hand holding a jade greatsword aimed at his back! Grid realized it the moment he saw Piario sense and defend against the attack.

‘The current God Hands can't go against Piario.’

He was a monster who blocked all attacks, even if they struck simultaneously from all four directions.

‘But it is okay.’

The presence of the God Hands alone were a great help to him. The swordsmanship and strength were low, but all the items were top rated weapons. Piario was forced to be conscious of them, and Grid would aim for that gap.

‘I will do my best.’

Kuwaaaang!

Grid was covered in black energy. It was the manifestation of Blackening that belonged to Dark Bus' Earrings.

[Your black magic power has increased.]

[You don't have any black magic power. It will be replaced with demonic power.]

[While Blackening is activated, your species will change to half-demon.]

[As a half demon, your maximum health is reduced by 50%. Your attack power, magic power and agility will increased by 20% each.]

[All attacks will be converted to the black magic attribute.]

Piario's eyes widened.

‘Demonic energy!’

His lord wasn't a human? He suspected for a moment. Then he noticed that the cause of Grid's demonic energy was the earrings he was wearing. Piario frowned despite feeling relieved.

“This doesn't look good!”

Grid's skin was whitened and his eyes turned black, making his appearance unbearable. Piario didn't like that his lord was borrowing the power of a demon. But Grid wouldn't hear of it.

“Don't give it any big meaning. This is just an extension of the items system.”

Grid's nature was more aggressive in the Blackening state. How far would this power go against Piario? Grid felt pleasure as he gave an order to the hands.

After deploying Wind Blast attached to the Ideal Dagger, while Failure and the Doppelganger's Greatsword simultaneously hit the left and right sides of Piario. At this time, Grid's Greatsword was falling from the air.

“Where are you going?”

The attacks towards Piario weren't threatening at all. They were easy to beat. However, he couldn't help taking action towards them.

“Iyarugt.”

Grid summoned the demonic sword that he got from the Elfin Stone raid. The demonic energy left an afterimage and a red line was painted.

Chaaeng!

‘Unbelievable!’

Piario was astonished. Grid’s damage and speed was incomparable after he used Blackening. The speed wasn’t much different from Piario. Moreover, Grid’s swordsmanship suddenly increased greatly. It was thanks to Iyarugt.

[Due to the option effect of Iyarugt, Sword Mastery has increased by 5 levels.]

[You don’t have the Sword Mastery skill. Beginner Sword Mastery level 5 is created while wearing Iyarugt.]

It didn’t seem to be that much. What was the effect of beginner Sword Mastery level 5? It increased attack power and attack speed by 3% when a sword was worn. However, Grid’s basic stats were unusually high. He was in a state where his stats were enhanced by Blackening. This 3% was forced to become a large number.

Moreover, there was Iyarugt’s real strength.

[The strongest enemy I have met in centuries! Go and fight! Fight without stopping! Let me grow!]

Iyarugt. The strongest demonkin when alive. His spirit dwelled in Iyarugt, transmitting his excitement to Grid. In Grid’s field of view, dozens of red lines were created and cleared. Grid followed the most brilliant line and swung his sword. This became the best trajectory that put pressure on Piario.

‘My Lord...!’

Piario was thrilled as he confronted it. Since acquiring the title of great swordsman, how long had it been since he was pushed on the defensive by someone? It was the first time. Thus, he was glad. He was even more delighted that the opponent was his lord!

“Free Farming 4th Style!”

The demonic sword was too sharp. Once the hand plow’s

durability fell to the limit, he was forced to pull out a plow.

“Plow the Field!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

As the plow swept through the ground, the earth shook like there was an earthquake and pillars of earth rose.

“Kuk!”

Grid reflexively moved backwards and barely avoided the pillars. But the crisis was still continuing. Piaro sprinkled seeds on the land that was cleared. The seeds quickly grew into thorny vines that surrounded Grid’s body. It was the linkage of Plowing, Sowing and then Rapid Growth.

“God Hands!”

Grid quickly cried out as he was about to be overtaken by the front vines. Then four golden hands flow and swung their weapons, cutting through the thorns. However, there was a limit. The thorns grew faster than the hands could act.

In the end, Grid was forced to use Link in order to avoid the crisis. It was the moment he wasted an important skill for defensive purposes. Piaro leapt quickly and wielded his sickle.

“Free Farming 5th Style, Harvest!”

Seokeok! Seokekeok!

The huge thorns were separated from the roots by the sickle. At the same time, they moved like a wave towards Grid’s body.

[You have suffered 9,100 damage.]

[You have suffered 8,700 damage.]

[You have suffered 8,930 damage.]

“Kuak!”

It made him feel very bad. The problem was the skill name of ‘Harvest.’ He didn’t want to die from a farmer’s sickle.

[Now!]

Iyarugt had been waiting for this opportunity and presented a new sword trajectory to Grid. It was a sword trajectory that aimed perfectly for when Piaro landed. However, Grid's speed wasn't fast enough to catch it. The distance to Piaro was too far. He did the next best thing and fired off four Magic Missiles, but he was interrupted by the thorns.

[What are you doing, incompetent bastard!]

Iyarugt urged him as he felt frustration.

'Why?'

Grid was baffled. Then he came up with an idea. It was the skill belonging to the Ideal Dagger that he forgot about for a while.

"God Hands!"

Grid shouted and the hand with the Ideal Dagger used the skill. Quick Movements was used.

[Your evasion rate is increased by 30% and your agility doubled for 1 minute.]

This was why Grid kept the level 180 Ideal Dagger. Double his agility! The Ideal Dagger's abilities were low, but the skill attached to it was great.

"Ohhhhhh!"

Grid rushed along the sword path. This speed overturned common sense, so there was no way for the confused Piaro to avoid it.

Puok!

A red flash was launched in a straight line towards Piaro's shoulders. Originally, it was aimed at the heart. However, the orbit was twisted because of Piaro's flail. But Grid wasn't shaken. It was because he knew his present speed far exceeded Piaro's.

Seokeok!

[You have dealt 3,900 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 3,790 damage to the target.]

[You have succeeded in the 3rd combo!]

[The amount of damage the target will receive will increase by 200% for 1 second!]

‘Now!’

Kuoooooh!

A skill was launched with Iyarugt. It was Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill. Grid had the legendary skills so there was no sense not using them.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 125,600 damage to the target.]

Piario’s health fell by half in an instant.

[Piario has realized what he is lacking. The level of his farming techniques have risen from this enlightenment!]

[A hidden quest has been created.]

A quest window appeared to increase the value of this match.

Chapter 323

Piario allowed Grid to deal a deadly attack.

He realized it.

‘My use of the farming equipment is wrong!’

He had already mastered swordsmanship. Therefore, he used it as the base for his farming techniques. He was following its principles.

‘This is an obvious mistake!’

Farming and swordsmanship were completely different. Wasn’t farming equipment a tool for life, while a sword was a tool for death? The farming equipment could be enhanced by the sword techniques, but they were fundamentally different. It was right to change his approach.

‘Discard swordsmanship!’

There was no reason to use swordsmanship with farming techniques. It was poison from the beginning, since he should use swordsmanship with a sword. Piario’s awareness drastically changed. He seemed to be another person.

The hands gripping the farming equipment loosened, and he now had a free and relaxed attitude. He stood like a farmer.

Flash!

Piario’s body was surrounded by light. A quest window appeared in front of the confused Grid.

[Lord’s Confidence]

★ Hidden Quest ★

Piario has gained new enlightenment and awakened as a true farmer.

He has completely forsaken the sword.

At this moment, he wants to be acknowledged by you.

Spar with Piaro!

Please experience Piaro's skills and acknowledge him!

Depending on the results, Piaro will grow even more!

Quest Clear Conditions: Win or lose in a spar with Piaro.

Defeat in a spar with Piaro: Piaro will gain great pride as a farmer. Piaro's stats and skills will significantly rise.

Victory in a spar with Piaro: Piaro will feel skeptical and once again walk on the path of the sword again. The stats that rose as a result of Piaro becoming a legend will be destroyed.

[Hidden Quest 'Lord's Confidence' will proceed.]

[Now you and Piaro have entered sparring mode.]

[The spar will continue until the health of one person reaches the minimum.]

[You won't die in sparring mode.]

Lord's Confidence. This was a type of bonus quest. Grid was the lord, so being defeated by Piaro would raise Piaro's morale and allow him to grow. It would be a huge benefit and Piaro would be able to become even stronger.

If Grid was a conventional lord, he would be happy and dancing while thanking the heavens. However, Grid was hoping that Piaro would become a sword saint. Grid was paying attention to the result of his victory, not his defeat.

'Walk the path of the sword again?'

It was confusing. He would either make Piaro definitely stronger as a farmer, or make him walk the path of the sword again.

'If he walks the path of the sword, he can develop into a sword saint.'

Of course, he couldn't be certain of this. No matter how great

Piario was, it wasn't certain that he would become a sword saint. It was also disconcerting that Piario's current abilities would fall.

‘Is it right to lose?’

No, no.

Kkuok!

Grid strongly grasped Iyarugt.

‘I will do my best.’

Lose on purpose? Piario wouldn't want such a method.

‘If you want to prove the value of a farmer, beat me.’

If he couldn't beat Grid, take up the sword again. Pioneer your path with your own strength!

Teong!

Grid jumped forward at that thought. There was still 30 seconds left of Quick Movements. Grid meant to win during that time.

“Blacksmith's Rage!”

[Attack power will increase by 25% and attack speed will increase by 40%.] This effect will last for 35 seconds.]

Grid's strength reached the peak. He approached Piario and excitedly attacked him. He wasn't just fast. The trajectory was the best because he attacked along the path that Iyarugt was telling him.

However, Piario avoided it. It was an unexpected move. He bent over and squatted down?

[This guy's talent suddenly became low!]

Iyarugt was disappointed. It meant he didn't understand Piario's intention, and was proof that Piario was far beyond Iyarugt.

Puok!

Piario squatted and hit the ground hard with the hand plow.

Water shot up in an instant.

“What...?”

The problem was that the gushing water interrupted his field of view. Grid was confused and in this gap, Piaro quickly sprinkled seeds all over the land. At the same time, something incredible happened.

The whole area was quickly transformed into a field. Numerous wheat tinged with gold grew around Grid.

‘This is nonsense!’

A wheat field just before harvest was created in just an instant? It was just as spectacular as the magic that Braham showed. No, in a sense, it was more amazing. Piaro started doing PR to the disbelieving Grid.

“Imagine it. What if a legendary farmer is marching with an army and circumstances lead to a food shortage? I can immediately clear a field and feed the soldiers!”

“Heok!”

It was amazing to hear. There would be no food shortages with an army led by Piaro. Grid was about to be persuaded when he asked a question.

“What if there is no water?”

“Use the water from nearby rivers or have magicians summon water.”

“What if there are no rivers or magicians?”

“...It will rain.”

“If it doesn’t rain?”

“Free Farming 5th Style, Harvest!”

The time for questions was over. At this moment, Piaro gained a new enlightenment again and wielded the sickle. A sharp qi was

projected and the wheat was cut.

“Ack!”

Grid immediately bowed to avoid it and cried out. There were thousands, tens of thousands of wheat scattered everywhere. It was a dizzying sight.

‘This is too unnecessary!’

It happened when Grid was nervously brushing away the wheat in front of him.

Pepeng! Pepepepeok!

The many wheat exploded without notice.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Grid screamed as the entire field was engulfed in an explosion. If it hadn’t been for the God Hand covering him, Grid would’ve suffered so much damage it wouldn’t be strange for his health to fall to the minimum.

“Kuk...! Ugh! Cough! Cough!”

The harvested wheat exploded?

“How is there such a process in farming!?”

Grid shouted as he was covered with scorched flour. Piaro bluntly replied.

“It is polishing.”

“What polishing!?”

Polishing referred to the process of removing the surface of the grain to make it clean and white, not turning it into ashes. Grid was about to reply when he suddenly realized.

‘I lost my composure. I was too shaken because of the wheat field.’

Grid barely managed to focus his mind. In order to gain the

momentum again, he decided to use Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcended Link.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Dozens of dark energy blades overpowered Piaro. It contained a fierce momentum worthy of one of the best skills.

Grid didn't stay still either.

He moved forward, planning to attack when Piaro was distracted defending against the energy blades. It was an excellent plan. But the opponent was too strong. Piaro used Natural State and overwhelmed Grid's speed.

Teteteteng!

The flail flew forward. Like a feather duster, it moved without hesitation towards Grid. It scattered something with every move, reminiscent of dust.

"Ugh! Kkuk! Keok! Kek!"

This dust. Grid kept moaning. His health gauge fell in an instant. Iyarugt was astonished.

[I can't read the trajectory!]

'Useless!'

In fact, he wasn't in a position to blame others. Grid felt helpless. Piaro was really strong. He used all types of items and skills to win, but he couldn't narrow the gap. Yes, it felt like he was facing a wall that couldn't be overcome.

However, Grid didn't give up. He still had a trump card remaining!

"Piaro...! I'm not backing down yet!"

What were the God Hands doing now while Grid was being beaten by the flail? Why didn't they come and protect their master? Piaro saw Grid's confident face and suddenly found the

four hands hammering at an anvil behind Grid.

‘What is going on?’

Piario was alert.

[You have succeeded in combining Failure and Grid’s Greatsword!]

Grid smiled. The God Hands flew quickly and handed the greatsword to Grid. The combination of Grid’s Greatsword and Failure was truly transcendent. This wasn’t the end. In the center of the merged greatsword, the Darkness Rune was installed. Then an explosion demonic energy was emitted from the greatsword, making it a perfect match with the blackened Grid.

But it didn’t work against Piario.

Peok!

“Ugh.”

So what if he had the strongest weapon in hand? He couldn’t even swing it! The duration of Quick Movements was over, so Grid could overcome Piario’s speed in the Natural State. He allowed attacks and in the end, he was forced to admit it.

“You as a farmer...! Farmer! Ugh! I will recognize your path as a farmer!”

At the same time.

[Your health has fallen to a minimum, so sparring mode is finished!]

[The hidden quest ‘Lord’s Confidence’ has been completed.]

[Piario’s stats and skills will significantly rise.]

As a result of today, Piario was able to be reborn as a true legend. His level was still low compared to the previous legends, but all other aspects were comparable. Then Grid...

“Damn! I’m also a legend, but why am I in this shape?”

The great demons, Braham, Marie Rose and now Piaro. There were too many mountains to overcome. Grid was eager to become stronger. He didn't want to feel this helpless again, or experience failure.

‘In order to become stronger.’

Increasing his control and agility was a top priority. The means that could help both grow at the same time was naturally hunting.

‘Level up!’

But before that, there was something Grid had to do. It was to create a set of farming equipment.

Ttang! Ttang!

As the best weapons (?) used by his top subordinate, Grid devoted a few days to making it. Thanks to that, even Piaro was equipped with the power of items. In short, a monstrous scam was born.

“Okay.”

Grid was barely satisfied with his work and headed towards the vampire cities. He joined the Pavranium Expedition and hunted until the experience and item acquisition buff was over. By the time he reached level 305 and returned, there was less than a month left before Irene gave birth.

Epilogue

“Huh?”

Chris and the Five Captains were bewildered as they plowed the fields. It was because Piaro had six sheaths hanging at his waist. He normally wore farming equipment there, so why were there sheaths?

‘No, is he holding a knife?’

‘There are six of them...’

Were they going crazy?

Piario cleared his throat as he approached Chris and the Five Captains. Then he proudly straightened and pulled out the knife from the sheath... No, it was farming equipment. That's right. The luxurious sheaths at Piario's waist were actually for farming equipment. It was the work that Grid had carefully made for Piario.

“Wow.”

Chris was filled with a strong desire to possess them. He also wanted to have such nice storage places for farming equipment. Chris was third on the unified rankings.

Chapter 324

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcended Link!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Dozens of blue-black energy blades covered the vampires. The vampires cursed as they suffered damage.

“Damn human!”

“How ludicrous!”

“Hiik!”

50 vampires rushed over in unison, so Grid had no choice but to run away.

“Hohohohut!”

“He’s intimidated!”

The vampires enjoyed hunting humans. They herded Grid like a bunny and surrounded him.

Flop!

Grid’s legs loosed with fear as he saw their sharp fangs and he sank to the ground. The trembling and tearful Grid was reminiscent of a frail girl. It was a sad sight that stimulated protective instincts. But the vampires didn’t have any mercy.

“Eat!”

The moment that the hungry vampires were going to pounce on Grid.

“Nyang!”

A black cat fell on a vampire’s head. The vampire screamed as the front paws hit his forehead.

“Kuaaaaak!”

“What is it? Heok?”

He was in pain from a cat? The vampires freaked out when they discovered the identity of the cat.

“Memphis...!”

Noe puffed up his plump belly and laughed.

“Nyahahat! That’s right! This is the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang!”

“Why is a great demon’s pet cat here?”

“I’m not a cat! Kyang!”

“Get rid of him!”

The vampires were also demonkin. However, they were expelled from hell and became hostile towards other demonkin. They no longer aimed for Grid and started attacking Noe, when four white flashes penetrated their chests.

Magic Missile.

“Cough!”

“Keook! How can Magic Missile deal so much damage?”

The astonished vampires turned their gazes in the direction that the magic came from. There were four golden hands holding greatswords and a dagger.

“What is that?”

Hands that could move on their own and fire magic? The vampires couldn’t understand the golden hands. The golden hands flew towards the confused vampires and wielded their swords.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

The swordsmanship wasn’t great, but it was fast. Moreover, the weapons were so powerful that they couldn’t avoid a deadly blow when hit.

“Kyaak!”

The vampires screamed due to the demonic beast of hell and the unknown hands! It happened when they were feeling extreme confusion and fear.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave.”

Kwaang!

After the waves of energy, a person appeared wielding a demonic sword. The vampires weren’t able to cope and turned to a grey light.

“I’m still scared.”

The demonic Grid looked at the Grid who was crying on one side. To be precise, it was Randy who copied him. Randy kept crying as she returned to the appearance of a young girl.

“I won’t cry next time!”

“You are admirable.”

“You should praise me! Nyang!”

As Grid, Randy and Noe were having a conversation, the God Hands were struggling with the vampires.

[The Sword Mastery of ‘God Hand’ has increased to beginner level 6.]

‘Okay.’

A grin appeared on Grid’s face as he confirmed the notification window. The mastery level of God Hand grew steadily in proportion to the number of times it was used. It was quite powerful compared to when he fought with Piaro. Indeed, it was encouraging.

On the other hand, the Overgeared members were speechless.

‘This is a scam.’

‘It is outrageous.’

They met Grid again a week after the Elfin Stone raid. He had

become an incomparable monster in just a few days. It wasn't just the concept of increased control.

Four golden hands, Noe and Randy. They moved in all directions around Grid, so Grid's hunting rate was unmatched. Grid hunted at least 10 vampires in the time it took Pon and Regas to hunt two or three. This was an average figure, and he hunted up to 100 vampires at a time.

It was a combination of being overgeared and his pets. This hunting speed was much faster than the top ranked necromancer. Thanks to that Grid was able to gain four levels in 42 days. It wasn't just due to his speed of hunting. There was the power of the buffs from the Elfin Stone raid and the experience potion from the Reputation Store.

That's right. After being defeated by Piaro, Grid was filled with a desire to become stronger and tried his hand at gambling again. The result was that he exhausted all his reputation, but could gain three experience potions.

Grid thought positively.

'In the first place, the high value products have a limited number of purchases per account.'

Assuming that they were purchased only when absolutely necessary, it wasn't a bad choice to invest his reputation into experience potions. But due to the nature of the drawing, there was a possibility of not giving a single item he wanted if his luck was bad.

Grid reached level 305 and returning from the vampire cities, deciding to stay in Reidan for a while. Irene was going to give birth in less than a month, so he wanted to always stay beside her.

He planned to use this time to fulfill his duties as a lord and blacksmith.

[Minerals Strengthening]

Increase the hardness and strength of specified minerals, while lowering the brittleness.

Hardness meant the hardness of the mineral's surface, strength meant the degree to which the mineral could withstand force and brittleness was how fragile it was. Generally, hardness and strength were directly proportional to each other, but brittleness tended to increase from impacts. After completing the third class quest, Grid obtained Minerals Strengthening. If he used this skill, he could make the ideal mineral.

‘It doesn’t seem useful right away.’

Minerals Strengthening wasn’t an immediate skill. If he put 30 grams of a mineral in the strengthening frame, he needed to wait 30 days. An average of 4kg worth of minerals was needed for a one-handed sword, so it didn’t seem that useful. Grid was honestly disappointed at first.

But after thinking about it more, he wondered if Minerals Strengthening was the foundation for Minerals Creation.

‘Just like Pagma and Braham created the pavranium, one day I will be able to create my own mineral.’

Grid thought positively about it and placed a small amount of blue orichalcum in the strengthening frame. He wanted to strengthen the pavranium, but that meant having to disassemble one of his hands.

It was something Grid wanted to avoid if he was going to quickly raise the rating of the hands.

[30 grams of blue orichalcum have entered the strengthening frame. There are 30 days until the strengthening is complete.]

“There is no time acceleration function.”

Grid pulled out the 30 grams of enhanced blue orichalcum that he

had put in the frame before going to the vampire cities. It was certainly a bit harder than the normal blue orichalcum.

“Um... I have to steadily use this function.”

Grid was experimenting in a corner of the smithy with a notification window appeared.

[Congratulations! The level of the alchemy facilities in Reidan have risen to intermediate level 4!]

At the same time, Administrator Rabbit ran in.

“Duke Grid! The level of the alchemy facilities finally reached intermediate level 4! If we can keep up this speed of development, it can become an advanced facility in one year and one month!”

Once the alchemy facilities reached an advanced level, they would be able to fully utilize the yellow mithril. After that, they would be able to randomly assign special options to items and the value of the items would skyrocket.

However, Grid’s expression wasn’t good.

“One year and one month? I invested 30 million, but we still need to wait one year and one month?”

“As you know, alchemy is a discipline that is neglected in all kingdoms. The field isn’t systematically developed and it’s hard to find experts, so the development itself is bound to be delayed. The work has been progressing faster than planned thanks to your investment, so I hope that you will wait for me.”

Administrator Rabbit was capable. He was the great man who made the ghost city of Reidan turn a profit, so Grid absolutely trusted him. Grid nodded and had a question after he confirmed the status of the estate.

“But look at this. Why is agricultural our most profitable area? It is ridiculously high compared to the investment amount. Is this all thanks to Piaro?”

“...That’s right. Sir Piaro’s ability as a farmer is wonderful enough to be written in the history books. It was truly a wise decision when you allowed him to remain a farmer.”

Lauel, who was with Grid all the time, also agreed.

“I think it was a good decision as well. The person who was hoping Piaro would become a sword saint is now appreciating him as a farmer, I never dreamt this day would come. It was a wise and charitable choice.”

Charitable? Wise?

‘Bullshit.’

There was no deep meaning behind Grid acknowledging Piaro as a farmer. He just lost. However, he couldn’t bear to tell the truth to his subordinates, so he remained silent.

Shin Youngwoo’s current total account balance was 5,013,009,281 won. Youngwoo’s day started by accessing his Internet banking. 5 billion won! Every time he checked the account balance, he still couldn’t help thinking this was a dream, causing him to cry.

“One year ago, I was debt-ridden...! Sob!”

Why did he get tears every time he checked in the morning?

Blow!

Youngwoo pulled the tissue away from his nose and prayed again.

“God, Buddha, gods of heaven and earth. Please take care of me...”

Youngwoo requested every time despite never making a donation to a church or temple. He wandered into the kitchen and made an espresso with the coffee machine he bought a while ago. He took a sip and handed it to his sister Sehee, who emerged from her room.

“Drink. This is called a morning coffee.”

“...Can I not drink?”

“No? Didn’t you want to drink from the beginning?”

Youngwoo earnestly mixed the coffee. Sehee sat in front of the TV and asked him.

“Are you coming to my school festival?”

It was the autumn festival held at the Young Ladies High School in three days. There were many pretty girls and the scale was big, so it was a fairly famous festival. Many ordinary people came to visit. Youngwoo recalled the text he received from Yerim a few days ago and shook his head.

“Yerim invited me, but I’m not going.”

Braham’s actions might’ve caused him to get millions of anti-fans. He was still afraid to search up his name on the Internet, so he couldn’t go outside. Recently, he had to cover his face with a mask when going jogging.

‘Maybe someone will be aiming to kidnap me.’

Usually ordinary people enjoyed themselves when they became rich, but Youngwoo was different. He cherished his body even more. A wide smile appeared on Sehee’s face.

“Good.”

Sehee hummed as she headed towards the bathroom and Grid sighed.

“She is ashamed of her brother...”

It couldn’t be helped if he was hated by his younger sister. He was now helping his family, but he had been acting pathetically for decades. Youngwoo rose from his spot and headed towards the capsule. He would soothe his heart by spending time with his lovely Irene and concentrating on work.

On the other hand, in the empty living room, news was flowing out of the TV about the Young Ladies High School's festival.

[It's said that actor Kim Doohyun will participate in the autumn festival of the Young Ladies High School...]

Chapter 325

The 31 year old Kim Doohyun.

A male actor from South Korea who boasted a warm appearance. Three months ago, he became popular as a world star in the Hollywood movie, 'The Diary of a Murderer.' Over the last three months, he had shot 15 CFs, and his popularity rose.

During a time when Satisfy's rankers were crowding the CF market, Kim Doohyun's breakthrough had given hope to other actors.

"You want to cancel a shoot to attend a festival? Hey, Doohyun. Why are you doing something so stupid? Are you trying to cause a stir?"

The representative of the company tried to persuade him, but it was useless. There was a look in Doohyun's eyes that couldn't be read. He exuded a mysterious charm as he looked out the window and spoke firmly.

"There is something more important than immediate money and popularity. I will attend the Young Ladies High School festival."

The expression of the representative darkened.

"Don't tell me that the rumors are true?"

"What rumors?"

"You are... There's a rumor that you are a high school girl killer."

"..."

Doohyun remained silent. He had a reticent personality and he didn't feel there was any value in answering this question.

"Hah."

The representative could only sigh. He worried that if a scandal broke out after touching a high school girl, it would be fatal to

Doohyun's popularity.

"I've come to ask you to repair the sword."

The master of the Giant Guid, Chris, now had to often visit Reidan. It was troublesome and tedious, but it couldn't be helped. The only person who could repair Grid's Greatsword was Grid.

"It isn't too bad? While hunting the desert monsters on your way, you can get experience and items."

"I won't deny it."

Chris hunted in the basilisk area on the way to and from Reidan. The desert basilisks usually moved in groups of three, so rankers were unable to hunt them alone. However, Chris was third on the unified rankings.

He utilized his abilities and know-how to hunt basilisks alone, earning great profits. And above all, Piaro was in Reidan. Every time he sparred with Piaro, his skills grew steadily, making Chris want to stay in Reidan all the time.

"Today I will give you a discount of four gold. It's 599 gold."

"..."

Grid spoke like he hadn't overpriced it in the first place. It was frustrating. But it was a little cheaper since it was less than 600 gold.

'...No, it's expensive! I shouldn't be swayed!'

Chris regained his spirit and paid the repairing fee with trembling hands. He was about to leave when he suddenly stopped.

"The Blood Carnival's celebrity hunting has recently been going too far. You should be careful."

"Blood Carnival?"

The Overgeared members often told him to pay attention to the

person called Agnus. Grid thought that the Blood Carnival was related to Agnus.

“Is that the group that Agnus belongs to?”

Chris sighed.

“Your information is too weak, despite having Faker as a subordinate. Or are you just not interested in the situation? Agnus has no affiliation with the Blood Carnival. The Blood Carnival are a group of unofficial rankers.”

“Are they strong?”

“Not only are they strong, they’re bloodthirsty. You won’t be safe if you become their target. They are just as dangerous as Agnus. So be careful. It will be troublesome if you get caught when repairing my weapon.”

“Hrmm... I will keep it in mind.”

Chris’ tone wasn’t sweet. But it was true that he was doing Grid a favor. Grid smiled and accompanied Chris outside.

“Go well and relax in the future. This isn’t a historical drama, so there’s no need to act like it.”

“I understand. I’m not saying this because I like it.”

Chris said goodbye to Grid and went to find Piaro. He applied for a spar and then asked, “Is there a big difference between my skills and Zibal’s?”

According to the rumors circulating among the seven guilds, Zibal was said to have been narrowly defeated by Piaro. Then what about Chris? He couldn’t deal a small wound to Piaro, meaning he was much worse than Zibal!

Piaro asked Chris, “Zibal? Who’s that?”

“Heok.”

He didn’t even remember Zibal’s name?

‘Then does Piaro remember me?’

Chris was mistaken and became greatly frustrated. He was leaving with powerless footsteps when Piaro spoke.

“I don’t know who Zibal is so I can’t predict the difference between him and you, but I can tell you one thing. You are the third strongest person I have seen recently. You should have great pride in yourself.”

“...!”

Chris’ eyes widened. Was he thrilled by Piaro’s words? No. It was an unpleasant feeling and a big shock.

‘Last time, I was the second strongest!’

He wasn’t mistaken. He had definitely heard this from Piaro on the first day. At that time, he was second. Now he was third?

“I know that you sparred with Duke Grid recently. Is Duke Grid stronger than me?”

Piaro nodded without hesitation.

“That’s right.”

“Then... The other person who is stronger than me. Who is stronger, him or Duke Grid?”

Piaro thought about it a little bit this time. Then he answered with an uncomfortable expression.

“My Lord is not yet his opponent.”

“...I see.”

Zibal, when did he become so strong? Chris was amazed by Zibal.

‘He truly is 2nd on the unified rankings. You must be the next strongest after Kraugel and Agnus.’

His evaluation of Zibal was rising every day. Zibal didn’t know why, but he couldn’t help feeling good.

One of the best benefits about God Hands was the automatic hunting. If the hands were still within 30m of Grid when the monster was killed, Grid would gain the experience without having to do anything.

Grid wanted to make better use of this advantage.

‘Should I create a portable furnace?’

Only doing blacksmithing at the smithy, or doing it while letting the God Hands hunt. Which one would be more beneficial? Of course, it was the latter. He would be able to acquire experience and items through hunting, while making items at the same time.

It could also be the reverse. Grid could hunt while the God Hands made items.

“...Am I a genius?”

It wasn't a joke. Grid was serious. He truly admired himself for coming up with such a brilliant idea.

“Let's try it once.”

Grid used Item Creation to try and design a portable furnace. The result was successful. His knowledge as a legendary blacksmith meant he perfectly understood the structure of a furnace, making it easy for Grid to produce the desired item.

[‘Blueprint: Portable Furnace’ has been acquired!]

[Portable Furnace]

Rating: Unique

It is a furnace that can be used anytime and anywhere, as long as there is enough firewood and adequate space.

However, it is impossible to smelt large quantities of minerals at the same time because of its small size.

* Item creation speed is 60% lower than when using a normal

furnace.

Weight: 7,390

“Good!”

Grid was excited. It might be slower, but he was happy about being able to smelt minerals and modify items anytime and anywhere. It felt like he had grown wings on his back.

A huge smile!

Grid started to produce the portable furnace.

Puuok! Puuok!

Kyaack!

[2,121,500 experience has been acquired.]

[2,287,000 experience has been acquired.]

[The Sword Mastery of ‘God Hand’ has increased to beginner level 7.]

“Kyong!”

“Hang on!”

Kuwek!

[Your memphis Noe’s level has risen to 190.]

[The level of the doppelganger Randy has risen to 126.]

Ttang! Ttang!

[You have succeeded in making Mass Production Grid’s Sword (Rare)!]

An interesting sight was taking place in the desert near Reidan Castle’s wall. Grid was sitting at an anvil in front of a small blade furnace and making items with a hammer, while four golden hands and two cats flew around hunting monsters.

The four golden hands were the God Hands, while the two cats were Noe and Randy, who had copied his appearance. Grid actively utilized his hands and pets to hunt, while earning profit through item making.

“The giant worm died and left a shell! Nyang!”

“I got the tongue of the desert toad! Nyang!”

“Leave it there.”

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid kept hammering. Loot was piled up like a mountain on the side. It was thanks to the hands, Noe and Randy were gathering the items dropped from the monsters they hunted. It was an amazing, absurd, and fraudulent sight, as Grid earned experience and money while sitting.

“Wow... Is it possible for Grid to raise his level to 5th on the unified rankings?”

“Setting aside Noe and Randy, now he has the hands as well? He can nap while the God Hands hunt and raise his level.”

“Macro...”

The legendary class exclusive items were truly great. The Overgeared members were envious of Grid.

“I heard that Kim Doohyun has decided to visit Ruby’s school festival?”

It happened while Grid was distributing the ‘Mass Production Grid Set’ to the soldiers of Reidan. Thanks to the hands, he made items and earned experience for free.

Grid was confused. “Who is Kim Doohyun?”

Peak Sword thought it was absurd.

“Wow... You don’t know Kim Doohyun?”

“I don’t know. Who is he?”

Peak Sword explained to Grid who asked again.

“His Hollywood movie ranked first in the North American and Korean box office for five consecutive weeks, he is the protagonist of a ‘Diary of a Murderer.’ He’s the pride of the Korean cinema, and the Korean Patriotic Association has awarded him two medals.”

“...Did you give permission to give him the medal?”

“Why is permission needed for the medal? It’s based on the person’s achievements.”

“I-Is that so? I didn’t know since I have never received it.”

“Anyway, there is one area where Kim Doohyun is lacking.”

“What is it?”

“Two years ago, there was a rumor that he was dating a minor, a 17 year old idol.”

“How old is Kim Doohyun?”

“31.”

“Hmm, well. Age doesn’t matter when it comes to love... Heok! Don’t tell me?”

Grid’s face suddenly distorted. He felt an ominous feeling. Peak Sword snapped his fingers.

“That’s right! Isn’t Ruby pretty? A girl who is completely different from you and praised as the second Yura! I am worried that Kim Doohyun might try to approach Ruby.”

“...”

Grid was hoping that his sister Sehee would meet a good man that he could be friends with. But he didn’t like it if the other person was a celebrity. It was because he encountered the ugly side of the entertainment industry when he did the broadcasts after the

National Competition.

‘A good actor would have a lot of females who like him.’

It was okay if he was a playboy, but Grid couldn’t tolerate a playboy flirting with his sister. Grid hurriedly got up. He checked the time and saw that the festival would start in two hours. Grid was about to log out.

“...That reminds me, I have to be afraid of the people at the festival.”

How terrible would it be if he was surrounded by anti-fans? Peak Sword saw Grid’s expression and misunderstood.

‘Truly God Grid! As the protagonist of the 5th Hallyu Wave, he is so popular that it is a burden to go alone!’

Peak Sword suggested, “I will go with you! I will act as your manager!”

“...”

Grid was unwilling. He would become more noticeable if he went together with Peak Sword.

‘But isn’t it safer than being alone?’

Peak Sword was a Taekwondo black belt holder and his appearance was quite threatening. Grid determined that he was sufficient as a bodyguard and nodded.

‘I can finally meet Noe.’

World star Kim Doohyun was a quiet man. He was mistaken as a cold city man because he was a man of few words. But what was the truth? Kim Doohyun was from the countryside, and he was a warm man who loved animals.

The rumor about him being a schoolgirl killer was untrue. The idol who confessed to him started the rumor.

‘I want to touch Noe’s padded feet.’

Doohyun liked all animals, but he especially loved cats. He thought cats were perfect. They had a cute unexpected charm, and always made him smile. Among them, Noe was at the peak. The shining black fur and eyes, the small horns and tail, all of it was very cute. The pink soles and small wings on the back were also impressive.

That’s right.

Kim Doohyun was a fan of Noe. He was one of the top 10 members of the Noe fan cafe, which had nearly five million members. It was a sign that he participated more than anyone else when it came to the cafe activities.

He had only one wish! It was to see Noe in person and touch him! In order to fulfill this wish, he decided to attend the Young Ladies High School festival. The famous Saintess Ruby attended the school, so he thought he would be able to meet her older brother, Grid, there.

‘This is an opportunity to make friends with Grid and see Noe.’

The problem was that the opposite of the world star’s wish occurred.

Chapter 326

There were less than 400 students enrolled in the Young Ladies High School. However, the scale of the school was incredibly large. A total area of 161,150 m². There were two playgrounds, as well as an indoor and outdoor pool. It was fully equipped with training rooms, exhibition halls, gymnasiums, and various facilities.

It was similar to the size of a university, so it was remarkable for a high school. Why was a high school like this created? The reason was the ideology of Kim Jeongsook, the founder of the school and chairman of the foundation.

An affluent environment was needed to bring up a great lady!

It was her philosophy.

In fact, the Young Ladies High School was able to become one of the most prestigious schools after 50 years. Many girls wanted to enter the Young Ladies High School due to the excellent facilities and beautiful landscape.

It meant that the Young Ladies High School's large grounds was working for them.

The festival of the Young Ladies High School was in full swing.

In this crowd, there were two men. The people who completely covered their faces with large sunglasses and a mask were none other than Youngwoo and Peak Sword.

“Wow, why is this school so big? I heard the rumors, but I didn't expect it to be like this.”

Youngwoo went to a local university. It was a university that he could afford, and the size was very small. Compared to that, the Young Ladies High School was three times bigger.

“Isn't this your sister's school? But this is your first time seeing

it?”

“I always waited at the front gate. This is the first time I’ve seen inside.”

“I see... Huh?”

Peak Sword frowned while conversing with Grid. He trembled.

“Takoyaki? Okonomiyaki? Yakisoba? Dammit! This isn’t Japan! Why are these dishes being sold at a Korean high school festival?”

Peak Sword was angry. Many of the stalls lined up from the front gate of the school to the inside of the campus had signboards written in Japanese. It was like walking the streets of Hongdae, only to find a Japanese pub. It was hard to tell if this was Korea or Japan.

“The Korean people are very kind and generous! Our ancestors suffered during the Japanese occupation, but their descendants have forgiven Japan and accepted their culture! My goodness! Our tolerance is too great!”

“...”

Peak Sword was president of the Korean Patriotic Association and loved Korea very much. He tended to think too positively. Youngwoo clicked his tongue and looked around.

‘There are too many people.’

Youngwoo wasn’t interested in whether the street vendors sold Korean, Japanese, or Chinese food. Youngwoo was only worried about Sehee.

‘Kim Doohyun!’

Youngwoo was determined to stop Doohyun from reaching Sehee and using his position of world star on her. But there was a problem. It was this great crowd. It was hard to take a step, because the crowd was much greater than he expected. It would take him 10 minutes to move 100 meters.

‘Maybe many fans came because they heard Kim Doohyun was coming...’

It happened when Youngwoo was busy thinking.

“Hey there, handsome oppa.”

One student approached them with a shy expression. It was a small student wearing an apron and cooking hat. She was very cute and pretty.

“Huh, why did you call me?”

He was reminded of Sehee when he saw the schoolgirl, so he was very kind and friendly. It didn’t match his usual appearance, so Peak Sword got goosebumps.

“We have a new desert that our dessert club has released for this festival. Would you like to try it? It is only 3,000 won.”

The schoolgirl waved her apron to tempt them. That’s right. She was active in soliciting street sales for the stall her club was operating. Youngwoo didn’t want to spend money. However, this person might be Sehee’s friend. Youngwoo finally nodded.

“Yes, give me one.”

“Hehe! Thank you!”

The schoolgirl dragged Youngwoo and Peak Sword to her stall. But the menu attached to the street stall was strange.

‘Kimchi ice cream? Kimchi cake?’

He got an ominous feeling. Youngwoo turned pale, while Peak Sword’s eyes shone like lanterns.

“Ohh! These kids are the only ones! Making kimchi as a dessert so that it is more accessible to foreigners, it’s really amazing!”

“...It is amazing.”

In the first place, why did they need to force kimchi onto foreigners? In addition, wasn’t there any other food to represent

Korea except for kimchi? Youngwoo couldn't understand it at all. Then he heard the voice of the schoolgirl holding a cup of kimchi ice cream.

“Look. Didn't I bring some people? I smiled once and they followed right after me.”

“Hehe, it seems like they are suckers for schoolgirls.”

“...”

Please make your words more inaudible. Youngwoo reminded himself of his sister and swallowed down his anger as he reached out for the two ice creams.

“8,000 won!”

“What? Didn't you say it was 3,000 won?”

“Two of them cost 8,000 won!”

Youngwoo looked at the smiling face of the schoolgirl and his expression darkened. Kids were truly scary these days. Youngwoo sighed and flicked the girl's forehead.

“Act moderately, you brat. Who do you think you are?”

“H-Hik.”

Tears filled the high school girl's eyes.

Youngwoo had a good skeletal frame and his strength was quite good from exercising for a while. He didn't know how to control his strength. Youngwoo was confused when he saw the girl crying and stroked her forehead. It was an effort to relieve the pain.

“D-Don't cry. Then the price...”

“Hnng.”

The girl let out a strange sound as she was touched in the forehead. Her neck, ears and cheeks turned red while her legs loosened. Youngwoo was horrified when he saw her cloudy eyes.

‘My damn dexterity...!’

It was good that it was effective, but there was a time and place! Youngwoo didn't want to be called a sexual harasser, so he hurriedly shouted towards Peak Sword.

“Quickly pay the price!”

“Eh? Y-Yes!”

What was the problem? Peak Sword couldn't understand the situation. Wasn't he the one who wanted to buy the ice cream in the first place? He paid 8,000 won and followed behind Youngwoo.

After a moment.

“Ohhhhhh!” This is a real delicacy! The sweet kimchi melts on the tongue! Foreigners will love it!”

“...Eat everything.”

Youngwoo passed his ice cream to the thrilled Peak Sword. Then he opened up his phone. He checked the text message that he received from Yerim one hour ago.

[At this festival, Sehee and I are working at a haunted house ^o^ I am a sexy ♥ ghost]

“Cough...”

A photo was attached to the words. Yerim was wearing a uniform that revealed her white thighs and part of her chest, not looking suitable for her age.

“This is obviously a virgin ghost.”

There were no male ghosts. Well, it was still nice to see. However, he was concerned and uncomfortable when he thought of his sister dressing like this. Kim Doohyun was sure to target her! Youngwoo nervously tried to find a way through the crowd when he was reminded of something.

‘My dexterity.’

He made thousands of items in Satisfy and pleased Irene,

training his dexterity. It reached the point where he decided to use these techniques in real life.

‘It will turn out okay. I’ve figured out the trick after peeling garlic every night.’

It was being used against schoolgirls? This wasn’t what Youngwoo intended at the time.

Ttuduk! Dduk.

Youngwoo opened his hands and told Peak Sword.

“Follow along well.”

“Hmm?”

How was he going to make it through the crowd? Peak Sword looked puzzled while eating the ice cream.

“Hnng!”

“Hat!”

“Kyaak!”

Whenever Grid’s hands lightly touched the waist or back of a woman obstructing their way, the woman would make a strange sound and sit down.

‘W-What is this?’

It was like Moses’ miracle was being reproduced. The women sat down and opened the path whenever Youngwoo moved, so this phenomenon could only be described as a miracle.

“T-Truly God Grid...!”

He didn’t know the principle behind it, but God Grid was really great. Peak Sword followed proudly behind Youngwoo.

The festival was held for a total of three days, with an average of 10,000 visitors during the festival. It went beyond the concept of a

high school festival, and also played a large economic role. It was intentional marketing when the Young Ladies High School festival was often mentioned in the news.

“I am very pleased that Doohyun-ssi has decided to attend our festival.”

The principle of the Young Ladies High School, Lee Cheongsun, welcomed Kim Doohyun enthusiastically. Every year at the festival, she spent a lot of money to invite idols. However, Kim Doohyun decided to attend the festival for no attendance fee, despite being a world star.

Thanks to this, Lee Cheongsun was very pleased. She would be highly evaluated by the board of directors.

“It’s nothing.”

Kim Doohyun started to check the festival’s schedule. He only checked the events related to Satisfy.

Satisfy pet contest.

Satisfy swimming competition.

Satisfy fighting competition.

“Did Grid decide to participate in any events?”

After the short meeting, Doohyun asked the question he really wanted to know. Principle Lee Cheongsun’s eyes darkened.

“He isn’t participating in any events. I sent him a request to attend the festival, but he rejected it.”

Doohyun was embarrassed. If he was Grid, he would’ve wanted to raise his sister’s status by attending events at the school, so it was surprising that he wasn’t.

‘Priorities need to be separated... Indeed, Grid’s nature is suitable to be Noe’s master. I have to learn from him.’

Doohyun misunderstood and asked again.

“Ruby... No, did Miss Sehee decide to participate in any events?”

“Look here. The fighting competition.”

“...”

It was surprising. He expected her to participate in the pet contest or swimming competition, but it was the fighting competition? Anyway, this was the schedule. He would naturally approach Sehee and then get to know Grid.

Doohyun made up his mind.

“I also want to participate in the fighting competition. Ah, the pet contest...”

Doohyun enjoyed Satisfy. On days when he wasn't busy, it wasn't unusual for him to play with his pet dog or play Satisfy. He had mentioned it a few times in interviews. Most people would think he was just doing something he liked.

‘How cute will the kids in the pet contest be?’

Dugun dugun.

His heart beat in anticipation. Doohyun's face was much more attractive than usual. Principle Lee Cheongsun, who was 60 years old this year, couldn't help feeling attracted.

Chapter 327

Buzz buzz!

A disturbance occurred at the Young Ladies High School festival. It was because hundreds of women fell down for unknown reasons. The victims showed common symptoms of a red face and panting. Fortunately, it was a temporary phenomenon and they recovered quickly.

However, the Young Ladies High School was obliged to discover the cause. They dispatched medical staff and guards to investigate, but weren't able to achieve clear results.

"The good news is that the victims aren't offended by what they went through. They actually said they felt good."

"What? But they suddenly collapsed? Why?"

"I can't tell you why."

"Hmm, this is good. I thought they would be crying out for compensation."

"Yes, thanks to this, the festival won't have any problems."

"But it isn't all good... What happened to cause this incident?"

"All the affected women will have something in common. We'll check it with the CCTVs."

The Young Ladies High School. They had CCTVs installed all over the grounds.

It was confident to the square, so the students' privacy was guaranteed.

"This!"

The staff and medical personnel who watched the recorded video were amazed. A mysterious man who covered his face with big sunglasses and a mask! Whenever his long and thick fingers

touched a woman, the woman fell down!

“W-What is this?”

“He must be spreading a virus. Otherwise, the phenomenon can’t be explained.”

“A special agent sent from the North!”

“Hah, truly. How is that a virus? How ignorant.”

“...”

“Uh, anyway, he needs to be arrested for the sake of maintaining public order...”

“Don’t call the police. It is just a pervert, and we don’t want to spoil the atmosphere by calling the police.”

Dozens of security guards were quickly dispatched. It was in order to secretly capture Youngwoo. However, Youngwoo didn’t have to worry. He had a shield called Peak Sword!

“Pant pant... Is it here?”

The duo of Youngwoo and Peak Sword broke through the crowd. They finally arrived in front of the haunted house.

‘Shit!’

Youngwoo gasped for breath. He felt an uncomfortable pain from his ten fingers. It was the result of continuously using them. He had overworked himself.

‘Reality is different from the game.’

In the game, he was able to move his fingers all night to please Irene. But in reality, he only lasted 30 minutes. The difference between the game and reality was huge. Youngwoo sighed and called Sehee.

[The phone is turned off, and the voicemail...]

Sehee's phone was turned off. Yerim's phone was the same.

'She hasn't checked the message yet.'

Youngwoo had urgently headed towards the Young Ladies High School for a reason. He couldn't get in touch with either Sehee or Yerim. All the text messages from Yerim were around a few hours ago. It seemed they couldn't check their phones because they were busy with the festival.

Youngwoo was frustrated and nervous because he couldn't warn them to be careful of Kim Doohyun.

'That's why I came here to talk to them directly!'

Youngwoo had an extreme hatred of supernatural phenomenon. Honestly, ghosts were scary. In the past, he had seen the ghosts of Khan's ancestors in Satisfy. But wasn't the haunted house in front of him made by schoolgirls? It would be at the level of charming.

Youngwoo turned to stare at Peak Sword. A garlic smell was coming from Peak Sword after he ate two kimchi ice creams. Youngwoo ordered him.

"I'll enter and meet Sehee, so wait here."

"I want to go in and play."

"Did we come here to play? Something might happen. What if those kids come out while I'm inside?"

"Um, yes! I understand!"

Peak Sword reminded himself of his duties. Wasn't he supposed to act as Youngwoo's manager? It was right to perform this role instead of enjoying himself. Peak Sword nodded at the entrance to the haunted house. After paying the entrance fee of 9,000 won, Youngwoo entered the haunted house.

And.

"Kuaaaaaaah!"

Youngwoo thought that his heart was going to stop. It was the first time he screamed like this since he had been born. It was because he encountered bizarre bloody dolls as soon as he entered the haunted house.

‘This is bad.’

Youngwoo realized. This haunted house wasn’t at the level of being charming. The props inside and the dismal lighting maximized fear. The intermittent sound effects caused the heart to sink. It was proof that the level of special effects of the Young Ladies High School went beyond the ability of ordinary high schools. It was comparable to Hollywood.

‘Go back now.’

Youngwoo didn’t have the courage to go through the labyrinth alone. He tried to go back, only to stop. He came here for his sister’s sake, only to run away because he was scared? He was a truly pathetic brother.

“How rotten...”

Youngwoo cursed and took a deep breath. He controlled his mind and headed through the labyrinth. It was courageous compared to the past.

A ghost stood at the end of the dark labyrinth. It was Yerim, dressed in a high exposure costume.

Kyaaaack!

Someone screamed from the entrance.

‘That customer won’t be able to reach here.’

Yerim sighed. The problem was that the haunted house was too realistic. Everyone who entered was too frightened and ran away, so it was boring for Yerim, who was located at the end of the labyrinth. There wasn’t a single customer who reached her, even

two hours after opening the haunted house.

“There are too many scary things.”

Yerim licked her lips and looked at herself. Indeed, she looked sexy. It was unfortunate that Yerim couldn't show this fascinating appearance towards anyone.

“Well, I am satisfied as long as I can show my husband, Youngwoo.”

Yerim smiled cheerfully and turned on her phone. It was okay since there weren't any customers.

“Huh?”

Yerim's eyes widened.

It was because there were a large number of missed calls and messages from Youngwoo.

“Hehe.”

Did he get her report about her sexy look? Yerim thought it was because of the photograph she sent him and checked the messages.

–What is with those clothes?

–Is Sehee with you?

–Why is your phone turned off? —,.—

–Hey, be careful of that guy called Kim Doohyun. That bastard might try tricks on you.

“He's worried.”

Yerim's white face flushed. The opposite sex was attracted to her. It was a normal routine for Yerim, but this was the first time she received attention from the person she liked. It was also her first experience with liking someone.

Dugun dugun.

Her heart beat faster.

-Shin Youngwoo, you don't have to worry about me. I won't cheat even if he is a world star ♥ and Sehee is currently doing the Sati...

Yerim was carefully writing a reply.

"I finally found you."

2 hours and 23 minutes after the opening of the haunted house. The first guest arrived at the end of the labyrinth where Yerim was located. Yerim confirmed his appearance and her eyes curved as she smiled. It was an alluring smile that would even overwhelm adult women.

"So good."

"Ack!"

Youngwoo was exhausted because he had to overcome many adversities. He was unable to cope with Yerim's voice and his legs collapsed. Yerim's beauty and charm was comparable to Youngwoo's dexterity.

The compatibility of both would be fantastic.

The Young Ladies High School's 2nd playground. This playground was normally used for various athletic students, but now thousands of people were gathered there. The reason was that Satisfy's fighting competition would shortly be held here.

"Doohyun oppa is participating right?"

"Announcer Lee Minjung as well!"

"I came to see Saintess Ruby!"

"Sehee! Sehee! Sehee!"

"Doohyun! Doohyun! Doohyun!"

"M-Minjung! Minjung!"

Principle Lee Cheongsun was competent. She found out about the

popularity of Shin Sehee, Kim Dooyun and Lee Minjung and used them in the marketing. As a result, the fighting competition was able to enjoy an exceptional boom. Lee Cheongsun felt thrilled as she watched the audience.

Meanwhile, Sehee was in the waiting room and looking at the list of participants.

There were 16 participants. They were celebrities in every field. Celebrities, athletes, the literary field, etc.

They were people who would attract attention. The Young Ladies High School's Satisfy tournaments were for goodwill and publicity, so the inclusion of celebrities was a basic premise. Of course, the balance was a mess.

There were level 40 beginners as well as users over level 200. But nobody cared about that. Winning or losing wasn't important in this competition.

‘My opponent is...’

Go Jimyung. It was the KBO league player. (TL: Baseball) He once had the reputation of the best hitter in South Korea. However, since last year, he had entered a relationship with the leader of the girl group Farina and his score plummeted.

He received a lot of criticism from his fans, but he was still fairly popular.

‘Okay.’

Go Jimyung's level in Satisfy was 187. It was the second highest level among the 16 participants. Sehee would naturally be defeated in a fight against Go Jimyung, but she didn't mind. In the first place, she participated in the competition because of the school's request. They asked her to participate in Satisfy related events for the sake of the festival. As a student, Sehee couldn't refuse. It was good for her to be eliminated quickly.

She didn't notice Go Jimyung sneakily looking at her. He was

very motivated. It was his girlfriend Reina's request.

"Aren't there a lot of penalties when dying in the game? You must kill that girl called Sehee in this tournament."

'I don't know why, but I should listen to the request of my goddess.'

The Young Ladies High School's fighting competition would be held in sparring mode. Health would only fall to a minimum and the participants wouldn't die. But that wasn't an obstacle. If his opponent applied for sparring mode, he would decline and then kill her.

'Kukukuk.'

Go Jimyung was seduced by a bad woman. As a result, his life was gradually on the verge of self-destruction.

'I feel dirty for some reason.'

At Yerim's suggestion, Youngwoo was wearing a festival doll mask instead of sunglasses. He arrived at the 2nd playground with Yerim and Peak Sword, and felt an instinctive displeasure.

'This is all due to Kim Doohyun.'

Youngwoo was horrified as he imagined the actor flirting with his sister at this moment.

Chapter 328

Reina. The leader of the popular girl group Farina, she fell in love with Doohyun at first sight two years ago and confessed to him.

The result? It was cold. She had received many confessions, but it was her first experience with being rejected. Reina received a big shock and her pride was shattered. Love transformed into love-hate, and love-hate turned into obsession.

She spread rumors that she was dating Doohyun, causing severe damage to his image. That's right. It was Reina who gave Doohyun the stigma of a high school girl killer.

“Kim Doohyun...”

Last year, as soon as her CSATs were over, Reina started dating Go Jimyung. But she was still obsessed with Doohyun. In the first place, she dated Go Jimyung in order to induce Doohyun's jealousy. However, there were no results until today.

“Do you think that I will let you flirt with other girls?”

Reina was trying to do something crazy once again.

Shin Sehee. Pretty. No, to be honest, she was a very pretty girl. She looked prettier than Reina, despite all the makeup Reina wore. Was she just pretty? Her grades were in the top of the country and she got a hidden class in Satisfy. She was even the sister of the famous Grid.

In other words, a perfect daughter-in-law.

According to Reina's conjecture, Doohyun attended the festival in order to seduce Sehee. Why else would a world star participate in a high school festival? Reina had no intention of forgiving Sehee.

She planned to use Go Jimyung to thoroughly trample on Sehee.

‘I’m too late.’

The fighting competition’s waiting room. By the time Doohyun arrived, it was Sehee’s turn. She was standing next to the two Satisfy capsules on the stage.

‘We will talk after the match.’

A smile appeared on Doohyun’s face. He imagined a scene where he became friendly with Sehee and Grid, then he would meet Noe one day. However, Doohyun’s smile didn’t last long. It was because he saw that Go Jimyung was Sehee’s first opponent.

‘Perhaps...’

Doohyun knew better than anyone that Reina wasn’t a normal person. Was it really a coincidence that her lover participated in this festival and faced Sehee? Unfortunately, the odds weren’t great.

Doohyun ran off somewhere.

‘Oh my, she looks so beautiful.’

Announcer Lee Minjung had great skills and a beautiful appearance. The reason why she was able to climb to the position of top MC was because she was aware of how to use her beauty. However, even she paled in front of Sehee.

Big eyes and a small face. Sehee looked like a doll. There was a reason the press called her Little Yura. It was an unusual beauty. The discouraged Lee Minjung suddenly regained her spirit. She shouted towards the audience members who were watching the stage with shining eyes.

“From now on, I will start the Young Ladies High School’s Satisfy fighting competition. But before that, shouldn’t we first take the time to talk with the participants?”

Lee Minjung’s ability was outstanding. She increased the

atmosphere by interviewing the nervous Sehee and excited Go Jimyung. Once the audience's excitement reached its peak, Announcer Lee Minjung finally announced the beginning of the first match.

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

“Sehee, have strength!”

“Go Jimyung! Just like when you play baseball!”

Sehee and Go Jimyung entered the capsules as the crowd cheered.

Pahat!

Rania Coast.

Lights flashed in the place designated as the stage for the competition, before scattering like glass fragments. The sparkling light reflected off the sea shone on the white clothes of the beautiful girl who appeared.

She was Ruby, Shin Sehee.

“Sigh, a hidden class has a gorgeous effect when logging in.” Go Jimyung pulled out a mace and approached Sehee. He spoke in a very small voice. “A brother and sister both got a hidden class, do you have a relationship with the S.A. Group? Will you introduce me?”

Sehee didn't answer. From the beginning, she didn't like Go Jimyung. It was because she felt that Go Jimyung had a hostile relationship towards her. In particular, the wily look in his eyes was uncomfortable.

Go Jimyung frowned, “Not answering, are you ashamed?”

“Just start.”

Sehee replied bluntly and sent an invitation for a spar.

Go Jimyung refused, “Look at how rude you are. Grid’s personality is the same, so aren’t you truly siblings?”

Sehee’s eyes sank coldly.

“Are you messing with my family?”

“I never said anything. I just told the truth!”

Buuong.

Go Jimyung wielded his mace as hard as he could. It wasn’t the usual form of swinging it since he was a top batter. Sehee couldn’t avoid the hit and coughed up blood.

[You have suffered 1,880 damage.]

Sehee was only level 116. She was focused on her studies so she didn’t have much time to play the game. However, the armor that Grid produced for her was epic rated and its performance was unrivalled. Thanks to this, Sehee was able to endure the attack of the level 187 Go Jimyung without a fatal injury.

Go Jimyung’s expression distorted further.

“What? Why are you only bleeding this much? Oh, aren’t you Overgeared’s little sister?”

“Didn’t you get the application for a spar?”

“Yes, but you can’t kill people in sparring mode.”

“Can you afford the storm that will happen? A famous baseball player ignoring the rules of the game and killing a high school girl, there will be public criticism.”

“I don’t care about the public’s opinion. I only want to be loved by my goddess. In the first place, I will retire without renewing my contract after this season.”

“You aren’t even 30 years old. It seems a bit disappointing to retire already.”

“Kukuk! Is it disappointing? Do you know my annual salary after

travelling back and forth between Korea and Japan for years? It is an average of 10.2 billion, 10.2 billion! I have enough money for my sick brother to not have to work for the rest of his life!”

There was nothing else to be said. Sehee sighed and used Hope. It was a top rated healing skill that consumed 10% of her mana to restore 10~30% of her health.

[Your mana has fallen by 816 after using the skill Hope.]

[2,005 health has been restored after using the skill Hope.]

“It won’t be easy.”

It was inevitable for celebrities to have anti-fans, and Grid had many toxic anti-fans. Sehee believed that her brother was the reason why Go Jimyung was hostile towards her, and she didn’t want to lose. This person who disliked her brother.

‘It is hateful!’

[You have worn the +9 Wooden Staff.]

It was her class-exclusive weapon that Grid enhanced. Sehee swung it. Go Jimyung avoided the ridiculous attack and laughed.

“Puhahat! What is that wooden stick? Did you steal the stick that my sick grandmother used?”

Go Jimyung’s mace descended. He was a warrior with a blunt weapon as his primary weapon, so he wasn’t very agile. Sehee was able to respond to it. She raised the wooden staff with both hands and blocked the attack.

“Uh!”

The difference in strength was too big. Sehee’s stats were aimed towards stamina and intelligence, so her strength was very low. A warning window flashed in front of her.

[You have received a great shock, paralyzing both arms for one second.]

One second paralysis in a battle was fatal. It was the perfect opportunity for the opponent to link their attacks. However, this wasn't a problem for Sehee.

[You have resisted thanks to the effect of Upright Heart.]

It was the power of her class.

Chaeng! Chaaeng!

Kwaang!

“Huh?”

Go Jimyung frowned. The lower levelled Sehee blocked the successive attacks.

‘This staff, is it a legendary weapon?’

The material looked like ordinary wood, but a white light was surrounding it. Would someone really bother to enhance an ordinary wooden staff to +9? It was certainly an unusual weapon.

‘It looks like Grid made it.’

A dark smile appeared on Go Jimyung's face. Overgeared? He also had it!

“Didn't I tell you? I have a lot of money. Do you think I'm armed with common items?”

Hwaruruk!

Then Go Jimyung's mace started to emit huge flames. It was the majesty of a unique rated weapon.

Peeng! Pepeng!

“Kyaaak!”

Sehee wasn't accustomed to PK and screamed when she could no longer defend. The flames that constantly came from Go Jimyung's flames were painful. Sehee used her two healing skills, but the cooldown time was 1 minute and 30 seconds, and 3 minutes, so she could only receive damage.

Sehee's body became darkened and Go Jimyung was convinced that he would win.

Youngwoo was foul-mouthed. The people who heard it couldn't help turning red. His number of curses increased after he became friends with Huroi. It meant Huroi was an effective teacher. Of course, this was when he maintained his reason.

"This crazy bastard!"

Youngwoo finally got up from where he was sitting in the audience and rushed somewhere. He couldn't tolerate the situation that was happening on the monitor. Go Jimyung's ID turned red the moment he attacked Sehee. This proved that the confrontation between the two people wasn't in sparring mode, but was an ordinary PK.

"Hey, these #@!% organizers! What are you doing? Sehee is in danger!"

A person wearing a doll mask screamed. He was glad that no one knew who he was. Peak Sword calmed Youngwoo down.

"Look backstage. The management is around Go Jimyung's capsule. They will soon normalize the situation."

"Calm down?"

Youngwoo struck Peak Sword. At this moment, his worry for his sister allowed him to temporarily overcome a taekwondo master.

"Oh my!"

Peak Sword fell on his butt as Youngwoo ran straight for the stage. Yerim watched him with a rapt expression.

"Cool."

Yerim had been watching in her ghost costume. She was fascinated by Youngwoo's appearance and exhaled.

“Is he like this in bed?”

Puok!

The men gazed at the excited Yerim and immediately got nosebleeds. Yerim’s innate power of seduction was too excessive. Perhaps she was a succubus in a past life.

“I will connect and mediate.”

Behind Sehee and Go Jimyung’s capsules. Kim Doohyun and the organizers were standing beside an extra capsule prepared for these type of situations.

“A warning message has already been delivered to Go Jimyung. He will soon calm down and switch to sparring mode, so don’t worry.”

“He intentionally avoided a spar in the first place! Let me directly connect!” Doohyun cried out furiously.

But the organizers were frustrating to deal with.

“Haha, what reason would Go Jimyung have to do that? Doohyun-ssi, please calm down. A third party’s entry into the contest will cause a disruption to the schedule. As you know, those who are participating in the competition have a tight schedule because they are VIPs...”

“Get lost!”

“Ugh!”

Doohyun and the organizers suddenly flew back. It was because a man in a doll mask ran between them and gave a drop kick.

“Eek! What are you doing?”

“Me?”

The unidentified man opened the capsule without permission. Then he threw off the doll mask. The eyes of the organizers and

Doohyun widened as soon as the man's face was exposed.

“G-Grid...!”

“Yes, I am Sehee's brother. So don't interfere. And you.”

“Me?”

Doohyun was confused about being pointed out by Grid. Youngwoo growled at him.

“Don't think that you can create a dramatic scenario so that you can save Sehee like a white prince.”

“...?”

Why was he saying? Doohyun was baffled while Youngwoo sat in the capsule and logged into Satisfy.

[Iris recognition...]

[The user's information has been completed.]

[The user isn't registered with this capsule. Checking the capsule information...]

[A S.A. Group approved event capsule. Capsule number 31F000B4C.]

[The log in location is forcefully designated as Rania Coast.]

[A legendary presence, welcome!]

The familiar and unfamiliar notification windows alternated.

“You.”

“Heok!”

“O-Oppa?”

Grid, Sehee and Go Jimyung faced each other. The burning mace hitting Sehee like a sandbag was stopped due to Go Jimyung's shock.

“Grid! Why are you here?”

“Go Jimyung? You are permanently forbidden access to the Eternal Kingdom.”

Someday he would be the king of the Eternal Kingdom. He could say such remarks because of this thought. Go Jimyung’s teeth grinded together at Grid’s declaration.

“You are just the master of Overgeared! You don’t have the authority to say this!”

“Just Overgeared?”

This low level person was treated Overgeared so lightly? The most important element in the game was items, and the power of items was great.

“Then I won’t use items to defeat you.”

Grid spoke meaningfully and raised a finger. Go Jimyung and the thousands of people watching were confused. At that moment.

“Magic Missile.”

Peeng!

A white flash shot out from Grid’s finger. Go Jimyung was hit in the heart and blood emerged from his mouth.

“Keook...!”

How could Magic Missile do so much damage? Go Jimyung couldn’t believe it. Grid aimed at the stricken Go Jimyung again.

“Magic Missile.”

“Kuaaaaak!”

At this moment. The number one search term on the portal sites was Magic Missile. The second place search query was ‘Grid’s Magic Missile learning method,’ not Grid.

Chapter 329

The Young Ladies High School's Satisfy fighting competition. This part of the school festival was a hot topic of interest. The 16 participants were celebrities in their field and it was a chance to see Saintess Ruby.

In fact, tens of thousands of people were watching the match on the Internet.

–Eh? Why is Go Jimyung's ID red?

–He isn't in sparring mode.

–Wow, look at that jerk Go Jimyung trying to kill Sehee. Is he crazy?

–He has gotten into many incidents since dating Reina, and he's alienating his fans.

–This is why you should meet a good person... ㅋㅋ What are the organizers doing? They're just letting it play out?

–This XX, trying to kill our Saintess!

The public weren't fools. The viewers saw that Go Jimyung was intentionally trying to hurt Sehee. However, the Young Ladies High School didn't do anything to stop the match. The audience and viewers condemned the Young Ladies High School and Go Jimyung, but their cries didn't work. If they didn't help Sehee, she would eventually die of her wounds.

It was at that moment.

“Magic Missile.”

Grid. One of Satisfy's greatest users, he appeared without warning to punish Go Jimyung. Did anyone blame him for breaking the rules of the competition? No. The audience and viewers all cheered.

“Truly God Grid!”

Peak Sword felt joy. Magic Missile. The Magic Missile fired fired from the middle finger crushed the other person's body and mind. The ruthless attitude of Grid towards the enemy was very exciting to Peak Sword. A truly dependable colleague.

At this moment, five people approached him. They were solid men dressed in black suits. They had a menacing atmosphere around them, so Peak Sword became alert.

“What?”

“You will be arrested for lewd conduction, including sexual assault.”

“What? Sexual assault? Lewd conduct? Me?”

Peak Sword was dumbfounded. He couldn't understand what these people were rattling on about.

“In the first place, are you even capable of arresting people? You aren't the police.”

“We might not be the police, but we have the power to capture criminals on this campus and transfer them to the police.”

“No, I don't know what you are talking about? Why am I being treated as a criminal?”

Ah, perhaps? A scene passed through Peak Sword's brain. It was the miracle of Moses that Grid caused.

“Hah, truly.”

He had become Grid's patsy.

‘This is unfair.’

Peak Sword wanted to be honest. The molester was Grid, not him. However, Peak Sword couldn't sell out a friend. He couldn't speak honestly.

“Catch him!”

The guards hired by the Young Ladies High School were elites in

their field. They boasted excellent physical strength and athleticism. Peak Sword wanted to cry out as he was dramatically chased by them.

‘Why is it like this?’

‘T-This... How did this happen?’

Go Jimyung couldn’t understand the current situation. Grid suddenly appeared and he fell into a critical state after being hit by two Magic Missiles? The confused Go Jimyung fell down as Grid stopped in front of him.

“You dare to beat up my sister? What type of guy are you?”

There was uncontrollable rage in Grid’s sharp eyes. Go Jimyung watched Grid’s magic power concentrating and felt fear. Was he worried that he would be killed and drop experience and items?

No. If he invested time and money, he could recover this experience and items. Go Jimyung was afraid of his girlfriend, Reina’s, rage. She asked him for this favor, so would she be disappointed and want to break up? He was horrified just imagining it.

‘Why?’

He was thinking about how to stop his death and suddenly shouted.

“Stop! If you touch me then you won’t be safe! I know gangsters!”

“Gangsters?”

Grid jumped. He was helpless in reality, unlike the game. He couldn’t easily overcome Go Jimyung’s threat.

‘You lousy bastard.’

Grid hesitated when he suddenly recalled Beast Master Toon. He had been active in Overgeared since the days of the Tzedakah

Guild, but wasn't he in the mafia? He was also constructing a building in Korea like the other guild members.

A wicked smile appeared on Grid's face.

"You know gangsters?"

"Yes! He is very cruel!"

"Is he worse than the Italian mafia?"

"What? The mafia?"

"Yes, the mafia. My friend is part of the mafia!"

Grid spoke arrogantly. Go Jimyung was dumbfounded. A friend was in the mafia? What type of bluff was this?

'Crazy bastard!'

Go Jimyung shouted at him, "If that is true then kill me!"

Grid didn't hesitate.

"Magic Missile."

Peeng!

"Keook...!"

Once again, a white flash emitted from the middle finger pierced the head of Go Jimyung. Go Jimyung realized his mistake.

'This guy really has a friend in the mafia...!'

[You have died.]

[You have lost 18.7% of your experience and the Flaming Mace (Unique).]

"Kuaaah!"

Go Jimyung sprang out from the capsule. It wasn't a problem to lose experience or items. He was afraid of Reina and he was also furious. He was killed in front of thousands of people using Magic

Missile!

“I won’t forgive you!”

Go Jimyung kicked out angrily. He looked around and ran towards the capsule where Grid was sitting. No, he tried to.

“Shouldn’t you act more moderately?”

“It’s you?”

Go Jimyung’s face distorted like he was a demon. Kim Doohyun. A world star and Reina’s old love. The man who was an eyesore was now blocking his way at this crucial moment.

“If you don’t want to be injured then get lost!”

Go Jimyung was once the greatest batter. In particular, his arm and shoulder muscles were very developed. Most people avoided his eyes when he spoke in a threatening manner. However, Kim Doohyun was different. He stood in front of Go Jimyung with a silent expression.

Go Jimyung made a fist.

At the same time.

“Eek?”

Go Jimyung’s head shot up. With the benefit of hindsight, he realized that Kim Doohyun’s elbow has hit his jaw.

“T-This...!”

Crash!

Go Jimyung was shocked at being pushed back, while Kim Doohyun whispered in his ears.

“Go and tell Reina this. ‘The reason I’ve been ignoring your actions is because you’re still young. But now that you are an adult, you will be held responsible for your own actions.’”

“K-Kuack...”

Thanks to the his natural strength and athleticism, Go Jimyung was a king in his school days. After graduating from university, he made his professional debut and had never had a shameful day like this.

‘You damn...! You will see one day!’

Go Jimyung became weak and fell unconscious. Grid, who was spying on them from inside the capsule, ran outside.

‘He is really stunned!’

Grid ran to check Go Jimyung’s state and kicked him. Now he felt relieved.

“Then.” Grid glared at Kim Doohyun. “Did you make Go Jimyung do this so that you can look cool in front of Sehee?”

Kim Doohyun was able to realize why Grid was hostile to him.

‘He heard that I am a high school girl killer.’

Doohyun spoke bluntly, “I participated in the festival in an attempt to meet Sehee, so that I can meet you.”

“Me?”

Grid still didn’t relax. Doohyun took out his smartphone, entered Noe’s fan cafe and showed it to Grid.

“Look at this.”

“Huh?”

What was this? Grid remained alert while checking the screen of the phone. Then he became aware of Doohyun’s true identity.

Member ID: Noe’s Slave

Member Rating: Best Member

“...Wow.”

Grid was confused.

Doohyun bowed and begged, “Please accept me into Overgeared!”

“...Your level?”

“Well... I have recently been busy so I didn’t have much time to play the game. I’m level 190.”

Was he unqualified to join Overgeared? Doohyun’s earnest expression was very different from his usual image. Grid’s anger disappeared and he now felt sympathy.

‘Level 190 is pretty good?’

Grid thought again.

“Your class? If you are a production class then I will consider letting you join the guild.”

“I’m not a production class, but a pet master... A unique class. Is it not possible?”

Grid grabbed Doohyun’s hands.

“Welcome!”

“...”

“There’s less than a month left.”

This was how long King Wiesbaden of the Eternal Kingdom had left to live. The 1st Prince, Ren’s, face darkened. He wasn’t mourning his father’s death. He was afraid of the monsters living in Reidan.

The golem invasion of Reinhardt. Ren still remembered the words of Duke Grid.

“I, Grid, swear eternal loyalty to Your Majesty.”

He swore allegiance to King Wiesbaden, not the royal family. This was like a declaration of war towards the 1st prince, so Ren was always afraid.

‘I must strike first.’

Ren watched the situation of Reidan. He knew that Reidan currently only had 1,000 troops.

‘There won’t be another opportunity if I don’t strike now.’

Ren made up his mind and hurried to his palace. Then he called the strongest warriors that he’d invited from all over the continent.

“I want you to join my army that will conquer Reidan.”

“I’ll willingly do it.”

The warriors answered without hesitation, including a grey haired middle aged man. His name was Hurent. He was the one who lost to Grid in the 1st National Competition in just 5 seconds.

[The quest is in progress.]

Hurent checked the notification window in front of him and smiled.

‘Grid, I will pay back the humiliation in the past.’

Hurent’s eyes were filled with confidence.

Chapter 330

“Duke Grid still hasn’t learned of my father’s illness. The proof of this is that Reidan’s army is still weak, so we must strike against Reidan at this time. There won’t be another chance.”

1st Prince Ren was well aware of how strong Grid and his subordinates were. It was natural, since he’d witnessed their actions in the Reinhardt golem invasion. Nevertheless, the reason he was hostile to Grid was firstly, it was obvious that Ren would be eaten up if he stayed still. Secondly, he believed in the power of his warriors, including Hurent.

The contents of the linked quest was being updated in front of Hurent.

[Prince of the Eternal Kingdom – Chapter IV-]

Level of Difficulty: Not measurable.

1st Prince Ren has seen the strength of aura and has absolute confidence in you. He believes that you are the only rival for Duke Grid.

Advance to Reidan with Ren’s army!

Strike down hard on Duke Grid, who is making fun of the royal family!

Quest Clear Conditions: Occupy Reidan.

Quest Clear Rewards: Ren will be crowned king and you will gain the title of Merit King. If you establish a kingdom, special benefits will be given.

Quest Failure: Unpredictable.

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

It was impossible to measure the degree of difficulty. Quests with users as the target often couldn’t guess the difficulty or consequences. Hurent smiled and nodded without hesitation.

“I am willing to help you.”

It was around 10 months ago in real time. Hurent had been humiliated after losing to Grid in just 5 seconds. It was also in front of the entire world. How much contempt had he received since then?

‘I’m going to regain my honor with this quest.’

Merit King? It was just minor title. Hurent wanted to regain the title of the strongest, and he believed that he was now qualified.

‘Grid, I will show you the true power of an aura master. It will be in front of the whole world!’

His efforts over the past 10 months would cause a disaster.

Garosu-gil Road during autumn.

“What exactly is a pet master?”

After the festival was over. Youngwoo went to a restaurant with Sehee, Yerim, and Doohyun. Doohyun explained to Youngwoo after ordering the food.

“You can look at it as an enhanced version of a monster tamer. I can train monsters to act as pets or temporarily take away another person’s pet. I can also buff my pets and your pets.”

Buff fellow pets? Even the strongest buffer, Huroi couldn’t do this. Huroi could only give buffs to his own pet. Furthermore.

“Take away another person’s pet?”

“I can command the pets. The duration is a minimum of 15 seconds and it can go up to 50 seconds.”

“Can the pets that you command use their skills?”

“Yes.”

“It’s a scam.”

It wasn't an exaggeration. Taking an enemy's pet and using their original abilities? It would consume the mana of the pet and hit the enemy. If the pet possessed a buffing skill, it could be used on allies.

Anyway, it was very useful. This could be a great advantage in combat.

“But the real power of a pet master is something else.”

Doohyun was speaking many words, unlike his usual self. Was it due to the beautiful Sehee and Yerim? Not at all. Doohyun was only looking at Youngwoo. To be precise, he was excited about meeting Youngwoo's pet, Noe.

“Your true ability?”

“I can check the details of the targeted pet. It means I can quickly grasp the stats, skills, weaknesses and advantages of the pet. Also.”

‘Also?’

Youngwoo's eyes lit up. The better Overgeared became, the happier he was. He was full of expectations for what Kim Doohyun called the ultimate advantage of a pet master.

“I have the pet beauty ability.”

“...Beauty?”

“Yes, so please introduce me to Noe. If I can, I will make Noe more beautiful. I want to be Noe's private hairdresser!”

“...”

A unique hidden class was dreaming of being a hairdresser? It seemed like this new member also wasn't normal. Youngwoo recalled something that Vantner said about the Tzedakah Guild in the past.

“By the way, it looks like the people who joined the guild after Grid aren't normal. A crazy person attracts other crazy people.”

‘Is it me?’

He belatedly realized that Yerim was holding some rolled pasta to his mouth.

“How about it? Is it delicious?”

Youngwoo was surprised and told the truth, “Not so much. It is too salty so I would rather buy two cups of ramyun.”

“The food that a sexy woman like me is giving you isn’t delicious?”

“What sexy woman...? You aren’t sexy.”

“Aish~ even with this?”

“Hik! Don’t do that in a public place!”

‘Grid, this person.’

Doohyun realized it as he saw Youngwoo sitting between Yerim and Sehee. Youngwoo was the true high school girl killer.

“But where did Peak Sword go?”

Towards the end of the meal. Yerim had an afterthought. Until now, they had completely forgotten about Peak Sword.

“He’s probably out there playing around.”

Peak Sword, who receive the stigma of a sexual harasser due to Youngwoo! He had been chased after by security guards for hours.

[Mass Production Grid Set]

It consisted of weapons, helmet, armor, gloves and shoes. The weapons were one-handed swords, spears, bows, and shields, and Grid designed them with the intention of giving them to the soldiers of Reidan. They had an excellent performance and the effect when worn as a set was great, compared to other equipment of the same level.

However, there was a problem. The level restriction was 160. On the other hand, Reidan's soldiers were level 133, so the equipment couldn't be distributed immediately.

'But the performance will go down if the level limit is lowered too much.'

What should he do? Grid thought about it and summoned Piaro and Asmophel.

"Hah."

Piaro and Asmophel blinked after they came running at Grid's call.

Beside Reidan's outer walls. Grid was sitting in front of a portable furnace and making items, while four golden hands were hunting monsters near him.

'However, the level is still low.'

The giant worms were very weak monsters, based on Piaro and Asmophel's standards. They were able to cut the giant worms easily, and it would be the same if Duke Grid used a skill. Then what about these golden hands?

The four hands joined forces, but it took them more than four minutes to hunt a giant worm. They couldn't take the initiative when fighting. It was strange that swords were moving on their own, but it wasn't that scary when looking closely. The only point worth paying attention to was the exceptional speed.

However, Piaro appreciated the potential of the golden hands.

'They're much better than when I fought him. I'm looking forward to how they grow in the future.'

Grid asked Piaro and Asmophel.

"How long does it take for the soldiers to gain one level?"

“Currently, it’s five days.”

“Wow...”

The level up speed was much faster than expected. Considering that the level of the Winston soldiers remained in the 80’s for several months, the soldiers of Reidan were raising their levels at a phenomenal rate. It was a glimpse of Piaro and Asmophel’s outstanding training methods, who were once destined to be the pillars of the empire.

“Then the soldiers will reach level 160 in five months?”

“That’s right.”

Asmophel answered without hesitation. He was so confident that Grid couldn’t help feeling greedy.

“Can you raise their level faster?”

“The intensity of the training is already very high. If we overwork the soldiers, they might be injured and there will be many complaints.”

“Does it matter as long as they don’t die? And so what about complaints? A soldier needs to do this.”

Grid had experience being a soldier in the South Korean army. High intensity training? As long as they didn’t die, they would eventually adapt. And if they worked hard, they would be too tired to complain.

“Yes? Let’s do it.”

“...I understand.”

Piaro and Asmophel swore allegiance to Grid. They had a obligation to follow him, even if it was a somewhat difficult command. In the end, the soldiers of Reidan had to suffer.

“Run! Roll! Gear up!”

“Stab! Shoot! Cut! Chop!”

Piaro and Asmophel showed no mercy. The 1,000 soldiers of Reidan had to endure harsh training every day until their muscles screamed. As a result, the level up speed of the soldiers increased from 1.3 times to 1.5 times.

[The loyalty of Reidan's soldiers has dropped by 9.]

[Reidan's soldiers don't respect you.]

“...”

Grid was the target of the soldiers' resentment. It was very serious from a ruler's point of view. If the loyalty of soldiers towards the lord was lowered, it was difficult to restore.

But Grid wasn't shaken. Why?

Ttang! Ttang!

Every day and night without covering production and mass production-type grid set. Grid knew that the soldiers' respect and loyalty would rise again the day the Grid set was distributed to them.

Irene's due date was in five days. Because of this, one of the main powers of the Eternal Kingdom and ruler of the north, Marquis Steim visited Reidan.

“Welcome, father-in-law.”

“Ohh! The duke came out to meet me, I'm so flattered!”

Marquis Steim's eyes were bright as he looked at Reidan. He only knew Reidan as a ghost town, but it had developed quickly after Grid became the lord. The population was still only 20,000, but it was excellent compared to other cities in the Eternal Kingdom.

No, it was unchallenged when it came to agriculture. Even the Saharan Empire didn't have such a great agricultural city.

‘I'm amazed at the level of determination to develop an

agricultural city in the middle of the desert!’

Indeed, his son-in-law was great. Marquis Steim smiled proudly.

Chapter 331

Irene's bedroom.

“Father!”

“My daughter!”

Irene and Marquis Steim hugged tightly.

It had been nine months since they had seen each other, so they couldn't control their emotions. They checked each other's health and shed tears of joy. In particular, Marquis Steim sniffed with a runny nose.

Irene used to follow her father around everywhere. Now his daughter was going to be a mother, so he felt strange and lonely. Marquis Steim confirmed her appearance and shifted his gaze towards Grid.

“I hope you will always love and cherish my daughter like you do now.”

Grid answered with a genuine heart, without hesitation.

“I will love her more than I do now.”

At the same time.

[The child in the belly has felt the true love of the couple, increasing all stats by 1.]

Grid whispered words of love to Irene every day, but there had been no response from the baby in the last few days. There was five days left before she gave birth. Perhaps today would be the last prenatal education.

Grid was chatting with Irene and Marquis Steim.

Outside Irene's bedroom, the knights of both families were standing side by side. The eyes of a young man suddenly

sharpened. His name was Laden. After Phoenix, he was the best talent in the north.

“There are four people, not three in the bedroom. Does Duke Grid have a shadow?”

‘Four people?’

Piario and Asmophel were confused at Laden’s question. They could only feel three people in Irene’s bedroom. Duke Grid, Irene and Marquis Steim.

‘Does this young man want to show off his skills?’

A knight of the marquis. He was making something simple, bigger.

“Did you say you are Sir Laden? Are you certain enough to interrupt the duchess?”

Irene needed absolute stability. Taking the risk to go into Irene’s bedroom and making a disturbance? What if there was no third person? It was obvious that Duke Grid and Marquis Steim would be furious.

Piario warned Laden that he would be held responsible. Laden understood and nodded, “I will take responsibility.”

If so, there was no need to delay. Piario knocked on Irene’s bedroom door.

“What’s going on?”

Piario and Laden confirmed Grid’s response. Then the knights of both families entered Irene’s bedroom.

“What’s going on?”

Irene became upset at the crowd entering, so Grid frowned.

“Why is it so loud?”

Laden took a step forward.

“There is a rodent.”

“What?”

Rodent? Grid was feeling confused while Laden pulled out a sword at his waist. Then he kept stabbing his sword at the ceiling?

“...Gone.”

“What?”

It was the worst. Piaro hit his forehead and Grid’s expression distorted. Laden explained, “A little while ago, I felt someone hiding on the ceiling. But now they have disappeared.”

Grid was dumbfounded. His insight was a huge 1,550. Faker couldn’t even secretly approach within 3m without Grid noticing.

“There was a rodent hiding above me? If this is true, why didn’t I know about it?”

“...”

Laden couldn’t say anything. He just bowed his head and waited to be punished. Grid asked Marquis Steim, “Who is this person?”

Marquis Steim replied with a little bit of embarrassment.

“An outstanding person. He’s still young so he sometimes makes mistakes, please understand.”

“Ah.”

The Northern Nova, Laden. It was the moment when he was branded as a bluffer by Grid.

‘Amazing.’

King of Shadows, Kasim. He was the strongest assassin in the world. It was surprising that he was caught by a young man.

‘Time has given birth to talent.’

The Eternal Kingdom. Compared with the Saharan Empire, a great number of talented people were being born in the small

kingdoms. In simple terms, the Saharan Empire had 10 times the population of the Eternal Kingdom, so they produced more talent. This wasn't a good thing from the viewpoint of Kasim, who was burning with vengeance towards the empire.

‘Anyway, I’ll have to be more careful for the moment.’

Suruk.

Kasim disappeared into the darkness.

“My money.”

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

Grid went to the smithy for the first time in a while. Two anvils were lined up next to him and on top of them, four hands were hammering like Grid. The young blacksmiths were amazed by the sight.

Khan approached Grid, “You look upset. What’s wrong?”

“Marquis Steim brought a young knight and he made me upset.”

“Huhu, giving you a bad impression. The young man is pitiful.”

“Irene is sensitive because of the child... Ah, I want to block his career path.”

“It’s a bad idea in your position. You’ve witnessed it from the side of the victim, that persecuting the weak can cause bad feelings.”

“...Indeed. I wasn’t thinking.”

Up until two years ago, Grid was also weak. He knew how terrible it was to be persecuted by strong men. But now that he had power, he was thinking about abusing it? Grid was disappointed in himself.

“Thank you. You’re too good for me.”

“Huhu, you are also very very good.”

“An old man should keep his dignity.”

Grid smiled and leaned his head against Khan’s shoulder for a moment. It was like a grandchild leaning on his grandfather. But the young blacksmiths thought differently.

‘These two are very close.’

‘A love that transcends status, sex and even age?’

‘Umm... They should watch their mouths.’

Ttang! Ttang!

In the midst of this deepening misunderstanding, the God Hands kept working. They produced the necessary basics for the Mass Production Set and delivered it to Grid, who only trusted himself with the high quality materials.

[The skill level of the God Hand’s Blacksmithing has increased to advanced level 2.]

[The skill level of (Understanding of Gods’ Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill has increased to level 7.]

[The number of times the Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation skill can be used has increased by three. Number of items that can be created at present: 13/21.]

Grid’s growth continued today.

“Run!”

‘How rotten!’

“Roll!”

‘Damn!’

“Gear up!”

‘Dammit!’

Reidan’s training grounds. Thanks to the ‘Will of Duke Grid!’,

the soldiers were being overworked today. They rolled over sand that was burning from the sun, crawled out, jumped over dangerous obstacles, and endlessly stabbed their swords and spears.

‘How long will this last?’

These questions were on the verge of disappearing. It felt like all thoughts were being swept away due to the pain. It was the process where their muscles were being reconstructed. They wanted to give up many times.

“The more you sweat, the more you guarantee your family’s safety.”

“Do you want to go back to the old days of starvation! Then withstand it! Protect your home!”

Piario and Asmophel cried out every time their hearts weakened.

‘Yes, stand up!’

The soldiers’ eyes were filled with hate. Wasn’t it funny to give up now? They had always been training with the idea of overcoming these trials. Still, they swore at Grid when they were tired.

‘If I think about it, there isn’t a war right now, so why do we need to be trained like this?’

‘Duke Grid must be bullying us on purpose!’

‘Damn Duke Grid! Curse Reidan’s sun! Fall on the road and break your nose!’

[The loyalty of Reidan’s soldiers has dropped by 7.]

[Rumors have spread that the soldiers of Reidan hate you.]

“Wow.”

Loyalty could be raised at any time. Grid thought this and ordered that the training be gradually increased, not decreased.

Now he started to feel alarmed. He was being hated? Wasn't this a stage beyond resentment?

‘It is time to give them a carrot.’

Grid looked at the list of Reidan soldiers. The list briefly listed the information of Reidan's 1,003 soldiers. It was their name, gender, level, and occupation. The detailed stats, skills and unique story could only be checked with the Great Lord's Sword.

“Eh?”

Grid's eyes widened as he sorted the list of soldiers in order of level. One person. There was one soldier who achieved level 150? Compared to the average level of the other soldiers, which ranged between 136~139, it was a tremendous growth rate.

‘What?’

Grid summoned Piaro.

“Did you call?”

After Lael and Rabbit, Piaro was the next busiest person. It couldn't be helped, since he had to manage the fields and army at the same time. But unlike Lael and Rabbit, who were always tired, his color was very good. It seemed he had no concept of tiredness because his basic stamina was so high. He was busy, so Grid immediately cut to the chase.

“When I saw the list of soldiers, Royman stands out. What happened? What special training did you give them?”

“Nothing. Asmophel and I instruct all the soldiers the same.”

“Then why is Royman's growth rate so different?”

“It's the difference between talent and motivation. There are soldiers who follow the training schedule without thinking, but there are also soldiers who try to make it work better for their growth.”

“Hmmm, can you give extra training for the soldier called

Royman?”

“Do you want Royman to grow faster?”

“Yes, to at least level 160.”

“I understand. I had already planned to configure a special group, so I will direct my training towards Royman.”

“Special group?”

It seemed to be something great. What would be the name of this special group?

‘Overgeared Task Force?’

It happened when Grid’s eyes were shining like lanterns.

“Duke Grid! Irene had gone into labor!”

“What?”

Her expected due date was supposed to be in two days. Grid abandoned the items he was making and ran to the castle in a hurry. Piaro also followed. A notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[When the baby is born, do you want it to be a boy or a girl? Your answer will have a profound impact on the child’s gender.]

Grid answered without hesitation.

Chapter 332

Grid answered without hesitation.

“Daughter! I want a daughter!”

Wasn’t a son better than a daughter as the successor? That didn’t matter to Grid. He just wanted a child that was like Irene. The girl would be bright, kind, and beautiful, unlike him.

‘I am afraid a son will resemble me!’

Typically, a daughter resembled the father and the son resembled the mother, but Grid didn’t believe this. He didn’t think a girl would have his appearance and personality.

[Do you really want a daughter?]

“Yes!”

[Okay. The baby who will be born soon will reflect your will.]

“Okay!”

From the smithy to the castle. Grid ran through the streets using the shortest path. He wanted to see his child’s face as soon as possible.

“You aren’t late.”

Lauel was waiting for him at the gates.

“It’s been 30 minutes since them midwife entered. Maybe the child will be born soon. Before that, are you really going to name your child Grene? Huh? How about rethinking the name?”

Lauel was sleep deprived, as always. In the game, he was busy managing Reidan, Bairan, and Cork Island, while in reality, he was responding to the endless flood of inquiries about joining the guild. So Lauel’s somewhat tense words were heard as they headed to the 3rd floor.

Cry! Cry!

The cries of a newborn baby was heard from Irene's bedroom at the end of the hall.

"Congratulations!"

The maid assisting the midwife ran out and shouted. The emotions in Grid's heart were indescribable. He really became a father! He felt a vague fear, but his joy was much greater.

"Daughter!"

The maid responded with a bright expression.

"Your son!"

Eh?

"What?"

It was an unexpected and shocking answer. Grid received a mental blow. On the other hand, Marquis Steim and his vassals were dancing.

"A precious baby boy was born in our family! A young gentleman, young gentleman!"

"Congratulations Duke Grid and Marquis Steim!"

"I wish you the best!"

"..."

A young gentleman.

'A son?'

Didn't it say that his choice would have a large effect on the gender of the child when born, so what was this?

"...Ah!"

Grid belatedly replied.

'I was originally unlucky.'

When had anything ever gone as he wanted? There were few occasions. The result always went against him. He had been lucky since becoming Pagma's Descendant, but before that, he had been so unlucky that he wondered if he had sold a country in his previous life.

Yes, this was the reality.

“Hah.”

Grid sighed and entered Irene's bedroom.

“Dear husband... It's a boy who resembles you. I'm so happy.”

Irene's complexion was noticeably tired. It was difficult to fathom how painful childbirth would be. But Irene's smile was brighter than ever. Grid realized something.

‘It might be more influenced by Irene's wish than my bad luck.’

Grid was relieved when he saw the baby in Irene's eyes. What did it matter if it was a daughter or a son? Proof of their precious love had been born. He was glad and happy. In the first place...

‘We can always have another child if I want a daughter.’

Irene was the only daughter of her family, so she had a strong desire for many children. She wanted to constantly give birth if she could. Grid smiled and kissed Irene's forehead.

“You must've suffered. Thank you. Thank you for giving this gift to me. Above all, I wish for you to be healthy.”

“Dear husband...”

Irene was always affectionate towards Grid. Irene was thrilled and handed the child to Grid.

“Please hug him.”

“U-Um.”

Grid was startled. Didn't the child have black hair like him? It

was concerning. His son, he looked like Grid.

‘Please let his nature be different...’

Grid sincerely wished as Irene handed the child to him. Then his eyes widened.

‘Why is he so pretty?’

Babies who were just born and couldn’t open their eyes reminded him of monkeys. But what was this? The white skin was resilient and the already opened eyes were blue like Irene. They were intense eyes like gemstones.

Grid’s mouth stretched widely as he looked at his son. It was an exquisite combination of himself and Irene, so an infinite affection rose inside him.

“What is the name of our grandchild?”

Marquis Steim asked. His mouth was also stretched widely. He looked even more delighted than Grid.

“The child’s name...”

Everyone’s attention focused on Grid. In particular, Lauel was staring at him with eager eyes.

‘Please don’t let it be Grene!’

Was his wish heard? Grid spoke a normal name for some reason.

“Lord.”

Don’t be despised like him, be loved and respected by all. Don’t be envious of others like him, but have a wide heart. It was a name filled with these wishes.

‘Lord...!’

It was a good name. It happened when everyone, including Lauel, was feeling happy.

“Maybe I should add my initial preceding it, G-lord.”

“...!”

Lauel’s expression twisted. He shouted angrily.

“Glord! That is a name that copies the format of an orc chief!”

“Ah.”

Grid felt relieved of the frustration that filled him for a decade. Glord. It was a name that he came up thanks to all his naming experience.

“Phew, it’s cool.”

Lauel saw Grid’s expression and shouted again.

“Please just name him Lord!”

“Isn’t that too common?”

“It is better than a name that copies an orc chief!”

He was correct. Glord was a proper noun in Satisfy, so it was right to avoid it. After a moment, Grid nodded.

“Okay, I understand. The name of this child is Lord.”

At that moment.

[Congratulations on the fruit of the couple’s love!]

[You are the first user to become a father!]

[The title ‘First Father’ has been obtained.]

[First Father]

* When you are in a party with your child, all of your stats will increase by 8%.

If the child’s health drops below 30%, the passive skill ‘Father’s Instinctive Love’ will be activated, increasing movement speed by 80% for 20 seconds and resetting skill cooldown.

Resetting skill cooldown time! It was truly a huge passive skill. Grid was glad when he suddenly felt doubts.

‘Party?’

Why would he go hunting with his child?

‘Why is it like this?’

Then Lord’s status window floated in front of Grid’s eyes.

Name: Lord Steim

Age: 0 years Gender: Male

Occupation: Young Nobleman

Title: Grid’s Son

* The son of a legendary blacksmith. He has inherited most of his father’s abilities.

Title: Genius of Eternal

* A genius that represents a country. He overwhelms local geniuses, and his level and abilities will rise 40% faster than normal. In addition, he can acquire skills in a wide range of fields.

However, there is a limit to the level and abilities that can be raised until he is 15 years old.

Title: One who Will Become a Legend

A person who will leave his name in history. There is an 80% chance of being immune to all status effects and illnesses. When attacked, if his health falls to 1 point, he will enter the immortal state for 2.5 seconds.

Level: 1

Strength: 31 Stamina: 39

Agility: 25 Intelligence: 47

Dexterity: 90 Charm: 100

Dignity: 15 Insight: 78

Skills: Beginner Blacksmith Skill (F), Beginner Weapons Mastery (C), Discerning Eyes (S), Overwhelming Charm (S), Famous and

Legendary Pedigree (SS).

His mother is the successor of a noble family in the Eternal Kingdom and his father is a legend. He has inherited all of his parent's strengths, so his potential is outstanding. Teaching him will be inspiring.

However, his talent and environment are so good that he is likely to become arrogant. Education will determine his history.

“This is completely...”

A gold spoon in Satisfy. Grid was forced to admire it.

Lord Steim. It was the day when the overlord of the world, who would later have the name of the Overgeared clan, was born.

“Abu. Abu.”

It had been a week since Lord was born. Compared to when he was born, the beauty of the child was already shining. He had Grid's eyes and high nose, the good parts of Grid, as well as Irene's face, skin, lips, and pupils.

“So pretty.”

Saintess Ruby arrived in Reidan two days ago. She had wanted to see her nephew's face. She smiled and didn't leave Lord's side. On the other hand, three women were uncomfortable.

Yura, Jishuka, and Sexy Schoolgirl. The women who gathered in one place after a long time were struggling.

“Well, I'll admit that the baby is pretty. However, the next baby that I'll give birth to will be better. Think about it. How dignified and sexy would a child born from Grid and I be?”

It was Jishuka who talked with confidence. Sexy Schoolgirl couldn't believe her ears.

“Oh my~ Jishuka, are you going to marry Grid? Ah, in the game

like Irene?”

“Huhut, this young girl is talking nonsense. If I was to marry Grid, it should be in reality. You can play the role of concubine in the game.”

“Sister, do you not like me? Are you afraid that I will be sexier than you after one or two years? Yes?”

“This kid, shouldn’t you be more self-conscious?”

“Be quiet. I don’t have the emotions of a kid.”

Yura intervened between the two girls. She was calm in front of Lord, unlike Jishuka and Sexy Schoolgirl.

“Yura, aren’t you worried? Irene and Grid will probably become closer after Lord is born. Our positions will become smaller.”

Yura spoke to Sexy Schoolgirl in a nonchalant manner, “I am already treated as a folding screen. I don’t need to worry.”

“...”

In the meantime, Grid was indifferent towards Yura. One of the world’s most beautiful women, Yura, was treated as a folding screen. Jishuka and Sexy Schoolgirl honestly couldn’t believe it. Sehee laughed from where she was playing with Lord with the baby toys that Grid had drawn.

‘It is because Oppa is very shy.’

Everyone forgot it because Grid was married, but he had no experience with love in reality. In reality, he hadn’t even held hands with a woman. An unrealistically beautiful and talented woman like Yura was too high of a barrier to be his first love. Ah, it might be different if Yura had a big chest like Jishuka.

At the same time.

“It’s really amazing.”

The soldier Royman reached level 160 under the thorough

guidance of Piaro and Asmophel. Grid was thrilled when he confirmed Royman's information with the Great Lord's Sword.

At this time, a huge 5,000 troops were entering Reidan's vast desert.

Chapter 333

1st Prince Ren's expedition to Reidan had to proceed in secret.

Spreading the news would allow Grid time to respond. Ren secretly recruited his army by organizing small number of troops and moving through through the estates of the nobles. It took a lot of time due to that, but Ren didn't hesitate.

It was right to be prudent.

The day before Grid's son, Lord, was born. There was a big disturbance in the fortified city of Patrian. 1st Prince Ren visited the city with 7,000 troops.

"I greet the prince."

Earl Ashur greeted him. He had the strength to control the balance of the world, but he did his duty as someone loyal to the nation.

"Earl, you don't need to do this. Get up. Come on."

Prince Ren was uncomfortable. Even the prince of a kingdom couldn't afford to go against a great magician. It was the same in the empire.

Earl Ashur asked him, "Why has the prince visited this place with an army?"

Prince Ren explained honestly. He intended to from the beginning.

"Unfortunately, the king's life won't last much longer. I feel like as part of my duty to the stability of the kingdom and the royal family, I have decided to strike at Grid."

"..."

Earl Ashur had also heard rumors about what Grid had said at the

rewards ceremony after the golem invasion. He understood the feelings and position of Prince Ren. But he was confused. The wicked Grid was holding his son hostage. His son might be in danger if Reidan was invaded.

Prince Ren saw Earl Ashur's worried face and opened his mouth.

"I'm well aware of your situation. Your son Bland is being held hostage in Reidan? Several months ago, Duke Grid used this weakness so that you would help him."

"..."

Earl Ashur couldn't say anything. He was too proud to admit the fact that one of the continent's 10 great magicians was in someone else's hands.

Prince Ren looked at him. "I will surely defeat Duke Grid and rescue Sir Bland. Trust me and cooperate with me."

"Do you have a good plan?"

Prince Ren was well aware of the strength of Grid's forces. Then what was this confidence? Earl Ashur showed interest and Prince Ren introduced a few people to him. It was the Royal Knights commander, Chucksley, and other people, including Hurent.

Earl Ashur was amazed as he examined their faces.

'Prince Ren had such a network?'

Recently, Chucksley was in the spotlight for shooting down three flying birds with one arrow. The kingdom's influential figures were following Ren. Among them were users (those who received the blessing of God), such as Hurent.

Their power was hard for even Earl Ashur to gauge.

Ren explained to him, "The ideal thing would be for you to personally join my army, but... Duke Grid could hurt Bland. I can't ask that of you, so please do me a favor. Teleport 3,000 of my soldiers to the Altes Mountains."

Altes Mountains!

Strictly speaking, it was the territory of the Saharan Empire located to the west of Reidan. It was the exact opposite position to Patrian, which was to the east of Reidan.

“A diversion?”

“Yes, the 4,000 soldiers will cross the desert and draw Duke Grid’s eyes, while 3,000 soldiers will attack from the rear.”

Reidan had many excellent talents, but there were only 1,000 soldiers. A diversion was highly likely to work. It wasn’t bad. However, Earl Ashur found it hard to answer.

Teleporting 3,000 people?

It might be possible for the legendary Braham, but it was hard for Earl Ashur.

‘2,000 soldiers might be possible.’

He would consume all his magic power at once and would probably receive a serious injury. It would be difficult to use magic for at least a fortnight.

Prince Ren kneeled and looked up at Ashur. “I know that this is an unreasonable demand. But please, for the royal family. No, for the sake of this kingdom and Sir Bland.”

The prince of a kingdom. The heir to the throne was kneeling while thousands of soldiers watched on. If Earl Ashur rejected this, it was clear that his reputation would be the worst. Earl Ashur realized.

‘1st Prince... He is quiet sly, unlike his pure and decent appearance.’

Now Earl Ashur realized how he could acquire so many talents.

‘Yes, he will be able to deal with that evil Grid.’

Earl Ashur laughed. He was elated by Prince Ren’s plan and

answered.

“I understand. I will follow your will. However, my lowly ability can only teleport 2,000 troops.”

“That alone is good enough! Thank you!”

Prince Ren was thrilled to tears. Earl Ashur knew the tears were false, but the soldiers were different.

“Waaaaahhhh!”

“Hooray 1st Prince!”

“Hooray Earl Ashur!”

[The morale of the army has risen. The stats of all soldiers will rise by 5% and the stamina consumption rate will decrease. This effect will continue as long as morale doesn't fall.]

It was auspicious.

Hurent smiled at the notification window.

“The great magician who grabbed the ankles of the seven guilds is helping me. How about it? Bunny Bunny. Do you feel the difference between me and the seven guilds?”

He would get revenge on Grid and get rid of his humiliation in front of the whole world. Hurent took Bunny Bunny, the best gaming BJ in the world, with him to fulfill that. Bunny Bunny, who had been recording the whole process with his camera, raised his thumb.

“I must admit that there is a clear difference.”

In fact, this situation was Prince Ren's achievement, but Hurent ignored that. Hurent had the vision to recognize Prince Ren's skill and accept the quest.

Name: Karin

Age: 21 Gender: Female

Occupation: Soldier

Title: Royman

A pseudonym used since she started pretending to be male. She really feels like a man, so her confidence increased and her strength increased by 5%. However, her charm is greatly reduced.

Title: New Star of the West

A genius that represents the region. Her level and abilities will rise 20% faster than normal. In the 'desert' terrain, all stats will increase by 150%.

Title: Watched by a Legend

She has attracted the attention of the legend Piaro. He has given her private lessons under the guise of military training. The rise in stats is very large and it is highly possible to acquire new skills.

Strength: 630 (▲) Stamina: 331 (▲)

Agility: 655 (▲) Intelligence: 99 (▲)

Belief: 10

Skills: Beginner Bow Mastery (F), Beginner Shield Mastery (F), Intermediate Sword Mastery (D), Farming (B), Prestigious Pedigree (A), Life Saving Sword (S)

In the days when Reidan was called the second capital, Karin was born the daughter of Reidan's greatest warrior. She trained in swordsmanship for a long time and dreamed of becoming a knight like her brothers.

But 10 years ago, Reidan became a desert, and her dreams were shattered. She lost her father to the monsters that constantly appeared, and her brothers disappeared in the vampire cities. Their status was unclear and her family fell.

No, it is correct to say that all of Reidan fell. Since then, Karin has been living every day waiting for her brothers to return. She is truly grateful to Duke Grid for restoring Reidan and giving her

time to wait for her brothers.

She even abandoned her sex in order to do her best as a soldier.

Grid trembled.

“It’s really amazing.”

A named NPC with no limit on how their stats could increase. It was very difficult to build a relationship with these people. He heard it was more likely to win the lottery. However, named NPCs kept appearing around Grid.

‘My luck is getting stronger!’

Grid thought this, but it was hard to see it simply as luck. It was simple when considering Grid’s current status. A legendary blacksmith and duke of a kingdom. The number of people he had was still small, but he had unshakable power. It was natural for talent to gather around this power.

“But to think she was a woman.”

She was quite pretty. Her skin was rough and her hair was short, but her thick lips and long eyelashes were attractive.

“Woman?”

Piario expressed doubts about Grid’s words. Woman? Royman? That excellent soldier? It was ridiculous. It was the moment Grid was about to explain to the disbelieving Piario.

“Right? She is...”

“Duke Grid!”

Royman fell to her knees. She looked up at Grid with mournful eyes.

“I am a man! My dream is to become a knight and then a soldier, becoming a good man at your side!”

“...”

So please keep this a secret. Grid understood the implications.

“It’s a joke, a joke. Rather, I have a gift for you.”

Grid opened his inventory.

In the inventory, 31 sets of ‘Mass Production Grid Set’ were listed by type. In fact, he had over 100 sets but they were left in the warehouse due to their weight. Everything he put in the warehouse were normal~rare rated.

On the other hand, the Grid sets in his inventory had an average of an epic rating.

“Now, take this.”

He gave Royman a unique rated set with the highest completion.

“U-Unbelievable.”

The duke was personally giving her battle gear? The emotional Royman accepted the battle gear. Grid looked at her tearful eyes and urged her.

“Go ahead and put it on.”

“Yes, yes!”

Royman held the Grid set in her arms and ran into the barracks. Piaro didn’t like this.

“That kid always changes his clothes secretly. It’s one of his few shortcomings.”

“...”

Grid heard that Piaro had no experience with dating. It seemed like he didn’t have a sense for women and couldn’t distinguish a man from a woman. Grid couldn’t say anything. He never would’ve thought Royman was a girl if he hadn’t checked her details.

After a moment.

“This is amazing!”

Royman ran out in grey armor made of steel and black iron.

“Is it good?”

“Not good, it’s great! I have never seen such great battle gear since I was born! Three times...! No, I feel four times stronger!”

“That is being overgeared.”

“Overgeared...! I don’t know what that means, but it’s really amazing!”

Royman’s tone kept rising due to her excitement. She couldn’t hide her female tone and Piaro frowned. Piaro determined that it was a top priority to raise Royman’s masculinity.

“If you are four time stronger, the intensity of your training should be increased by four times.”

“Huh? A-Are you serious?”

“Have I ever spoken in vain?”

“...”

She was already working twice as hard as other soldiers and even had to do field work at dawn, now she was going to get more training? And by four times? Royman couldn’t help feeling afraid. She was like a frightened puppy.

However, Piaro had no mercy.

“Jump! Run straight up Altes Mountains!”

“A-Altes Mountains! It will take two days just getting there!”

” We will be back by tomorrow morning!

“P-Piaro!”

Piaro was full of motivation and Royman started her suffering as she began to run. There was anxiety on Grid’s face as he looked at them moving away. Thinking about it again, didn’t Royman have the Farming skill?

“Surely the special group doesn’t have something to do with farming?”

No way. He had a bad thought. Grid left this place.

At the same time, Altes Mountains.

Pahat! Pa pa pa pak!

Thousands of rays of light fell. Hurent and Bunny Bunny were at the forefront of the 2,000 troops that appeared.

“The great Hurent’s play, I want you to capture it on camera.”

“Hehe, please leave it to me.”

The humiliated Hurent getting revenge on Grid. As long as he recorded this clearly and broadcasted it, Bunny Bunny could become rich overnight.

‘I wish that there would be many cool scenes!’

He wanted to capture the brilliant battlefield where strong players fought and skills ran rampant. It was Bunny Bunny’s desire.

“I hope you can clear the fields here.”

“Piaro, why are you taking out a hand plow all of a sudden?”

“This is part of the training. And while doing field work, take off your armor. Feel nature with your flesh.”

“...Yes.”

The spectacular sight of Hurent and Bunny Bunny’s army appeared in the distance.

Chapter 334

‘The two of them have good chemistry.’

Piario was a person who liked to teach others. There was no one in the Tzedakah Guild who hadn't been taught by Piario. Royman also dreamed of reaching a higher ground, so if they stuck together, they could become a fantasy pair.

‘Please don't lean towards becoming a farmer.’

The unique rated Mass Production Grid set. It had a 160 level limit and had significant value. In particular, it was suitable for people who wanted to grow rapidly. It was an investment, so Grid wanted Royman to achieve a growth beyond his expectations.

“Duke, we'll return to the north.”

The road to the castle. Earl Steim's knights came and spoke to him.

“My father-in-law?”

Grid was puzzled because he didn't see Marquis Steim and Laden explained.

“The lord wants to stay near the young nobleman. We have to protect him, but the north is currently slightly unstable. It can't be left empty, so we'll return first. I ask you to please look after My Lord.”

“I don't care what you say, but isn't the situation in the north unstable? Is it okay for Father-in-law to leave his position?”

“We will go first so that it will be okay, even if My Lord isn't there.”

‘Father-in-law has many good subordinates.’

Grid nodded.

“Okay, I understand. I will look after Father-in-law, so please go.

If you're having a hard time in the north, go to Jude in Winston. He doesn't have any thoughts, but he has great strength, unlike a braggart like you."

"...I will listen. I am grateful for your care."

Laden and the knights respectfully said goodbye and left Reidan. It was with 1,000 soldiers. 500 elites were left behind to protect Marquis Steim.

"Vacating his territory because of his grandchild. He had no dignity as a marquis."

Grid said so, but he fully understood Marquis Steim's mind. Lord was cute, smart and pretty!

"Lord, wait! Father is coming!"

Grid hastened his pace. He wanted to see his son's face as soon as possible. Lael gazed at Grid as he entered in a hurry.

"Do you know that your work efficiency has been very poor since Lord was born?"

"Ugh."

Grid knew. Every day, he had played with Lord for at least two hours, so he had a tendency to neglect item making and hunting. Lael grinned at Grid, who couldn't speak.

"Well, your current look is very good."

"Eh?"

Grid was confused since he thought he would be scolded again. Lael gazed at him carefully.

"It is right to get used to loving someone. You will learn to be generous through this."

Grid was fundamentally a simple and narrow-minded person. What was the reason? Lael could roughly guess.

'It is because he has been despised most of his life by others.'

Grid had a low self-esteem and was narrow-minded compared to his ability. He wasn't good at interacting with others. If Lael listened to the Tzedakah Guild, Grid was much worse in the past. He only thought about himself and was always jealous of others.

But Grid started changing, and at the center of this change were Irene and Khan. Receiving love and giving love. Grid became more mature because he experienced one of the basic principles of human relations.

"You will eventually rule over millions of people and receive a lifetime of taxes from them. To become a good and wise king, you must learn compassion first."

"..."

If Grid was a normal user, he would've responded incredulously. Love? Charity? Good and wise king?

'Are you shooting a movie alone? This is just a game,' was what they would say.

However, Grid was different from a common user. Satisfy wasn't a simple game for Grid. It was a world that was as precious as reality, where he got wealth, friends, a lover and a child.

"I understand what you're trying to say. But isn't it better to think of the people first instead of me? We can't even raise the taxes, right?"

"It will be fine as long as I coordinate with you. As you know, I have the qualities of a tyrant like you. The two of us complement each other."

"Qualities of a tyrant... Two of us..."

Grid shivered. He struggled to shake off this feeling.

Reidan's desert was full of heat.

There were powerful and wild monsters here, as Prince Ren was

well aware. Nevertheless, the reason why he marched his army without any hesitation was because he had a countermeasure.

“That way.”

“Beyond there as well!”

The Royal Knights Captain, Chucksley. The best archer in the palace, Ferrell.

The two people, known as the strongest men, were leading a handful of troops. Their mission was to eliminate the monsters on the way. It was possible because the royal monster scholars displayed the location of the desert monsters on the map.

“It’s easy.”

The squads scattered in all directions around their base, defeating monsters. This allowed the base to safely advance. While this progressed smoothly, the smiling Ren gave orders to 20 assassins.

“Head to Reidan first. If the war begins and there’s a gap in Reidan’s defenses, grab the duchess and bring her to me. Alternatively, you can also kill her.”

“Yes!”

The assassins moved quickly. Ren confirmed this and gained greater confidence, speeding up his march.

“Hurry! We have to arrive at Reidan tomorrow to match up with Hurent’s schedule!”

“Ohhhhhh!”

The soldiers’ morale increased. The heat of the desert? It wasn’t an obstacle for a person who would soon become king.

“What’s this?”

The northern knight leading 1,000 soldiers across the desert. He

looked up at the high sand dune and stopped the march.

Tadat!

Laden climbed up the sand dune. The soldiers admired his slick movements. Then the sight of thousands of soldiers appeared before him.

“That flag is...!”

Laden’s expression stiffened. It was a silver dragon with wings. It represented the royal family of the Eternal Kingdom.

‘Why are royal troops here in the west?’

The royal army was advancing towards Reidan.

‘Is it to celebrate the young lord’s birth?’

However, the scale of the march was too big.

‘It can’t be!’

1st Prince Ren hated Duke Grid. No, strictly speaking, he was afraid of the duke. A rat cornered by a cat would act! Marquis Steim was concerned that Prince Ren would act against Grid after King Wiesbaden died. Therefore, he wanted to mediate between Prince Ren and Grid.

‘My Lord’s efforts have been ruined.’

It was clear that King Wiesbaden was dying. It happened when Laden was thinking.

“Why are northern troops here in the west?”

He heard someone’s voice behind him. Laden turned and saw 300 people on horseback. They were one of the squads hunting monsters. The elite royal cavalry, the Iron Wind. The leader of the Iron Wind, Beida, was famous for being a master of two spears.

“I asked why northern troops are here in the west.”

Beida approached and asked again. There weren’t any hostile intentions and they were from the same kingdom, so the northern

soldiers didn't bother him. But Laden was different.

“Get down!”

Laden shouted to the soldiers. The spear flew over the heads of the soldiers who had reflexively ducked. The spear was swung by Beida.

“H-Hik!”

The soldiers who survived peed themselves. The few people who were unable to escape had their heads separated from their bodies, causing the entire northern army to turn white. Beida's gaze fell on Laden.

“You have very good eyes. What is your name?”

“You keep asking questions. You're like a coquettish woman.”

“...!”

Laden's attitude that showed no fear stimulated Beida. He slowly revealed the wild nature that was hidden under his calm expression.

“You...! I will cut off your arms and legs first before asking again. Hiyah!”

Beida ran forward. It was a speed beyond common sense as he rushed through the desert hills. The northern troops were frightened, but Laden remained calm.

“The sin of killing Marquis Steim's soldiers, I will pay it back with death.”

“Bah!”

Laden placed a hand on the sheathe at his waist and watched Beida.

“You are still wet behind the eyes!”

Puok!

Beida's spear stuck in the sand. It was the place where Laden had

been standing just a moment ago. Laden avoided the spear and swung his sword at Beida's thigh.

Chaaeng!

Beida defended with his spear and declared angrily.

"You are fast but not very strong... Kuk?"

Beida paled as he realized it. Blood was rising from the wrist that held the spear.

"You!"

Phoenix wasn't the only strong one in the north? Laden knocked down the astonished Beida and commanded the northern troops.

"Kill all of them and return to Reidan."

Until yesterday, they were serving the same king. Laden believed that Marquis Steim would be on Duke Grid's side, rather than Prince Ren, and quickly knew what to do.

'It won't be long now.'

Hurent's mood was heightened as he descended towards the foot of the mountain. His blood boiled as he thought of paying back the 5 second humiliation.

'I will show you the true power of aura.'

The biggest advantages of aura were the fixed damage and form changes. At the time of the National Competition, Hurent couldn't properly make use of the form changes, but now it was different.

It was a power that made imagination become reality. With this fraudulent power, Hurent believed that he could defeat Grid. No, it wasn't just Grid. It included Kraugel, the top rankers, Agnus and the hidden rankers.

Hurent had no doubt that he would overwhelm all of them.

"Who are you?"

It happened when Hurent and the 2,000 troops had just left Altes Mountains and were about to enter the desert. Two farmers blocked their path. Hurent was upset and fired aura at them. The farmers' eyes widened as they saw the aura stretching like a whip.

Chapter 335

Swaeek!

The aura whip aimed at the farmers. The farmers standing here were Piaro and Royman.

‘How can aura have this form?’

Royman was familiar with aura. Her father was a prominent swordsman and able to skillfully use aura. But this was the first time she had seen such a changeable aura. It was released from the sword? This wasn’t aura, but magic!

‘There are many masters in this world!’

Royman accepted Hurent as a master of a new world. She felt awe.

Chaaeng!

The aura blade aimed for her neck as she stared blankly. Piaro tsked and blocked it with a hand plow.

“Not reacting when a blade is coming at your neck, it’s a convenient way to commit suicide.”

“I-I’m really sorry!”

Royman was confused. That amazing aura was blocked by a hand plow?

‘I knew Sir Piaro was strong, but this much?’

Royman expected Piaro to have the strength of an ordinary knight. It was natural since he did field work every day. He didn’t look very special. But not now. Perhaps Piaro’s strength was higher than Asmophel.

“I will teach you to reflexively defend, even if you don’t have two arms. Let’s plant rice for three hours every day starting from tomorrow.”

“Huh?”

She was sincerely grateful for her life being spared. He would be her savior for the rest of her life. But planting rice? This wasn't a penalty game, so Royman couldn't understand what was going on.

On the other hand, Piaro was somewhat confused.

‘Is there another strong person?’

The Red Knights.

Piario carried out wars all over the continent when he was a part of them. He spent more days falling asleep on the battlefield than he did at home, and he had to face countless enemies. He saw the powerhouses that represented each nation.

However, the enemies he met while staying at this peaceful(?) Reidan were much more brilliant. It was truly amazing.

‘Reidan entices powerhouses.’

Or maybe it was just a different time. In any case, Piario enjoyed it. The invasion of enemies would be the food that further strengthened the legendary farmer's power. He was caught up in this positive feeling and told Hurent what he thought.

“Your ability to control aura is amazing. But it's still lacking strength.”

“...Ah.”

A farmer praising an aura master's aura, Hurent couldn't be happy.

‘However, his skills are real.’

The dirt-covered farmer had blocked his aura with a hand plow. It wasn't a dream. The 2,000 soldiers all saw it.

‘The rumors were true?’

He heard that there were powerful farmers in Reidan. There were rumors that the reason the seven guilds failed was due to

farmers.

‘Of course, I thought it was nonsense.’

Now it seemed to be true.

“Hrmm.”

Hurent turned towards Bunny Bunny. Bunny Bunny had the camera in hand and was filming the situation. From his excited expression, he also seemed to be aware of the rumors about Reidan’s farmers.

‘I don’t need to take risks before meeting Grid.’

He was confident about getting revenge on Grid, so he couldn’t fall victim to this farmer. Hurent judged and turned towards Royman.

‘Use him.’

Hurent’s judgment and execution were excellent. There were no unnecessary delays. In order to increase his concentration, he closed his eyes and used ‘Aura Impact.’

[You have released your aura.]

[Accurately imagine the shape of the aura within 2 seconds. If there is even a small error in the image, the skill will fail.]

He had been practicing image training every day for the past 10 months in order to bring out the true power of an aura master! Hurent’s eyes flashed and he shouted.

“Dragon’s Roar!”

[You have developed the breath of a dragon! By reproducing the power of a transcendent being, the power of your aura is greatly increased!]

[There is a limit to the power that a unique rated aura can exert.]

Kuwaaaang!

The aura fired by Hurent blew out in a straight line. The strong

energy that stirred the earth and caused a sand storm couldn't be compared to the whip from before.

“Ha!”

Piario was sincerely amazed. When he was a great swordsman, he realized the limits of aura. However, the man in front of him was different. He broke through the limits of aura. He was a truly respectable person who achieved a level that Piario couldn't reach.

“In honor of your talent, I will also use my full power.”

Piario couldn't afford to relax. To be precise, he had no room to spare. He had to protect Royman, who would grow to be a strength for his lord. The power of the aura breath was strong and wide. He couldn't just stand by and watch.

“Free Farming 4th Style.”

Suruk.

Piario moved his hand to his waist. It was to extract a plow from one of the six sheaths hanging there. A plow that Grid created. As soon as he pulled it out, Piario's power exploded.

The power of items.

[All skills related to farming will increase by 20%.]

“Plow the Field!”

Pepepepeng!

Piario's plow struck the ground, causing it to rise like a tsunami.

‘Amazing!’

The world's top gaming BJ, Bunny Bunny. He pointed his camera and admired the whip-like aura. Hurent's control skills were extraordinary. However, Bunny Bunny was disappointed when the shabby farmer blocked it with a hand plow.

‘A farmer could block that skill?’

Aura Master Hurent. His aura was gorgeous, but it was without strength. There was a reason he was defeated by Grid in 5 seconds.

‘Instead of getting revenge on Grid, will he die in four seconds this time?’

Bunny Bunny was extremely disappointed in Hurent when he suddenly had a thought.

‘I heard a rumor that there was a monster famer in Reidan...’

Was the rumor true?

‘A huge scoop!’

This was a great opportunity to inform the world about the truth of the rumors. The excited Bunny Bunny focused on filming. Hurent used a tremendous skill that was reminiscent of a dragon’s breath.

‘Ohhh!’

Hurent’s abilities were real. It was too early to be disappointed in him. Bunny Bunny started sweating as he saw the power of that breath. How would the rumored farmer cope with this cool technique?

‘Increase my viewership with a spectacular battle scene!’

Bunny Bunny prayed, but his wish was soon popped.

“Another farming equipment?”

The hand plow changed to a plow! The farmer called Piaro didn’t seem to be showing a brilliant battle scene, unlike Bunny Bunny’s expectations. No, Bunny Bunny was crazy to have high expectations in the first place.

Bunny Bunny frowned.

“Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field.”

Pepepepeok!

The earth rose and collided with Hurent’s aura breath. At the

same time, the ground started to be cleared for use as a farming field.

“What is this...?”

Bunny Bunny’s camera picked up the stunning sight. Streams of water were rising from the center of the cleared land.

‘This is the desert!’

Water was found in the desert? Bunny Bunny’s cognitive abilities failed to keep up with the scene in front of him.

“Free Farming 1st Style, Sowing.”

Papat! Pa pa pa pak!

Seeds poured down like rain over the confused Bunny Bunny and 2,000 soldiers.

‘What is this?’

It was a series of processes that reminded him of farming.

‘No, this is impossible.’

No one was crazy enough to start farming in front of 2,000 enemies...

“Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth.”

Kwaduk! Kudududuk!

“Heok!”

Bunny Bunny’s face turned white. It was because the thousands of seeds scattered on the ground started to sprout all at once.

‘This is crazy!’

He wanted a spectacular battle scene, but it was a farming diary? Bunny Bunny felt more anger than wonder as he stared at the scene of a desert being turned into rice fields. At this time, Hurent was aiming for Royman.

[Block Toys to Help a Child's Development.]

It was an item Grid got from the Reputation Store. At first he thought it was a useless item, but he was glad to see Lord playing well with them.

“Abu. Abu.”

A small baby was sitting on the bed and building a spire with the blocks. It was a crude shape that anyone could recognize as a castle. A child only 10 days old was building a castle with blocks? It was an unbelievable sight.

“A genius! The best genius of the continent!!”

Marquis Steim was sure of it. It was an objective assessment, not because he was blinded by love. Irene made a happy expression.

“It's good that his dexterity resembles my husband's. I think he will become a master of blacksmithing.”

Grid replied with a smile.

“He's just like you.”

“Dear husband...”

“Irene.”

The eyes of the couple were filled with affection. The couple's love was much deeper than before. Every night, the six hands...

Omitted.

So it was natural that their love would deepen.

“Hum hum.”

Marquis Steim coughed as the couple embraced each other. It was a signal that they shouldn't forget he was here.

“What type of education are you planning on focusing on for Lord?”

Marquis Steim's question activated the child care system.

[Please select Lord's education.]

[Lord's age is still young, so there are limited options to choose from.]

Leave it until he is older.

Basic academic education.

Basic etiquette education.

‘Don’t rush.’

What education should he give to a child who was only 10 days old? Grid was able to pick option one when he suddenly stopped.

‘No, if I think about it, isn’t the current Lord twice as intelligent as Jude?’

Jude’s maximum intelligence was set at 20, while Lord was born with 48 intelligence. He was young, but had a good brain, so he was already at a level that could be taught. That’s why basic academics and etiquette were provided in the options.

‘He is highly likely to become arrogant.’

Grid pondered and made a decision.

“I will teach him etiquette. He was born with a gold spoon, but he shouldn’t be too indulged.”

“Um, yes. Early education is important. It’s especially important for talented children.”

“I’m in favor of Dear Husband’s will.”

[Lord’s early education method has been selected. Your wife Irene will teach Lord.]

At this moment.

‘Eh?’

Grid could see Lord’s face, which had been smiling happily the whole time. Now Lord looked like he wanted to complain about something.

‘Don’t tell me he doesn’t want to study?’

Did he understand their words?

‘I must be mistaken.’

Grid was being too sensitive. Grid laughed it off.

“There’s a strange expression on Lord’s face, so it seems like he has done a poo.”

“Oh my, really?”

Irene confirmed it and called a maid.

Chapter 336

“Indeed, my grandchild is great! He doesn’t cry when doing a poo, he’s a real man! Just like me!”

“It’s good if you’re dexterous like me. He is also pretty like Irene, and smart.”

“Ha! He’s perfect! It is almost a perfect work by God! Giving birth to such a great son, I respect you!”

“I admire the man who helped give birth to a lovely woman like Irene!”

“Kelkelkel!”

“Hahaha!”

Grid and Marquis Steim made a fuss as the maid changed Lord’s diaper. The great lords who represented their nation had forgotten their dignity. Irene was somewhat disgruntled, but didn’t say anything. She didn’t want to break their excitement because she understood their hearts.

“Lord is sleepy. We shouldn’t interrupt his nap time, so we should go out.”

“T-This... I want to play together a bit more.”

“Father is right. Don’t you know how important sleeping is for a child when growing up? We shouldn’t prevent him from sleeping.”

“...It can’t be helped.”

“Sleep well, Lord. Chu.”

The Grid couple left the child to the nanny and left the room with Marquis Steim.

After a moment.

It happened when the nanny fell asleep.

“...”

Somebody fell from the ceiling. It was done secretly with no sound. The sleeping nanny and knights guarding outside didn't notice the appearance of the visitor. It was natural. The man with dark skin and long arms was none other than Kasim, king of shadows.

How many people could detect Kasim's stealth? There were only a few throughout the continent.

'He's cuter up close.'

Originally Kasim was protecting Irene, but now he was by Lord's side. Most nobles cherished their heir more than their wives. Grid was the same, so Kasim changed his protection priorities.

'Once he's older, he will attract many women.'

The last 10 days.

Kasim was amazed as he watched Lord. It was the first time he had seen such a beautiful and clever newborn. Kasim didn't share a single drop of blood with him, but he was glad to watch.

'If it wasn't for the empire...'

He would be able to marry a Nero woman, have a child, and live a normal life.

Kwaduduk!

It was at this moment that Kasim's desire for revenge on the empire was revived. Suddenly, the sleeping Lord opened his eyes. The newborn baby detected him when the nanny and knights outside the door couldn't.

Kasim was thrilled.

'His innate senses goes far beyond an ordinary person.'

"Abu! Abu!"

Lord reached out to Kasim. There was clearly a smile in his eyes. It felt like he was just looking at Kasim.

‘Does he know that I am guarding him?’

This baby was the real thing. Kasim, the strongest assassin currently in existence. He became greedy when he saw the transcendent genius.

“Little boy, do you want to play with me every night from now on?”

“Abu! Abu!”

His eyes shone like they had lanterns. It seemed like an answer. Kasim smiled with satisfaction, picked up the block pieces and arranged them on one side of Lord.

“Throw this. Like so.”

Kasim demonstrated directly. He threw a block and hit one of the dolls placed on the window frame.

Tok! After seeing that the doll fell, Lord laughed. But with the baby’s control, the dolls were still too far away.

“Bubu! Bu!”

Lord waved his arms when the block he threw wasn’t able to reach the window. His pride seemed to be hurt that he couldn’t match Kasim. Kasim thought it was absurd.

‘A newborn baby is aware of my words and is also burning for victory...!’

Also!

‘His strength is already better than most boys!’

The block that Lord threw was very light. In order to throw it towards the window, he needed the strength of a 14 year old. However, Lord was still 0 years old. Kasim’s enthusiasm grew. This child’s innate senses and power!

‘I might be able to impart the completeness of the secret techniques Master left behind!’

Doran and Kasim were slightly lacking in talent. They could only learn half of their master's secret techniques.

‘But this child...!’

Lord Steim.

It was the day he met the first of his seven mentors.

“Oh my!”

The nanny woke up and felt like she had been hit by lightning. It was because the formerly clean room now had blocks scattered around it.

‘Was it the young Lord?’

A newborn baby climbed down from bed and played with toys? It was nonsense, the nanny was well aware of this. But if someone had entered the room, the knights outside the door would've called out and woken her up. She was forced to suspect Lord.

However...

Lord was in a deep sleep. His sleeping form was consistent with when she last saw him.

‘Lord is sleeping, so what happened?’

She got goosebumps. It seemed to be a ghost. On the other hand, Kasim was shocked from his spot on the ceiling.

‘A newborn baby is pretending to sleep!’

It was amazing.

The desert had been turned into a field.

The soldiers freaked out as the hot desert turned into a golden wheat field.

“Wow... What is this?”

“Am I dreaming right now?”

The 2,000 soldiers were confused at the unbelievable situation.

‘What is this sudden scene?’

Bunny Bunny was angry.

“What’s the point of making a field? It’s in vain!”

Hurent rushed towards Royman.

“Uh!”

Chaaeng!

Royman barely defended against Hurent’s blow. A blue light aimed at her waist. It was Aura Impact, which he used to create another blade and attack through the gap.

‘It is the end!’

Royman felt sure of her death. She closed her eyes as the aura blade flew at her.

“Is there more than one life? Fight to the end and don’t give up so easily.”

Piaro. He seemed to be busy with the wheat field, but he ran to protect Royman.

“Sir Piaro...!”

Royman looked at Piaro different after her life was saved again. She was full of longing. But she couldn’t look into Piaro’s eyes for long. She was embarrassed and shyly bowed her head.

“...”

A person of talent who had just started to walk along his path. There was no need to feel ashamed for being powerless against the strong. He spoke words of comfort, “I will add two hours of planting.”

“Heok.”

Piario had no mercy. He turned towards Hurent after reducing Royman's sleeping time to 3 hours and 30 minutes. Hurent was smiling despite his attack being blocked. He could afford to relax.

"I heard that a crazy farmer was the guardian of Reidan. I'm embarrassed, since I didn't expect it to be true."

"You seem quite amused for someone who is embarrassed."

"Of course I'm amused. What if I defeat the farmer who stopped the seven guilds from reaching Reidan? Won't my evaluation soar up infinitely?"

"Don't put impossible words in your mouth."

"We'll see. I know the long and short of it."

"It seems like you believe in the 2,000 soldiers."

"No, I only believe in me."

Ttaak!

Hurent snapped his fingers. Was it a signal for the soldiers to attack? Piario thought so, but the soldiers didn't move.

'What?'

"Uh!"

Piario was puzzled as Royman suddenly groaned. It was because she started to feel pain from her side, which had been lightly grazed by the aura blade.

"My aura left a mark."

"Mark?"

"Yes, a mark where aura can manifest. Imagine it. If I release aura from your lover's side, what will happen to your lover? She is so fragile that she will break in two."

"...!"

Piario's eyes widened. He was certainly upset.

Hurent smiled with satisfaction.

“Now, make your choice. Allow my army to advance! Or I will break your precious lover apart in front of you!”

Hurent shouted with confidence towards Piaro.

“Is that a mark that can be carved into the ground?”

“Eh?”

What? There was no tension in that question. Hurent was confused and nodded.

“T-That’s correct. It is a technique with a high utilization.”

“Hoh.”

Ssik!

A smile appeared on Piaro’s face. He looked very wicked.

“Won’t this be useful for clearing the fields?”

“What?”

Clearing the fields? What was this? Hurent couldn’t understand the words and frowned. Piaro copied his style of speaking.

“I will give you a choice. Work in the fields with me. Or do you want to work in the fields after losing all 2,000 soldiers?”

‘No, what nonsense is he saying?’

Wasn’t Hurent the one in an advantageous position right now? It was like talking to a wall. Hurent realized it.

‘He was called a crazy farmer for a reason!’

This farmer truly wasn’t sane. Hurent determined and triggered the skill to let Piaro know his position.

“Kyaaak!”

Royman couldn’t bear the pain coming from her waist and sat down. Her side was already soaked with blood. Piaro saw it and shouted, “You have chosen!”

“...Eh?”

“Free Farming 8th Style. Polishing!”

The reason why Piaro left Hurent alone and cleared the field. It was because his enemy wasn't just Hurent. Piaro was thinking about the big picture.

Pepeng! Pepepepeok!

The wheat field that covered the whole area. Explosions occurred where the 2,000 soldiers and Hurent were standing. The myriad of wheat had become powerful bombs, destroying the whole area.

“What?”

Hurent was at a loss for words as he saw the soldiers screaming and dying. A ranged skill that could target 2,000 people? This was equivalent to the Meteor skill that could only be learned by a legendary great magician.

“Don't tell me, a legendary...!”

Piario approached the astonished Hurent and wielded his hand plow.

Puk!

[You have suffered 15,500 damage.]

Puk!

[You have suffered 15,900 damage.]

Puk!

[You have suffered 16,100 damage.]

[You have suffered catastrophic damage in a short period of time! You are in a critical condition!]

‘T-This is crazy!’

What was this? Hurent was hit successively in the forehead by a hand plow and sat down.

The sight behind Piaro was a mountain of bodies and a river of blood.

Chapter 337

Hurent had been playing Satisfy since the closed beta. He went through a lot of adventures, so he knew better than anyone how vast the world was. A farmer was stronger than him? He could accept it.

Yes, it wasn't surprising if a legendary farmer could use a meteor type skill.

'The legendary fisherman might be friends with the dragon king by now.'

There were many hermits in this world. But there was one thing that Hurent couldn't accept. A legendary farmer was excellent. Then why was he Grid's subordinate?

'Grid, where is your limit?'

He gained a legendary class faster than anybody else, and now he also had a legendary NPC? Grid was an object of hatred, but Hurent had to acknowledge his superior abilities. Piaro reached out to the frustrated Hurent.

"Come with me."

"..."

The crazy farmer. He didn't even blink after killing thousands of people, making him look strange. Hurent wanted to resist. However, his body wasn't in a state where it could move. In the end, he had to give up.

"Yes, I will follow. Drag me to Grid, where you can boil or bake me to your heart's content."

"No, you will do farming with me."

"What?"

Was he really crazy?

It was funny to say this with his own mouth, but Hurent was the leader of an army that wanted to invade Reidan. From Reidan's point of view, he was a sinner that they could acquire a lot of information from. As a person of high importance, it was right to handle him carefully.

But he was going to do farming? It was surreal and his ego was hurt. Did Piaro read his mind? Piaro made a ridiculing sound at Hurent's expression.

"The leader of an army who died before reaching Reidan has no value. You just have to think about doing farming."

"Eek!"

Hurent's ego was shattered. He panicked and made a mistake.

"I have a lot of confidential information! If you don't obtain the information from me, Reidan will be turned into a sea of fire! So treat me as a high priority prisoner!"

"Oh, really?"

Piaro's expression changed. It was the moment Piaro transformed from a farmer into the commander of Reidan. Hurent realized his mistake.

"Kuheok! Cough! Cough!"

The explosion of countless wheat was enormous. More than half of the 2,000 soldiers died, and the rest were seriously injured. Bunny Bunny's state was in the middle. He barely survived with 15% of his health left and he was gripped with an unknown terror.

'He is a huge monster!'

Reidan's crazy farmer. Rumor had it that he overwhelmed the 2nd ranked Zibal and the 3rd ranked Chris, turning Chris into a serf. The rumor that he blocked the seven guilds alone(?) was also not an exaggeration.

‘How terrible was Zibal’s fight with that monster?’

The world was wide and there were many monsters. Bunny Bunny was caught in a desire to capture all of them with his camera. He wanted to become a conglomerate by monopolizing all the viewers.

But to do this, he needed to survive. Swiftiness was needed to catch all types of scoop, so he steadily raised his agility with every level. It should be enough to avoid death.

‘The first thing is to live.’

It was enough that he captured video of the rumored farmer. The farmer made a wheat field in an instant and used it for an explosion that destroyed most of the 2,000 soldiers. There was no longer any reason to stay here.

Then Hurent? Wasn’t Hurent going to get revenge on Grid?

Puk!

“Heok!”

Puk!

“Kuack!”

Puk!

“Kuheeok!”

“...”

Looking at Hurent being hit three times on the forehead with a hand plow, Hurent’s desire for revenge on Grid seemed like a dream.

‘Discard Hurent!’

Bunny Bunny determined, wore the ‘Fast Boots,’ and quickly left the battlefield. He was planning to join Prince Ren. Prince Ren had many talents who were above Hurent. What if he filmed the gorgeous clash between them and Overgeared?

‘I will be sitting on money! I must shoot a video worth 100 billion dollars today!’

Bunny Bunny’s aspirations were great.

“Where have all the kids gone? Why don’t I see any of the guild members?”

After playing with Lord. Grid stopped by Lauel’s office before going to the smithy. As always, paper was piled up like a mountain.

“Everybody is busy. They aren’t at the estate because they are committed to their missions or hunting.”

“Aren’t they only hunting in the vampire cities?”

“That is the most efficient method. Aside from the experience, vampire items and elixirs can be obtained. The desert ecosystem is in a fairly stable state, so this is appropriate.”

“Did anyone find an elixir?”

“Not yet.”

“Ah.”

The drop rate was truly the worst. It was a shame for Grid, who coveted the agility elixir.

Lauel asked him.

“Do you remember how 10 years ago, the former lord of Reidan sent out an expedition to the vampire cities?”

“I remember. Why are you asking about it all of a sudden?”

“It’s annoying because the Overgeared members haven’t found any traces of the vampire expedition, despite searching all over the vampire cities.”

“Why is it annoying? It was 10 years ago, so is it strange for all evidence to be wiped out?”

“Yes. The records left behind showed that there were close to 18,000 people on the vampire expedition. It is normal that some traces of them should remain.”

“Well, there are many vampire cities that we haven’t visited yet. The evidence might be somewhere there. But is it an important issue?”

“At the present time, no.”

“At the present time? Then it could become an important issue later on?”

The moment Grid asked the question.

“Earl Lael”

A young knight ran into the office. Entering the office without even knocking on the door? Lael was offended, but this didn’t seem like a situation where etiquette was important. The knight’s entire body was covered in wounds.

“Aren’t you one of Marquis Steim’s knights? What is going on?”

“Well... Heok!”

The knight was going to explain to Lael when he panicked. It was because he noticed Grid sitting on the couch.

“I-I greet Duke Grid!”

Grid waved his hand.

“There is no time to say hello so please explain.”

“Ah, yes! 5,000 enemy troops are advancing towards Reidan!”

“5,000 enemy troops?”

The face of the knight was filled with despair.

“It is the royal troops!”

“Royal troops? Eternal?”

“Yes! Sir Laden is leading the 1,000 northern soldiers to slow the

enemy's march, but it's a terrible situation!"

"Eh?"

Grid couldn't believe it.

"Why is the royal army of the Eternal Kingdom coming to invade Reidan? Aren't we on the same side?"

Lauel smiled. "The rice that we sowed was eaten."

"Sowed rice...?"

The Grid in the past would've failed to understand the present situation until the end. But Lauel had been his subordinate for 9 months in reality and 27 months in game time. It had been so long, so how could Grid not learn something?

"Did King Wiesbaden die?"

"...!"

Lauel's eyes widened. He honestly never imagined that Grid would guess this himself.

'He has grown steadily, but to think he reached this level!'

The astonished Lauel was speechless for a while.

"This situation is interesting."

Grid rose from his spot and smiled darkly.

"Lauel, have Asmophel convene the soldiers. It's time for the storm."

Grid headed towards his private warehouse. The warehouse was filled with 'Mass Production Grid Sets.'

"Kuaack!"

"M-Marquis Steim... I couldn't hold out until the end...I'm sorry... Cough! Cough!"

The 1,000 troops led by Laden and 10 knights. They fell into a

crisis after wiping out the Iron Wind troops. It was because he was caught by the unit led by the great swordsman, Chucksley.

“You’re great.”

Great Swordsman Chucksley. He was comparable to the past Piaro of the empire. He praised Laden, who defended against his sword four times.

“20 years later. No, you might’ve been able to hit me in 10 years. I have never seen anyone with such a terrific talent like you.”

“Pant... Pant...”

Laden had defeated Beida and several others talents alone. He was exhausted and at a disadvantage when facing Chucksley. To be honest, it wouldn’t be strange if he collapsed immediately. However, Laden didn’t show weakness to the end. He knew that the moment he fell, the 1,000 troops he treasured would be wiped out.

‘I have to give my all for My Lord.’

He felt disappointment and despair at not meeting expectations.

Kkuok!

Laden tightened his grip on his sword. He ignored the blood in his mouth and laughed.

“Are you sure? I don’t need 10 years. Five years. No, I will go beyond you in three years.”

“...”

Chucksley’s face distorted. He was unable to deny Laden’s arrogant remark, making him feel uncomfortable.

“Isn’t that only if you survive?”

“...That’s right.”

“Yes, try to survive.”

Chucksley’s family had been loyal to the royal family for

generations. For him, Marquis Steim was an annoying presence that could threaten the royal family. It was more so after his son-in-law became Duke Grid.

But now. It was a golden opportunity to catch both Marquis Steim and Duke Grid. It was fortunate that he met the northern troops by chance in the desert. It was evidence that Marquis Steim was in Reidan!

Chaaeng!

“Ugh!”

Chucksley’s swordsmanship was sophisticated without any deviations. He was faithful to the basics, which excluded any variables. However, it wasn’t something that Laden, who lacked training and experience, could go against.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Puok!

“Kuaaaak!”

As the exchange of blows continued, Laden’s wounds increased while Chucksley’s technique became sharper. The northern army and Chucksley’s Black unit were clearly divided as they watched the confrontation.

‘We won.’

‘It is over.’

The Black unit cheered while the northern troops were frustrated. At this moment, 5,000 soldiers appeared on the horizon. Was it the appearance of a friend like a miracle? No way. The identity of the great army was the main troops of Prince Ren, the enemy.

Tears flowed down Laden’s bloody and dirty cheeks as he saw it.

‘My Lord...’

He felt guilty for his lacking strength.

Chapter 338

“Pant... Pant...”

He reached his physical limits. Nevertheless, he was able to hold on for only one reason. It was to hold up the enemies until Marquis Steim received the news of the invasion. Laden struggled to buy some time.

But now it was over. The moment he witnessed the 5,000 troops, unbearable despair suppressed Laden’s tired mind and body.

“Bow to the prince!”

Chucksley easily overpowered Laden and forced him to kneel.

“K-Kuack...!”

Laden didn’t want to bow his head. The royal family of Eternal? Future king? No matter what, it was still his lord’s enemy.

“Damn bastard!”

Chucksley pushed down Laden’s head. Due to the pressure on his neck, Laden’s gaze was finally directed towards the ground. The satisfied Chucksley bowed to the prince.

“I greet the prince!”

“You suffered on the way here.”

Prince Ren talked to Chucksley before turning his gaze to Laden.

“You defeated Beida? You have great skills for your young age. I heard that the northern powerhouse is Phoenix, but that seems to be a story of the past.”

“...”

Laden didn’t answer. It was enough to incite the wrath of the royal retainers, including Chucksley.

“You! You should appreciate the prince’s generosity!”

“Shut your mouth, it isn’t an honor!”

“Calm down.”

Ren stared at the northern army. They looked frightened. They were accused of opposing the royal family, so only fools wouldn’t realize they would die. Ren smiled benevolently towards them.

“You are also people of the Eternal Kingdom and it is right to follow me, successor of the royal family. If you repent and surrender, I will forgive and accept your sin.”

In the end, they were people from the same nation. The prince’s attitude weakened the hearts of the northern troops. They started looking at each other the moment they saw a hole to survive.

At this point, Laden shouted, “The one who protected us was Marquis Steim, not the king! It is only thanks to the marquis that our northern people can exist, and we have pledged allegiance to him! So I can’t accept your suggestion!”

The north was formerly a land of war. The area was filled with the most monsters and barbarians, causing the royal family to give up on it. Thanks to that, the northern people were always threatened and felt despair.

The person who led them was Marquis Steim. He wasn’t frustrated, despite the royal family cutting off their support. He had excellent leadership and united the northern people to protect and stabilize his territory.

Marquis Steim was a hero and savior for the northern people. The northern troops recalled this thanks to Laden’s cry and firmed up their hearts. Rather than surrendering, they held their weapons and took an attitude of resistance to the end.

“Everybody is so excited to die.”

Ren’s expression distorted. It was unpleasant to miss the opportunity to obtain 1,000 soldiers. He revealed his true nature as he gave an order to Chucksley.

“Kill those useless dogs.”

“Yes!”

Chucksley answered and pointed his sword at Laden’s neck. Laden didn’t feel any regret. It was better to die than to beg for life and betray his master.

‘Duke Grid, please guard my lord.’

Kingdom’s Hero. His strength would be able to overcome this ordeal. Laden didn’t doubt it and closed his eyes.

Jeeeong!

A golden hand glowed under the desert sun. It flashed through the 5,000 troops and protected Laden.

‘What is this?’

Chucksley’s eyes widened. It was absurd. A golden hand was flying alone and swinging a sword without a master? It wasn’t very threatening, but he had to admit that it was fast. He couldn’t understand it.

“What type of person?”

Chucksley shouted as he blocked the golden hand. The answer came from the sky.

“The duke.”

“...!”

It was a calm and relaxing voice. It was the middle of a battlefield. Chucksley, Prince Ren, the 5,000 royal troops, Laden, and the northern army stared up at the sky. There was a man with black hair. The man had a small crown on his head. He wore harmonious red armor and black boots as he looked down at the battlefield.

“Beggars move around in groups. Foolish.”

The man spoke with arrogance on his face. That person was Grid.

A person who rose from a commoner to a duke! His sudden appearance reversed the atmosphere of the battlefield.

“Grid...!”

“Duke Grid!!”

The 5,000 royal troops shrank back because of a single man, while the northern army were delighted. It was a presence beyond common sense.

Fast Boots boasted a wonderful movement speed. Stamina and endurance suffered from a rapid decline, but movement speed increased by up to three times in all terrains.

Bunny Bunny ran through the desert and was able to catch up to Prince Ren.

‘I’m not too late!’

Bunny Bunny felt relieved and switched his view to camera mode.

Peeng!

“What...?”

Something moved swiftly over his head. At first, he thought it was a huge bird. But then he zoomed in and saw that it was Grid.

“It’s natural!”

Bunny Bunny thought Grid appeared in a dramatic moment to save the northern troops. Grid had done it countless times in the National Competition and the Reinhardt golem invasion. He was a hero who made the crowd cheer by appearing at the perfect timing.

‘Why did I only realize this now?’

Unlike other celebrities in Satisfy, Grid had a lot of anti-fans. This was because he relied on items rather than skills. It was the

same with Bunny Bunny. Bunny Bunny didn't like Grid. He judged that it was difficult to raise the public's enthusiasm for Grid as the protagonist. In other words, it wasn't easy.

He always watching Grid through sunglasses, but it was different now. Now he belatedly realized. In the first place, items weren't a factor that could be underestimated. Didn't Bunny Bunny arrive here quickly because of the Fast Boots? Items were an indispensable element in the game. It meant he wasn't looking at Grid through sunglasses.

Bunny Bunny discarded his useless egotism and focused on Grid.

“Grid! Show me the performance of a hero!”

His video would make people cheer all over the world.

[Great Lord's Sword]

It was a rare sword only given to the greatest lords and it made it possible to closely observe the target. Normally this target was only limited to one person. It was difficult to observe several people at the same time.

However, Grid had a high level of insight. His insight further amplified the power of the Character Observation skill attached to the Great Lord's Sword. Thanks to that, Grid could simultaneously observe the information of the people on the battlefield.

Instead, the information was very brief.

Name: Chucksley Rokan.

Level: 313

Name: Ferrell Shaiva du Bon.

Level: 305

Name: Andu

Level: 301

...

..

It included the knights of the royal army.

Name: Laden

Level: 258

...

..

The northern knights. In addition, there were the royal soldiers and the northern soldiers. Grid could identify their name and levels. It was impossible to check the details information including stats, skills and stories, but this alone was a big help.

‘The average level is 130... It is surprisingly high.’

The average level of the northern soldiers was 110, while the average level of the royal soldiers was 20 higher. Given that the Winston soldiers he saw a few months ago weren’t even level 100 yet, the level of the royal soldiers was well above the average. In other words, they were the elite of the kingdom.

‘But so what?’

It wasn’t as good as Reidan’s soldiers. The average level of Reidan’s soldiers was 148.

‘Today they will reach 160!’

Ssik!

It was truly a wily smile. It was enough to make the royal army uneasy. Grid dismissed the Great Lord’s Sword and swapped Braham’s Boots with Grid’s Boots.

[The magic Fly is no longer available. Fly is stopped.]

[You will fall.]

Kwaang!

Grid's Boots boasted a heavy weight. Sand scattered as Grid fell onto the desert sand.

"D-Duke Grid!"

Laden was baffled. He discarded his favourable position in the sky and fell into the middle of the enemy? He couldn't understand Grid's judgment. Grid spoke harshly towards him.

"You are really weak."

"...Huh?"

"I've known you since you started bluffing. You are a braggart who can't fight properly."

Grid judged Laden using three things.

Firstly, it was the first time they met. Laden said there was a rodent hiding in Irene's bedroom. But the result? There wasn't even a fly, let alone a rodent.

The second was his level. The level of the royal knights was at least 300, while Laden was only level 258. It meant that while everyone was hunting hard, Laden was playing alone.

The third thing was results. The royal knights and soldiers were fine, while Laden and the northern army were dying. No matter how great the number, this one-sided result proved that he was powerless.

"Tsk tsk... I don't understand why Father-in-law appreciates you so much."

"Ugh..."

Laden's heart was stabbed as he heard the words.

'The duke's words are true. I am too weak and useless.'

Laden fell into shame. He felt guilty to his lord. Meanwhile, the royal army was astonished.

'He got rid of Beida and the Iron Wind.'

‘He is strong enough to defend against Chucksley’s sword many times.’

‘Yet he is weak?’

Grid’s measure of strength seemed to be much different from theirs. Indeed, it was natural. Grid was the kingdom’s hero. He already showed overwhelming strength in the golem invasion. They couldn’t be compared. The 5,000 army shrank back.

“Plunging into enemy territory alone, you don’t understand the situation.”

Chucksley pointed his sword at Grid. His momentum was great. Great Swordsman. He had the title of one of the continent’s strongest swordsman, so he didn’t shrink back despite the opponent being Grid.

“During the Reinhardt invasion, I was somewhat lacking. I could only watch you from a distance.”

But.

“Since then, I have made an effort to become stronger than before.”

Chucksley wielded his sword. It was a straight trajectory with no flaws. It truly was a sleek and sophisticated blow. Bunny Bunny exclaimed as he filmed the scene from a considerable distance.

‘Too fast!’

It was an unavoidable attack. The problem was that Grid gave the enemy an opportunity. Bunny Bunny was sure that Grid would be hit first.

But.

Jeeeong!

A blood sword emerged from a dark space in front of him. It wasn’t a greatsword that Grid normally used, so his attack speed surpassed that of Chucksley.

‘Fast!’

It was so fast that it couldn’t be seen! Grid scoffed at Chucksley, whose attack was blocked.

“Are you a fool? Do you think that I was playing around while you became stronger? I have grown stronger, just like you. You won’t catch up.”

“Won’t catch up?” (TL: Grid uses an Internet slang that basically means someone who can’t catch up)

What did that mean? Grid’s onslaught poured towards the puzzled Chucksley.

The repetitive use, disassembly and assembly process led to a 100% understanding, and Iyarugt was now going to turn the battlefield into disarray.

Chapter 339

At the time of the pope candidates episode.

Grid got a great chance to study Lifael's Spear. He repeatedly disassembled and reassembled a myth rated item and raised his understanding to 100%. This was valuable research that couldn't be converted into money. It was a dream that other blacksmiths couldn't even hope for.

“Cry, Yakult.”

It wasn't difficult for Grid to raise his understanding of Iyarugt, which was still only unique rated. It was very easy compared to understanding Lifael's Spear. Grid was now able to control Iyarugt without resorting to Blackening.

However, the renaming failed.

[Iyarugt is the best sword of hell! You, don't replace my noble name just because you find it hard to pronounce!]

Iyarugt had tremendous pride in his name. He followed Grid, but he couldn't accept a new name. He didn't know what it meant, but he felt an instinctive rejection towards Yakult. Grid didn't care. The sword would obey his command, no matter what name he called it.

[Iyarugt has used Blood Cry.]

[All targets within a 30m radius will lose their sense of balance for 1.5 seconds.]

Kiiing...

“Ugh!”

Blood Cry didn't distinguish between friend or foe. The northern troops and royal army around Grid all groaned with pain and stumbled. It was the same for Prince Ren and his escort knights.

‘Making me fall to my knees!’

Prince Ren was the heir of the Eternal Kingdom. As the 1st Prince, he had never bowed to anyone except the king. But now. Grid used a skill to make him kneel for a while. It was really terrible. His ego was shattered.

‘No?’

Amazement appeared on Prince Ren’s face as he looked up. He looked around and saw that knights and soldiers on both sides were all kneeling together. Even Chucksley seemed on the brink of collapse.

The person who was standing in this spot? It was only Grid. It was an absurd appearance where he overpowered everyone.

‘This is the strength of a legend...!’

He truly was a fearful enemy. If possible, he never wanted to go against Grid. However, he was a mountain that must be overcome if Ren wanted to become king. While Prince Ren was shivering, Grid was baffled.

“What? You endured it?”

Blood Cry consumed a lot of mana and had a long cooldown time. It was also dangerous because it didn’t distinguish between enemies. It was a great way to exert his power, but Chucksley was relatively stable. He had resistance comparable to a boss monster.

“I won’t fall from something like this!”

Chucksley demonstrated an extreme mental strength as he overcame Blood Cry and defended against Grid’s attack, then he fought back. It was a simple trajectory. Thanks to the Iyarugt, Grid was able to respond without much difficulty.

Chaaeng!

Chucksley and Iyarugt collided in an impressive manner and dust flew all over the place. It was an ignorant attack. Grid and Chucksley exchanged looks through the dust. Unlike the composed

Chucksley, Grid didn't look very good.

He was confused because the opponent was exceedingly stronger than he expected.

‘What is this guy?’

He had high status resistance and his swordsmanship was odd. His technique seemed simple, but it was strong when actually facing it.

‘This is the first time.’

Grid's surroundings were filled with geniuses. Except for Grid, even Jude could be considered a genius in certain areas. In particular, there were the sword geniuses, Piaro and Ibellin. What did they have in common?

They were the masters of anomalies. They used unconventional swordsmanship to confuse and overwhelm their opponent. Then what about Chucksley? He didn't show any gaps, because he was faithful to the basics and excluded variables.

This style of swordsmanship was bad for Grid, who was still lacking. All of Grid's techniques were blocked.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

‘Hey, this...’

The more Grid competed with the sword, the more he understood Chucksley's strength. Grid had the advantage in speed, but he couldn't use it.

‘I want to see his status window.’

He wanted to swap to the Great Lord's Sword and view Chucksley's information. Chucksley was probably a named NPC. But he couldn't afford to do it.

Jjeejeeong!

The extremely honest, but fast and powerful sword, put pressure

on Grid. Grid was forced to focus on defense.

“Okay! You’re doing well, Sir Chucksley!”

Prince Ren cheered after standing up. He gained confidence after seeing Chucksley overpower Grid.

“Grid! This is the result of your pride and self-righteousness!”

How could he confront 5,000 soldiers alone? The royal army was helped by Grid’s stupidity. Prince Ren was sure that he would win this war.

“Kill him! Kill Grid and go straight to Reidan!”

Prince Ren shouted while Bunny Bunny cursed in the distance.

‘Dammit!’

The protagonist of Bunny Bunny’s video was originally Hurent. But Hurent was dominated in an instant by a farmer. Then he tried turning the main character into Grid, but...

‘Grid is losing to Chucksley!’

Bunny Bunny didn’t want this result. He wanted Grid to defeat the strong enemies. However, the current situation looked helpless. Bunny Bunny was feeling resentful when a voice entered his ears.

“The majority of the northern army seems to have survived. We made good time.”

“...!”

Bunny Bunny was a second advancement assassin. A person could get close to him without him noticing? They could only be a top ranker. In other words, the owner of the voice next to Bunny Bunny wasn’t ordinary.

“You...!”

Bunny Bunny turned around and was shocked. It was the master of beauty, Lael of the silver hair. One of the 10 Rookies who

played for the US team in the National Competition, and someone who was now one of Grid's top aides.

Bunny Bunny's eyes shone at meeting a celebrity and Lauel grinned.

"It's interesting to see Bunny Bunny, who I've only seen on TV before. Are you live?"

"T-That's impossible. I need to solve the problem of image rights, so I'm taking a recording."

"Ah, it's a relief that you aren't stupid. Please contact me before you start the broadcast. We have to talk about the distribution of revenue."

"Yes, yes. I will keep that in mind."

Lauel's profile stated that he was 20 years old. Bunny Bunny was seven years older. But he couldn't feel comfortable around Lauel. The only thing that mattered in society was power and wealth.

"Earl Lauel, the soldiers are ready."

A blond man appeared behind Lauel. He was an NPC called Asmophel. There were 1,000 soldiers gathered behind him with excellent military discipline. Every soldier had killing intent in their eyes and they were orderly. Compared to them, the royal army that was considered the best in the Eternal Kingdom was like a child.

'What is this?'

Bunny Bunny admired it. He never imagined that Grid could train an army to this degree.

'Grid is even great at nurturing an army!'

The more he discovered, the greater he thought Grid was. But what was this? Why was he on the verge of dying alone in enemy territory? Bunny Bunny directed his gaze back to the battlefield.

Grid was still dueling Chucksley. He didn't have any wounds, but

it was the same for Chucksley. Chucksley overpowered Grid with his swordsmanship, while Grid made up for what he was lacking with speed.

The problem was that there were 5,000 soldiers behind Chucksley.

‘The moment those 5,000 soldiers move...’

The balance would collapse and Grid would die. Bunny Bunny felt nervous and asked.

“Lauel, shouldn’t you help Grid?”

Lauel was relaxed. As he watched the battle of Grid and Chucksley through the dust, he made a meaningful remark.

“You don’t know Grid’s abilities.”

In the first place, Grid’s strength wasn’t swordsmanship.

“I don’t know why he’s playing around with swordsmanship with that person, but I don’t need to worry. Knight Chucksley, he might be strong, but he isn’t comparable to the people that Grid has faced so far. Isn’t that right? Sir Asmophel.”

“The opponent’s skill is still insufficient.”

‘Playing around? A great swordsman is lacking?’

Bunny Bunny doubted his ears. He thought that Lauel and Asmophel were speaking unreasonably. At that moment.

“Kuaaaack!”

A terrible scream shot into the sky. It must be Grid! Bunny Bunny freaked out and zoomed in on the direction.

“This is impossible!”

Bunny Bunny was at a loss for words. The great swordsman Chucksley, who had been dominating the whole time, was now bleeding from the chest.

“Now.”

Lauel instructed Asmophel, who shouted towards the soldiers.

“Aim your bows!”

Reidan’s soldiers moved in a sleek manner. They quickly stabilized their feet in the sand, took out a bow and pulled back the bowstring.

‘What are they thinking?’

Bunny Bunny wondered. The distance from here to Grid was approximately 300m. It was too far to hit the mark. Even if there was a lucky shot, it was obvious that the person wouldn’t suffer a great impact because the power would be greatly reduced.

However, Reidan’s soldiers had a hidden secret. It was the power of items. Reidan’s soldiers were equipped with items produced by Khan. The power and accuracy were completely different from typical bows. What if the power of qigong master Lauel was added?

“Wind Dragon’s Roar.”

Kuoooooh!!

A westerly wind started to sweep through the desert.

“Fire!”

Papat! Pa pa pa pat!

1,000 arrows were simultaneously shot. On the battlefield, the royal army watching Grid was forced to accept the baptism of arrows pouring down.

“Wow...”

Bunny Bunny trembled.

It was the first time he saw the scene of 1,000 soldiers being wrapped in a pillar of light, symbolizing they had levelled up at the same time.

Chapter 340

Training, training, training! And more training! Why did they have to go through such hellish days. Reidan's soldiers had always questioned it. They couldn't understand why they had to train so much every day.

'I know that it's necessary to become stronger to protect our home and families. But still, isn't this too much? Once we adjust to a training regime, we are forced to do a new one and then adjust to that. What if this keeps repeating?'

"The baker was a former soldier. I don't think there is any army on the continent training as hard as us."

"The infantry in the rear are grumbling. The level of training we receive has already exceeded the level of ordinary soldiers?"

"Of course. Isn't our training at the level of special forces? It's crazy. Why do we have to climb a wall without a ladder?"

"I don't like the giant worm hell training. When I move through sand that is pouring down like a waterfall, I really feel like a hamster on a wheel. Then when I see the giant worms, I get goosebumps..."

"Isn't it ridiculous to train new archers by firing at birds? No, we're infantry, so why do we need to have good archery skills?"

"I don't understand why we have to do field work. Isn't this exploitation of labor instead of training?"

"Hah... Why is the duke giving us such trials?"

Reidan's soldiers loved and respected Grid. It wasn't an exaggeration. Duke Grid was the one who saved them from starving in their bleak homeland. The soldiers would lay down their lives for Grid.

But those thoughts gradually faded. As they were forced to do

harsh training by Grid, this gratitude disappeared and hatred started growing. It was a natural phenomenon. The training that the soldiers of Reidan received?

It was similar to the training received by the Black Knights, the second strongest knights division of the empire. It was much higher compared to normal training, so it was at a mental and physical level that ordinary soldiers couldn't afford.

But they somehow managed to endure.

Piaro and Asmophel.

It was possible because the two people, who were originally supposed to be pillars of the empire, instructed them.

“Prepare!”

A westerly wind started blowing in the desert. The soldiers of Reidan pulled back their bowstrings without a single error. These were the poisonous eyes of those who had endured the hell training.

Grid was struggling on the battlefield alone.

“Shoot!”

Pak! Pa pa pa pa pak!

The 1,000 soldiers simultaneously fired their bows. Their posture was really good and the arrows flying with the wind were perfect.

Puk! Puuooooook!

“Kyaak!”

“Hik!”

Khan had achieved Advanced Blacksmithing level 8. He was Albatino's descendant, and Grid's friend and disciple, so the power of the arrow and bows he produced were beyond imagination.

The arrows flew 300m away and killed the royal troops.

“Do it again!”

The soldiers of Reidan became covered with the level up pillars of light as the number of casualties in the royal army increased. Their strength, stamina, and agility increased as they pulled the bowstring again.

Grid’s form was seen in their fierce gazes.

‘Duke Grid!’

‘This is why you forced us to do such difficult training!’

‘You predicted the enemy’s invasion!’

‘I am impressed with My Lord’s foresight! I really admire you!’

Today.

The unexpected invasion of Reidan and the misunderstanding involving Grid allowed all their hatred to disappear. Loyalty burned fiercely inside them.

‘Facing the enemy alone to minimize the damage!’

‘You are truly great and courageous!’

‘I will devote myself more to you!’

It was the first battle they had been in since they started training with Jude. The soldiers of Reidan showed a high concentration which greatly affected their skills.

“Shoot!”

Pak! Pa pa pa pa pak!

Asmophel ordered and arrows once again flew.

Puk! Puuooooook!

“Ugh!”

“Kuheok!”

Reidan’s soldiers kept growing in real time through level ups. Hundreds of royal soldiers couldn’t endure the powerful arrows

and died.

“What is this?”

Prince Ren was severely shaken. The 5,000 soldiers were focused on Grid and allowed a surprise attack. The shock was huge. He felt desperation and despair on this battlefield where one man demonstrated an absolute power.

Ferrell, the chief archer of the Eternal Kingdom, was amazed.

‘Don’t tell me that they’re all archers!’

Reidan’s 1,000 soldiers. Firing arrows from a distance of 300m wasn’t something that ordinary soldiers were capable of. By default, talented people needed to train their archery skills for 10 years before being capable of this.

Thus Ferrell was confused.

‘I thought that Reidan was a dying city.’

There were 20,000 people in the city and Grid had only taken over it for 16 months. He could train such elite archers in only 16 months? It was nonsense. It was impossible. Ferrell was confident because he had personally trained archers.

‘Also!’

He heard that Reidan had a total of 1,000 troops. Wasn’t it probable that all 1,000 would be archers? No. An army without infantry was powerless. Grid would be insane to train an entire army to be archers.

‘It can’t be...!’

A shocking thought passed through Ferrell’s mind.

‘What if they’re all knights?’

Archery was included in the arsenal of knights, and a knight level talent would be capable of learning archery to this degree after 16

months.

‘This! Reidan is a complete gold mine!’

There were so many talents to train as knights! Ferrell misunderstood and pulled out his bow. It was the Thunder Bow, which was a family heirloom passed down from generation to generation.

“Reidan...! I will cut off that bud!”

Pachik! Pachichik!

Thunder sparked as Ferrell pulled back the bow. There was a flash and an arrow that was more like a lightning bolt flew.

Peeng!

Pepepepeng!

The screaming in the sky! Thunderbolts after thunderbolts appeared in succession. Reidan’s 1,000 soldiers. They didn’t know what to do when faced with the magic arrow.

“Heok?”

“Suddenly!”

The soldiers of Reidan had endured hell training that put them on the verge of death. But this was the first time they experienced such a sudden danger. They paled as they saw the flying arrow, then someone appeared in front of them.

With his red cloak flapping, it was Asmophel. He took out a long sword that he had used since his days in the Red Knights. He moved his sword in a trajectory that was like a stream of paper, or a calligrapher writing on blank paper.

Pepepepeong!

“What?”

Ferrel’s vision was as good as a hawk, so he was shocked. It was the first time he saw a sword destroying his arrow.

‘Even Captain Chucksley can’t face my arrow head on...!’

Ferrell was astonished and blinked blankly.

“Try and stop this!”

There was no meaning for an archer who couldn’t hit his target. Ferrell was the best archer in the kingdom and fired his bow again. The arrow he fired this time was several times stronger and faster than the previous one.

Kwa kwang!

Thunder rang out as the arrow flew towards Asmophel’s nose. The corners of Asmophel’s gorgeous lips curved up. Was this his first chance to play an active role since serving Duke Grid? The only thing he had done so far was collect gold coins and train the soldiers.

Asmophel wanted to prove his value by playing an active role and Ferrell was a good opponent. Asmophel’s manifested a red aura and blocked Ferrell’s arrow with his strength, then he shouted.

“I will cut off the enemy’s head!”

Taack!

It happened when Asmophel jumped from the sand dune and was about to head to the enemy.

“That bow, it looks good?”

To be precise, he was interested in the materials that made up the bow. Grid didn’t hide the greed in his eyes as he reached Ferrell first. Asmophel wanted to cry.

“My Lord! Please give me a chance to work!”

Asmophel’s voice failed to reach Grid. It was due to the screams of the thousands of confused royal soldiers being attacked that dominated the battlefield.

Puok!

“Kuk...!”

Ferrell was only focused on Asmophel. He thought Grid was fighting Chucksley and had no idea that he would receive a surprise attack. He allowed the attack and started bleeding, while Grid connected the next blow.

[Critical!]

[Iyarugt's option effect is activated, reducing the target's healing power by 50%.]

[Critical!]

[Iyarugt's option effect is activated, giving the target a bleeding status that will last for 3 seconds.

[The 3rd combo has been achieved!]

[The bleeding effect is maximized. The damage that the target will receive is increased by 200% for 1 second.]

‘Now!’

Grid's eyes shone as he aimed at the named NPC who had a high health.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle.”

Seokeok!

Pinnacle descended. Blood spurted like a fountain from Ferrell's chest, filling his field of view as Grid raised his sword to strike again.

[The 5th combo has been achieved!]

[The target's thinking ability has been destroyed for 0.3 seconds! You can link Hell Sword.]

In the blink of an eye. Ferrell was stunned by the repeated onslaught.

“Hell Sword.”

Kwajik!

Pajijijijik—!

Dozens of red-black stems emerged from Iyarugt and pierced Ferrell's chest.

The sight,

“Okay! Gorgeous! The best!!”

Bunny Bunny's video seamlessly moved between the sky and the ground. Grid dominating the battlefield would surely be passed onto the viewers.

On the other hand.

“Ferrell!”

Chucksley fell victim to Grid who suddenly used a skill when exchanging sword blows. He was outraged by the sight of Ferrell being blindsided due to his carelessness and attacked Grid.

“Rising Sword!”

It was an extremely irregular technique that looked like it rose from the ground. Chucksley was sure that Grid would be hit by this technique. But he was wrong. The reason why Grid was unable to subdue Chucksley despite his speed advantage was due to the firmness of the swordsmanship. Chucksley used a big technique and abandoned his own strength, revealing a gap.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill.”

Peeeeeeong!

Grid was hit in the chest while Chucksley's waist was struck. The difference between the two sword skills was clear. Grid was hurt in a much more deadly area. It was the moment when Chucksley seemed to have the initiative.

“Ohhhh!”

“My Lord!”

Prince Ren and the royal troops cheered, while Asmophel and Reidan's soldiers felt desperate. Even Bunny Bunny's face darkened as he filmed. Except for one person. Lauel had a smile on his face as he looked at Grid.

“Gotcha.”

Grid grasped Chucksley's neck.

“My Lord's strength isn't swordsmanship.”

Lauel shrugged. This was a fact that the two people knew. Grid wasn't a swordsman.

“It's being overgeared.”

Receiving a wound in a critical area? His armor had outstanding defense and minimized the damage. He couldn't hit the enemy? He would maximize his damage with superior weapons.

Clink!

Clink clink.

Four golden hands flashed and surrounded the gasping Chucksley. Then a white flash stunned the battlefield.

Chapter 341

Grid had done his best in the duel to persuade Piaro. He took out all the cards he had and realized one thing in the process of defeat. The suitable weapon for more advanced swordsmanship was a one-handed sword, not a greatsword.

‘The relatively big and heavy greatsword’s trajectory is simple and limited.’

Grid’s basic battle style was to repeatedly hit. Therefore, he preferred a greatsword with strong destructive power. Pagma’s Descendant had a damage oriented skill tree, so the greatsword was very good for that.

However, Grid felt the limitations. From Elfin Stone to Braham and Piaro. The appearance of unmatched powerhouses meant that his previous way of fighting became ineffective. So what about strong destructive power? It couldn’t deal with the strong opponents!

‘I need to familiarize myself with one-handed swords.’

He obtained the strongest one-handed sword, Iyarugt, which wasn’t lacking in power compared to a greatsword. After the confrontation with Piaro, Grid devoted himself to training with the one-handed sword.

What if it was the him in the past? ‘How annoying. All I need is items.’

Grid would think that, but now it was different. He did his best to get used to one-handed swords, just like when he made items. This change was possible because he had a desire to become stronger.

‘Compared to the old days, I increased my control skills and didn’t neglect training.’

He was arrogant. He learned today that against Chucksley, a knight he'd never heard of, his techniques didn't work. Iyarugt gave him the best sword trajectory, but he could only hold on. To be honest, it was quite frustrating for Grid.

He judged that it was hard to overcome Chucksley without the help of the God Hands. But this place was in the middle of the enemies. He didn't know when other enemies would attack, so he had to place the God Hands on the defensive.

Then the situation changed. Allies arrived and the enemies had fallen into confusion. The focus on Grid was eased. Grid used that chance to deploy Magic Missile that he'd saved as a trump card and managed to shake off Chucksley.

He pursued Chucksley's ally and this became the bait.

“Kuk...!”

Chucksley was hit by Kill and his health gauge fell to two-thirds. Grid took great damage when enduring the blow to grab Chucksley's neck, and blood was pouring from his chest. But his health gauge wasn't reduced at all.

It was the power of the Holy Light Armor and Doran's Ring.

Grid sensed the power of the Rising Sword used by Chucksley and wore Doran's Ring in advance. It was the judgment ability he was able to exert due to the Slaughterer's Eye Patch. The ability to use this item perfectly would impress rankers.

Grid smiled coolly and whispered to Chucksley.

“Have you heard of being overgeared?”

“Overgeared?”

What did that mean? Grid used such difficult terms to understand. To Chucksley, Grid was an intellectual.

‘I thought he was ignorant because he was a commoner, but he

uses such complicated jargon...!’

It was incredibly frustrating to listen to. Four golden hands flew around Chucksley, who was unable to interpret the meaning of overgeared.

‘This!’

The golden hands were moving and wielding their weapons by themselves. There were three of them? Chucksley detected the danger and shook off Grid. Grid was unable to suppress him with force and shouted without any delay.

“Magic Missile!”

Jiing.

Grid’s magic power gathered at the tips of the four hands.

Pepepepeng!

White flashes of light flew out and hit Chucksley.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Chucksley felt a pain that couldn’t be ignored. The Magic Missiles launched by the golden hands contained incredible power for low-grade magic. Chucksley couldn’t understand it at all.

‘Why is the resistance of my White Armor being ignored!?’

The Lokan family that Chucksley came from had served the Eternal royal family for generations. He had countless achievements and received the praise and recognition of people. One of the things he received was the White Armor.

The armor boasted good physical defense and high magic resistance, so it easily blocked variables. Chucksley was always invincible in war when wearing this armor. He crushed the enemy’s physical attacks with his sword and resisted the enemy’s surprise magic attacks with his armor.

However!

“Cough! Cough!”

This low level spell penetrated his armor and dealt a perfect blow? No, Pagma’s Descendant was a blacksmith, so how could he use magic in the first place? The secret must be in the gold hands!

‘What is the identity of those golden hands...?’

Chucksley’s head was a mess as he coughed up blood. He wasn’t able to figure out Grid. It felt like he was facing a person on a different dimension. Yes, this was the feeling he’d had using the Reinhardt golem invasion.

‘Why...?’

He had trained in swordsmanship until he vomited blood and as a result, he got the title of great swordsman. The person who was once called the greatest swordsman, Piaro, had disappeared. But there was still such a gap between them?

‘This is a legend!’

Hadn’t Grid already become a legend? Grid’s growth should already be over and he should become stagnant.

“Why...? Why have you become stronger?”

“...”

Grid’s eyes were different from when they first met. Grid no longer ignored Chucksley and respected him. He honored the strong. That’s why he spoke honestly.

“I am still weak.”

“What?”

Grid defeated the golems who were threatening the kingdom and now overcame Chucksley! Then what were these words? Chucksley was agitated as Grid repeated something he had heard.

“The world is wide and there are many strong people. You will know if you ever meet a real powerhouse one day. How incomplete

I am.”

Braham and Piaro. Compared to them, he wasn't a legend. He had yet to achieve his full growth. One reason was that he couldn't complete the class quest, but Grid knew the truth.

‘It isn't because of the class quests.’

It was because he didn't have the ability to progress through the class quests. If it was Yura or Huroi, they wouldn't have been stupid enough to be stuck for such a long time on one quest.

‘I have no talent.’

He didn't have control skills like Regas and Faker, or the ability to raise his level like Jishuka or Pon. Grid didn't have any advantages that would be his weapons. The reason he was able to get to his current position was his tenacity. Without that tenacity, Grid wouldn't have become Pagma's Descendant and would still be ordinary. No, he would've still been a low level user.

“Well, I mean... I will devote myself more and more. As long as I can survive here.”

Killing intent filled Grid's eyes. Respect for the strong? This was enough. Grid had no intention of forgiving the enemy who dared to invade Reidan. It wasn't simply due to the threat of losing his territory.

Reidan had 20,000 people. The people had an infinite affection towards him. The enemies in front of him were trying to harm those people. He couldn't forgive them. No, he couldn't tolerate their existence.

–Grid, everything is ready.

The composition of the battlefield had transformed to the ideal form. Reidan's soldiers fired arrows without a break and reduced the number of royal soldiers, while Laden and the northern army tied up their feet. Then Lauel cast the strongest skill of a third advancement qigong master, ‘Master of Flow.’

Now all that was left...

Please imprint on the world that your territory is off limits.

–Y-Yes...

Lauel would take care of it. Grid decided to take Ferrell's life first. Ferrell was gasping due to his wounds and couldn't resist the sword that pierced him.

[You have defeated Viscount Ferrell, the best archer of the Eternal Kingdom.]

[The Bon family will be forever hostile towards you.]

[356,410,000 experience has been acquired.]

[The Thunder Bow has been acquired.]

[Your demonic power has increased by two.]

“Ferrell!”

Chucksley and Ferrell were fellows who relied on each other. Chucksley gazed at Grid with hateful eyes. Grid thought this was ludicrous.

“Don't forget who caused this situation. You're the ones who aimed your swords first. Forgetting the fact that I saved the kingdom, all of you are less than dogs.”

Grid looked arrogant and wicked. The conditions to instill fear and regret in the enemy wasn't just overwhelming power, but also attitude. He had been intentionally trained in this by Huroi.

“This guy!”

“Viscount Ferrell!”

Ferrel Shaiva du Bon. The ruler of the family who ruled the Shaiva estate for generations and who had a high reputation. His death would be enough to buy the wrath of the Shaiva estate and the royal family. A huge 300 knights and soldiers headed towards Grid.

“Protect the duke!”

Laden screamed and tried to move the army. However, Grid raised his hand and stopped him.

“Ohhhhhh!”

“Die!”

The isolated Grid gazed at the 300 enemies rushing towards him. Prince Ren watched the battlefield from where he was hiding among the escort knights.

‘That guy, I will make him regret it.’

Grid started his sword dance. It was a enchanting sight as a sword dance was unfolded in the middle of a battlefield filled with blood and flesh... No, he seemed like a madman who couldn’t grasp the mood.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave!”

Kurururu!

Iyarugt had a higher attack speed than the greatsword. It exerted havoc in a long battle, but it was forced to fall behind a greatsword when it came to single attack skills.

Grid had swapped to Grid’s Greatsword the moment he started the sword dance. Grid’s Greatsword was a superior weapon with the best attack power, and an option effect that increased the damage of skills.

It wasn’t possible for the 300 troops from the Shaiva estate to endure the black waves spreading all over the place.

‘This monster!’

Grid’s eyes gleamed with a red light and caused infinite fear inside Prince Ren. However, Prince Ren endured it.

“Don’t overdo it! Time is on our side!”

After a while. If they waited a little longer, the 2,000 soldiers

would cross the Altes Mountains and hit Reidan.

Also!

‘Grid! Your wife will enter my hands soon!’

Until then, they just needed to endure. Prince Ren was confident that he would win the war with this web-like strategy.

Chapter 342

Puk!

‘Now!’

Puk puk!

‘It will be soon!’

A young man was digging at the ground. He was a beautiful young man. His beauty and grace didn’t fade, despite having sunburned skin and dirt stains.

‘Not long now!’

Puk puk! Puk!

The young man with the shy expression. He was digging at the ground with a hand plow when he heard the cry he had been waiting for.

“It’s time for a snack!”

“...!”

The pupils of the young man greatly expanded. He jumped up and quickly used magic.

“Haste!”

Haste. It was a spell that raised the target’s speed from 1.2 to 2.5 times. It wasn’t easy to learn, but it was a useful magic that could be used extensively. Even if a person learned it, their performance would differ according to the capacity of the caster.

A magician who could double their speed with Haste? There were no more than 100 of them on the continent. However!

Swaeek!

The squatting young man showed off a phenomenal performance. His speed was doubled and no one could catch up with him.

“That lousy person...!”

“He’s trying to take all the potatoes today!”

The farmers were indignant. The young man who used Haste was Bland. He didn’t hesitate to commit a foul by using magic to gain more potatoes.

“Did you forget that Piaro said we should divide it among ourselves?”

“I will tell Piaro!”

The farmers saw that he was about to leave and used a childish attack. Bland hesitated for a moment.

‘I have to eat!’

Earl. Bland who had a rich life as the son of Earl Ashur, one of the 10 great magicians on the continent! For him, potatoes were just food that pigs were forced to eat. He had never eaten potatoes, and only consumed the finest ingredients, which were more nutritious and tastier than potatoes.

However, that changed after being held hostage in Reidan. Bland ate only potatoes to survive. Then he became thrilled. He was surprised by the gorgeous taste and the instant feeling of fullness.

In particular, the Rainbow Potato was a delicacy. He could get seven different types of tastes from one potato. A potato that he could only eat after being captured and suffering from a desperate situation. To Bland, it was more sacred than any blessing from a god. He was able to shake off all types of troubles and anxieties thanks to it.

There was plenty of food in the developed Reidan, but the potatoes were still the best for Bland.

“You want one today?”

The housewives asked Bland, who had run across the vast fields.

Bland nodded without hesitation.

“That’s right.”

“Wow...”

The housewives thought it was pitiful. The beautiful young man in front of them. The housewives heard he was a precious child of a prestigious family. What wrong did he commit to live in slavery to Duke Grid?

Every day Bland worked in the fields, then there were rumors that he was taken separately by Piaro to be beaten in all types of ways. It was clear that this young man must be experiencing a terrible life. It was painful enough to want to die every day.

‘Eating to relieve his stress...’

‘It’s a pity for such a good looking person.’

A housewife tearfully handed the snack to Bland. There were 10 baked potatoes and 10 boiled potatoes.

“As you know, there is only supposed to be one potato per person...”

“I know that you are always suffering, so I will give you all of this.”

“Please eat and gain strength!”

‘The people pity me.’

Bland had a unique bloodline and had been on the best elite course in the kingdom. He didn’t have many opportunities to associate with the common people. However, his time in Reidan started to change his perception little by little.

‘The people have a hard life, but they still take care of others. It’s too much.’

It was ridiculous. But he couldn’t help admiring it. Bland received the handkerchief containing potatoes and frowned.

“There’s no need to worry about me. My bloodline means my physical strength isn’t weak, so I won’t get sick. There’s no need for unnecessary worry.”

Bland’s speech was prideful and could hurt the housewives’s feelings. But the housewives were fine. They thought it was cute that the young man didn’t know how to express himself.

“Potato... I originally thought it was pig food, but I will eat it anyway.”

Bah! Bland snorted and held the handkerchief close to his chest. Contrary to what he said, he clearly cherished the potatoes. He left the place. At this time, the farmers belatedly arrived.

“He took so much!”

“Some of us might not have enough to eat!”

“Damn that man!”

‘Noisy.’

They were so excited that they had to run around and yell? It truly was shameful. Bland clicked his tongue and moved to a secluded place. It was near the north wall. He sat down to eat the potatoes when his eyes sank.

‘There are a bunch of rats’.

There was a suspicious group clinging to one side of Reidan’s high walls. There were 20 of them. They were moving carefully and slowly climbing the wall. The color of their clothes was similar to the color of the wall, making their stealth great.

The Bland from before he came to Reidan wouldn’t have been able to detect them.

“Hrmm.”

Half a day ago. Asmophel led the army away, so it seemed like something big was occurring.

“It doesn’t have anything to do with me.”

Bland didn’t care if the 20 assassins climbing the wall were successful in infiltrating Reidan. He wouldn’t care even if they slaughtered people and set Reidan on fire. In fact, looking at it from his position, he should be applauding them.

“Then why...?”

Why didn’t he like it? Bland placed a boiled potato in his mouth and stood up. The delicious potatoes, the farmers who suffered with him, and the housewives who cooked the potatoes and cared about him. They might be harmed.

“I feel bad.”

More than anything else.

“...Irene.”

The woman he once loved was in Reidan. He had no lingering feelings for her. She had already become the woman of another man.

‘I want her to be happy.’

Bland’s mind was made up by the time he put the third potato in his mouth.

“Fire Arrow.”

Hwaruruk!

The 20 assassins climbing the wall. Eight fire arrows were shot at them. The momentum was completely different from a usual Fire Arrow. It was natural. He had been trained by Piaro for 16 months while doing field work every day.

He farmed... No, he could now borrow the natural mana of the ground. It was similar to the Natural State that belonged to the legendary Piaro.

Daluka. A legendary assassin wrapped in the veil of mystery. There were many speculations that Doran and Kasim were disciples of Daluka. Then one day 10 years ago. The Eternal Kingdom were lucky enough to obtain one of Daluka's hidden techniques.

From then on, they started raising the Silver Dragons group. They took 5,000 orphans from all over the kingdom and trained them as assassins, giving them Daluka's hidden technique.

Of course, it wasn't easy. Of the 5,000 children who endured the training and survived, only 40 were trained in Daluka's technique. Of these 40 people, not one of them had mastered the technique. They could only scratch the surface.

But this alone was enough. One year since the launch of the Silver Dragons group. The Silver Dragons had a 100% success rate with their missions. Prince Ren was confident. With the power of the Silver Dragons, the Eternal Kingdom would grow until they could eventually threaten the Saharan Empire.

At that time, the silver dragon drawn on the flag would spread open both wings again.

‘What is happening?’

The 20 members of the Silver Dragons were baffled. Agricultural fields spread out in all directions from Reidan's outer walls. They had to pass through this place to get to Reidan, but the conditions of the farmers were strange.

‘Why are they farmers?’

There were dozens of farmers scattered through the vast fields. But their movements were unusual. The way they wielded the sickle and hand plow was reminiscent of swordsmanship. In particular, a few farmers were strong enough to make the Silver Dragon members sensitive towards them. They seemed like influential people who would represent a kingdom.

‘What is this?’

The Silver Dragons had learned Daluka’s Absence of Worldly Desires technique. It was a breathing method that allowed them to infiltrate many places, even if it was only at the 5th stage. And the 20 people assigned to this mission were elite 5th stage Absence of Worldly Desires members. It meant they wouldn’t show any agitation, even when facing death.

However, the farmers couldn’t help making their hearts unsettled.

‘It is better to move more carefully.’

The Silver Dragon members made the correct judgment and lay flat on the ground, crawling through the fields. They didn’t want to be seen by the farmers. The result.

‘Pant pant... It’s dirty.’

A lot of time and stamina was consumed by the time the Silver Dragons reached Reidan’s outer walls, making them fall behind schedule. Originally, they should’ve already had the duchess. Yet they hadn’t even crossed the outer walls yet? It was truly shocking for the Silver Dragon members.

But they were elites.

‘Erase the shaking.’

The members regained their calm thanks to Absence of Worldly Desires. Then they used ‘Daluka’s Clothes.’ It was a technique that could achieve the ultimate stealth by making them like a chameleon.

Susuk.

Sususuk.

Even the gods in the sky wouldn’t be able to see them right now! Then fire arrows flew towards the backs of the Silver Dragons climbing without any doubts.

“Heok!”

How were they noticed? The Silver Dragons avoided the magic and hurriedly looked around. The magic flew from the direction of one person. It was a farmer eating potatoes. The sun-tanned skin really made him seem like a hillbilly. It was unexpected, but this person was certainly a farmer.

‘Did he use the magic?’

It was fast and powerful magic that they couldn’t completely avoid!

‘The farmers in this area are crazy!’

The eyes of the Silver Dragons shook. Their 5th stage Absence of Worldly Desires started shaking.

‘We can’t delay any longer. Should we ignore him and continue the mission?’

‘No. Witnesses must be taken care of immediately in order to complete the secret mission.’

The Silver Dragons made a quick decision. They dropped down from the wall towards the farmer chewing potatoes. A magician had very weak defense. They believed that they could easily overpower the magician.

The magician’s bombardment? There was no need to worry about that. Don’t give him time to cast!

“Heok?”

The confident faces of the Silver Dragons distorted. The guy was a farmer or magician. Now he was creating a shield and pulling out a sword?

‘What is his identity?’

Farmer, magician, swordsman. It was uncertain. Bland shot Fire Blast at the Silver Dragons. Using another spell while creating a shield as well?

“Double casting!”

The Silver Dragons paled. Their 5th stage Absence of Worldly Desires was broken.

At the same time.

“Throw it again.”

King of Shadows, Kasim. The strongest assassin who had taken numerous lives was busy spending time with a newborn baby. He kept forcing the baby to do something.

“Abu! Abuuuu!”

The baby clamored with sharp eyes that resembled his father's. It felt like he was saying that he would do it this time. Then...

Peok!

Lord flew a block at a doll 3m away and it fell. It was an achievement that had taken two days. The growth was much faster than what Kasim predicted. Kasim was convinced as he felt something beyond admiration.

‘This child...! This child will be able to master all of Master's skills!’

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The power of a legend was truly great. Duke Grid, who saved the 1,000 northern troops, and caught the ankles of the 5,000 royal troops. He clearly proved his strength. Honestly, Prince Ren felt awe. Grid, who swept through the battlefield with four golden hands, was like the incarnation of the battlefield itself.

But!

‘The important thing in a war is resources, but power!’

War wasn’t just limited to the battlefield. Those who had a bigger perspective of the strategies and tactics spread out like cobwebs would win. In that sense, Grid was the worst. A ruler plunging into enemy lines alone? It was truly stupid.

‘Grid! I will make you regret the fact that you entered the middle of the enemy troops!’

After a while, a separate group would hit Reidan from the rear, and then the Silver Dragons would capture the duke’s wife. Then the initiative would be completely on Prince Ren’s side. Grid would be completely isolated. The victory of the royal army would go as he planned.

‘Huhut! Your stamina can’t endure forever!’

In fact, Grid’s movements were different from when he first appeared. He was tired and dusty from dealing with the soldiers, arrows, magic, and the surprise attacks of the knights. He had clearly become sluggish.

‘I just need to buy a bit more time!’

A dark smile spread on Prince Ren’s face as he watched Grid. He already felt like he had won. He just needed to hang on longer.

Puk!

Puuooooook!

“Kuak!”

“Heeok!”

A rain of arrows from Reidan’s soldiers fell around Grid. It felt like the arrows wreaking havoc on the royal soldiers were becoming stronger?

‘I must be mistaken.’

At first, he thought so. But he soon realized.

‘I wasn’t mistaken!’

Puuooooook!

“Kyaaak!”

The number of casualties from the arrows were rising rapidly. It was clear that the attack power of Reidan’s soldiers had increased significantly since the beginning.

‘What is this...?’

Chucksley called out to Ren, who was pale and nervous.

“The archery skills of the enemies are growing in real time! If this is the case, we won’t be able to control the damage to our side! It’s better to have the knights keep Duke Grid in check, while the soldiers defend against the arrows!”

“No! We can’t do that!”

Training one knight was much more difficult than nurturing 1,000 soldiers. Prince Ren wanted to minimize the sacrifices of the knights. The role of grabbing Grid’s ankle should be left to the soldiers.

‘I just need to endure a little longer!’

It wouldn’t be long now. Soon, an army would appear and hit the enemy archers from behind. However!

“Prince! The arrival time of the reinforcements has been exceeded!”

“...?”

Prince Ren looked up at the sky. It was just before the sun was about to set. If things went according to Prince Ren’s plan, it was time for Hurent’s group to arrive here and slaughter the enemies. Then why?

‘Why haven’t they arrived yet?’

Hurent was comparable to Chucksley. Hurent and the 2,000 troops couldn’t be held back by monsters or thieves. Prince Ren thought for a moment before his eyes widened.

‘It can’t be!’

What if Grid had discovered the existence of the second group?

‘He might’ve prepared an ambush for them!’

Grid! A person who didn’t receive formal education managed to see the flow of the battlefield?

‘Does he have an innate talent for strategy?’

Grid noticed the existence of the second group and prepared an ambush for them! It was just amazing. Then another sad piece of news was passed onto the disgruntled Prince Ren.

“Prince! I can’t detect the Silver Dragons!”

“W-What?”

There was a magic power detector implanted in the bodies of the Silver Dragons. The purpose was to thoroughly supervise and manage them, as it was possible the brainwashing might be broken and betrayal would occur.

Now they couldn’t be detected? This meant the death of the Silver Dragons.

‘How?’

Prince Ren had 100% confidence in the abilities of the Silver Dragons. He didn’t doubt that they were the strongest

assassination group on the continent. Yet they failed to abduct one woman? He couldn't even imagine it.

‘Unless the duchess is protected by someone as strong as Grid, it is unlikely that the Silver Dragons will fail... Heok!

Perhaps the duchess had a protector that was as strong as Grid? The Overgeared members who assisted Grid during the Reinhardt golem invasion in the past. Prince Ren shook as he was reminded of their existence.

‘Considering their abilities at the time, can the Silver Dragons go against them?’

Grid!

‘What the hell are you...?’

Prince Ren was suffering from extreme confusion when Chucksley shouted at him.

“It’s difficult to come back from this situation! We should change our strategy now!”

“W-Why? What should we do?”

“It’s meaningless to buy time!”

Chucksley tightened his grip on the sword he was holding.

“Put all our strength into killing Duke Grid!”

It was a signal. The knight captain Chucksley and deputy captain Andu. Those two skilled people, 50 royal knights, and thousands of soldiers rushed towards Grid. It was an offensive that wasn't afraid of losing people.

Dust covered the area where Grid was standing.

‘It’s dirty.’

The average level of the enemy was only 130. Setting aside Grid, most rankers would be able to slaughter the royal soldiers alone.

However, Grid wasn't in a position to hurt the royal soldiers. He had an obligation to concede the experience to the soldiers of Reidan.

It was hard. He had to subdue them without killing! He had to regulate his strength, causing his stamina to be quickly consumed.

‘In the first place, there are too many of them.’

5,000 enemies. When he faced them directly, there seemed to be no end to them. The soldiers of Reidan killed hundreds of enemies with their arrows, but nothing changed. When 10 soldiers were killed, countless others took their place.

The attacks coming from all directions? He would've been hit a few times if it wasn't for the God Hands.

‘War is never easy.’

He wanted to evolve Reidan's strength so that he wouldn't suffer from this again. Grid breathed out roughly as dust covered him on all sides.

“Hit Duke Grid!”

“...!”

Grid frowned. Chucksley and the knights who had been by Prince Ren's side. They were simultaneously rushing towards him? The soldiers built a defensive formation around them and also ran.

“This is a bit dangerous?”

Grid was thinking when a whisper from Lael was heard.

–Pull out your power.

The chunnibyou instructed Grid. Lael sensed his reluctance and urged him.

–You can't afford to let the soldiers attack any longer. Excessive greed will poison you. I'll let the soldiers know what they have to do, so go crazy.

–Yes, I understand.

There was no room to spare. Grid nodded and took a position that was suitable for unfolding his sword dance.

“Duke Grid!”

Laden and the northern troops rushed to protect Grid.

“It’s too unreasonable! Leave it to me and avoid them!”

“...You.”

Laden’s expression was shrouded. At first glance, he was ready to die. Grid realized why Marquis Steim appreciated Laden so much.

‘His loyalty is at the level of Jude.’

No, it was higher than Jude. Jude didn’t care about his life because he had no thoughts, but Laden was prepared to sacrifice his life despite having a normal brain.

‘It would be better if he had the skills to back it up.’

Grid didn’t know Laden’s skill and misunderstood to the end. Meanwhile, Laden wielded his sword at Chucksley.

“I won’t let you pass!”

“Newbie! Open the path!”

Laden and Chucksley’s swords collided in the air.

“Think about your body.”

Grid grabbed Laden’s shoulder and pulled him back. Thanks to this, Laden was safe from Chucksley’s attack. However, Grid was the one in trouble instead. Chucksley let dozens of knights to strike at Grid.

“Duke Grid!!”

Laden hurriedly exclaimed. It was impossible for Grid to deal with dozens of knights alone. Even the four golden hands were useless because they were busy dealing with the soldiers. The

shouting Laden feared the worst for Grid. Grid couldn't help smiling.

“Cute guy.”

“...?”

He was smiling in this situation? Laden was worried that Grid had lost his mind. Then an amazing sight occurred in front of him.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Restraint.”

It was a daunting sword dance. Grid's feet trampled on the desert sand and was reminiscent of a military style.

Jeeeong!

The air around Grid became heavy and oppressive.

“Umm...”

The knights and soldiers around Grid lost their momentum and retreated. There was only one person. Chucksley was able to overcome the oppression with his mind and body, and stabbed at Grid. But his sword didn't reach Grid.

Pahat!

Something rose from behind Grid. It looked exactly like Grid and rushed out to defend against Chucksley's sword. It was Doppelganger Randy, who copied Grid's appearance.

“A clone...!”

Chucksley and the knights were agitated.

It was common sense that clones were merely illusions. However, Grid's clone clearly felt real. It was like facing another Grid.

“Pagma's Descendant! Why do you have these techniques when you're a blacksmith?”

The confused Chucksley shouted.

“The power of pets.”

“Power of pets?”

What was that? Chucksley’s mind became complicated because Grid used hard to understand words. Meanwhile, his swordsmanship overwhelmed Doppelganger Randy, who only had 30% of Grid’s abilities. But he couldn’t play around forever.

“Dragon’s Stretching.”

The qigong master’s third advancement class, ‘Master of the Flow.’ Its single combat ability was relatively inferior, but it was a class that existed for war because it could change the climate and terrain...

In order to fulfill his role as Grid’s aide, Lauel used a skill he obtained after becoming Master of the Flow.

Kurururu!

The desert shook. The earthquake stirred up the area, causing the sand to pour down in all directions and swallow up the royal troops.

“Blackening.”

Kuwaaaaaang!

Darker than the starless night sky. Grid released his power in the center of the chaos and brought disaster to the royal army. Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave, Link, Kill, Transcend, etc. Grid poured out everything without holding back. He also had the support of Lauel, the northern troops and Reidan’s troops, causing the war to end quickly.

The northern army in the middle of the battlefield was forced to suffer great damage, but it was a great achievement for Reidan because they weren’t damaged and they raised their levels. It was truly a one-sided victory.

But Asmophel wasn’t satisfied with this result.

“Please give me a chance to do something...”

He wanted to be seen by His Lord. Then Grid cried out to the eagerly waiting Asmophel.

“Asmophel! Recover the loot with the soldiers!”

“...Yes.”

It was this role again. Asmophel, who was once considered one of the two pillars of the Saharan Empire. The tears of a person that Piaro acknowledged soaked the battlefield.

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‘He is already tired.’

Grid played a big role on the battlefield, but Lael wasn't satisfied. Honestly, it was below expectations.

‘I wanted him to show that he wasn't lacking anything.’

The ability to read and respond to the enemy's movements, ability to utilize the terrain, the timing to use skills and take potions, the abilities of the items, etc. The current Grid wasn't bad overall, but it wasn't enough to compare with the high rankers.

This wasn't meant to disparage him. The most appropriate expression was not the best or the worst.

‘It's more exciting to see Yura's skills. Grid is still lacking. First of all, he has poor control over his stamina and mana.’

Grid had to bear that in mind at all times. The power of legendary skills was excellent, but they consumed a lot of resources.

‘Every time he is in a crisis, he has a habit of relying on Wave and Restraint. It is a fatal weakness against those who can avoid non-targeted skills. I don't know why he uses Magic Missile so much.’

That wasn't all.

‘The God Hands have a mere artificial intelligence. There are attacks that the God Hands can't cope with right now... For example, what if they are attacked by a superior attack?’

Among the rankers, there were those who were called ‘supreme.’ As a simple example, Kraugel and Agnus had something in common. A way to strike at them couldn't be found. Then what about Grid?

There were still a lot of gaps. As far as Lael could see, Yura would surpass Grid as soon as she reached level 300.

‘For sure...’

Grid was steadily growing and would continue to do so. Lael trusted him, but he still couldn’t help feeling worried. It was because every human had a limit.

‘But.’

It didn’t matter if Grid reached the limits of his talent.

‘He can overcome it with items.’

Grid had the skill to create legendary items. It was possible to create completely new types of items, making the possibilities endless.

‘I will help you make more creative items than typical items.’

Lael thought while looking at the battlefield and commanding the soldiers. Unlike his attitude, his vision captured the movements of Prince Ren.

“He’s finally leaving the battlefield.”

The knights blocked Grid, while the northern troops and Reidan troops were busy dealing with the soldiers. No one noticed that the enemy, Prince Ren, was running away. Lael laughed.

‘This will make him easier to capture.’

Lael opened the list of Reidan’s soldiers and arranged them in order of level. Then he named 13 soldiers.

“Arm yourselves with this and follow me.”

“Yes!”

The soldiers that Lael pointed out. They had all reached the level 160 required for the Mass Production Grid Set.

‘It’s impossible! This is ridiculous!’

Prince Ren had an excruciating headache. The moon shining

down on the cold desert didn't cool the boiling heat in his head.

‘Using power to overcome the difference in numbers and detecting all my strategies!’

Grid!

He was far beyond what Prince Ren assumed. A person that shouldn't be turned into an enemy. Despite the loss of his royal dignity, he had to admit this. The Patrian horses running through the desert sand.

Prince Ren held the reins tightly as pain, anger, regret, and despair dominated his mind. The defeat today might've completely destroyed the foundation of the 1st Prince. He was feeling frustrating when a group appeared behind him.

Lauel and the 13 soldiers.

“Prince Ren! If you don't want to die, surrender right now! Stop if you want to live!”

“Would you stop if you were me?”

Prince Ren thought scoffed at Lauel's nonsensical words and spurred the horse on. Lauel sighed and beckoned to the soldiers.

“Shoot.”

“Huh?”

Shoot a bow while riding on a horse? The Reidan soldiers were baffled. They were novices in riding horses, so shooting on horseback was a long time away. Lauel shouted as they hesitated.

“Trust in the power of items!”

“Items...!”

Common NPCs didn't know the concept of being overgeared, but the soldiers of Reidan were different. Their superiors had sat them down and told them about being overgeared and the power of items. They pulled out their bows while their horses ran.

Lauel was the same. Then a notification window popped up in front of him.

[You have let go of the horse's reins! Danger! The risk of falling from the horse will increase by 60%!]

[The Mass Produced Grid's Gaiters have attached to the stirrups. The risk of falling has decreased significantly.]

'He made it properly!'

The skills of elite soldiers included horseback riding. But it took a considerable amount of time to train them to wield a sword or shoot arrows on a running horse. In particular, the desert terrain of Reidan made it harder for beginners to learn. Lauel was worried about this and made a request to Grid.

Solve it with items. Grid's response to this was the Mass Produced Grid's Gaiters. It was made in a form where the gaiters could be attached to the stirrups. There was the disadvantage of being uncomfortable when getting off the horse, but...

'We will get used to it!'

Kirik!

On a running horse! Lauel and 13 soldiers pulled back their bowstrings! Prince Ren was shocked by the sight.

'Soldiers have learned the skill of fighting on horseback?'

It was difficult for even knights to learn! A smile appeared on Lauel's face as he saw Prince Ren's expression.

"Reidan's soldiers, you are the loyal subordinates of Duke Grid! Place your anger in the sharp arrowheads! Pass on the arrows of regret and despair towards the head of the enemy who dared invade Reidan!"

The 13 soldiers got goosebumps at Lauel's horrific shout. But they were the soldiers who endured Piaro and Asmophel's hell training, so they calmed their minds and fired the bow in an unwavering

manner.

Pahat!

Pa pa pa pat!

“Protect the prince!”

As the heir, Prince Ren’s importance was very high in the Eternal Kingdom. He was constantly guarded by members of the Silver Dragons. Daluka’s Clothes were turned off, and the five Silver Dragons following the prince revealed themselves, breaking the 14 arrows with their daggers. The silver color in the darkness was very sharp.

‘They are strong!’

Panic appeared on the soldiers’ faces. Their skills weren’t at the level to deal with high level assassins. But Lael was still smiling.

“Noe!”

It was the best demonic beast in hell. Throughout this war, he had been asleep on Lael’s chest. Grid had ordered that he escort Lael.

“Nyang!”

A black cat with small demon wings! His chubby body flew to the assassins and swung his sharp claws.

“Nya nya nya nya nyang!”

“Heok!”

“Ugh!”

“Keok!”

The Silver Dragons were strong. It wasn’t easy for Noe, who was only in the early 200’s, to easily overpower them. The daggers focused on blocking Noe’s attacks. However, Noe had a secret technique.

“Kyong!”

Noe's mouth stretched wide open. The agility of the Silver Dragons was swallowed by Noe.

"I'm much better compared to my previous life."

Qi was focused on Lael's fingertips. Then the Dragon's Claws sprang up from the ground and fatally injured the weakened Silver Dragons.

"U-Unbelievable!"

The Silver Dragons were easily subdued!

'What is that crazy cat?'

Prince Ren increased the speed of his horse. But Noe's movement speed far exceeded it after taking the agility of the Silver Dragons.

Peok!

"Ugh!"

The cat's paws struck the back of Prince Ren's head and knocked him down. It was the shame of a lifetime.

The Reidan army's military barracks. The 1st Prince Ren, who abandoned his army and retreated, and the soldiers who were captured.

"You guys dare!? Don't you know who I am?"

Royalty. Ren, who was first in the line of succession, recognized himself as a holy presence. Wasn't it too insulting to be caught by soldiers and dragged around like a dog? He would rather die than bear this shame. Grid read the anger and resentment filling those stubborn eyes and scoffed.

"This totally crazy bastard."

"What...?"

He might be a prisoner, but wasn't he still a prince of the Eternal Kingdom? He should be treated with a minimum of courtesy, not

dragged around and forced to kneel like a dog!

“E-Ek? Duke Grid! You! How can you say such words?”

“It’s easy. Aren’t you really crazy? First, you’re the one who invaded my territory, but you want to blame me? What is with this impertinent attitude?”

“Don’t talk nonsense!”

Kwaduduk!

Prince Ren coughed up blood. It felt like something was broken. Grid sighed, “You don’t know your mistake.”

This was the temperament of the strong. They were accustomed to trampling on others and living their own way. They were unaware of their own faults.

‘It was the same with Lee Junho and Choi Chansung.’

Grid had been bullied by them for a long time, so he was well aware of it.

“People like you don’t change easily. It’s the same for me.”

Grid’s current personality was mostly shaped by what he experienced.

He had been submissive and trampled on for most of his life, giving him an obsession to pay back any grudges and a tendency for violence. His basic tendencies still hadn’t changed, even with his life improving.

“Lower your eyes.”

Peeok!

Grid didn’t treat the other person in a special manner just because he was a prince. He forced Prince Ren to bow his head and made an immediate decision.

“You are sentenced to death.”

There was a commotion in the surroundings. There was a

captivity law in the West Continent. It was a common law that lasted for hundreds of years that prisoners couldn't be harmed if they were nobility or royalty. The fact that Grid would violate this law astonished Prince Ren and the royal army.

Lauel sent Grid a whisper.

–Hold on. If you kill Prince Ren, Reidan will become independent and have a completely hostile relationship with the Eternal Kingdom.

–Then let's be independent. Won't I be king anyway?

–It's premature. If Reidan becomes independent from Eternal right now, there's a possibility that Marquis Steim's northern territory will be taken while it is isolated, and Reidan is likely to become the empire's prey.

–Hmm.

Grid's understanding was low. But he paid attention to what the other person said.

–I don't know... Then what should I do?

–Be magnanimous and spare him. Anyway, Prince Ren is responsible for this war and he has completely lost his foundation. By sending him back alive, you can make him build up forces loyal to you, killing two birds with one stone. More forces will support you and Reidan can establish a greater presence in the Eternal Kingdom.

–But I already declared that I wouldn't send the invaders back alive.

–I'm telling you to reverse the decision. You won't lose any dignity. No, many users will admire your wise choice.

–That... Really?

Reversing the decision. Grid didn't particularly like it.

–You, you aren't planning to stab me in the back later right?

–It will never happen, as long as you are ruling above me.

–...I will work hard, even if you're scary.

–Huhuhut!

The smiling chuunibyou Lael. The fact that he would never commit betrayal, Grid knew this better than anyone else.

Chapter 345

Grid accepted Lael's advice and nodded.

–I'm convinced. Then let's handle Prince Ren.

Grid's black eyes that were filled with anger slowly calmed down. He learned from watching Huroi and Lael. He thought carefully before opening his mouth.

“Prince Ren, let me ask you one thing. The fact that you invaded Reidan means that something happened to the king?”

‘He is too clever.’

Grid saw through his tricks and neutralized them. Those black eyes. They gave the illusion that they could see through everything. It was hard to believe that Grid didn't come from noble birth.

Prince Ren felt awe as he gulped and nodded.

“Yes. The life of the king is running out and I had to strike at you in order to safely succeed the throne.”

Prince Ren replied. His face once again distorted with rage and resentment.

“You...! If you had just pledged allegiance to the royal family and not just the king on that day! I wouldn't have chosen such an extreme method!”

It wasn't a simple matter of transferring responsibility. Prince Ren exposed himself to Grid. The position that Prince Ren was in, it was all as Lael intended. Lael had a wicked smile on his face.

‘Your extreme choice has weakened the royal family's power and raised Grid's position.’

‘That Lael.’

Grid got goosebumps at Lael's smiling face. Smart guys were too

frightening.

“Hrmm... As you said, I swore allegiance to the king.”

Grid read the wider political perspective. He suppressed his trivial rage towards Prince Ren.

“I, Grid Reidan du Steim have decided. Prince Ren tried to shake my foundation by invading, but Prince Ren is also the king’s successor and the pillar of the Eternal Kingdom. As your servant, I will forgive the prince’s sins.”

“...!”

The eyes of Prince Ren and the royal army widened. Grid was treating the prince with disrespect, but that wasn’t the problem right now. Forgive the sins. This meant no responsibility would be held. Such great mercy was unheard of.

Prince Ren couldn’t believe it and asked again, “Just before, you gave me the death penalty...! Why are you suddenly eliminating my sin? What absurd thing are you trying to do?”

Grid’s eyes became flat.

“Why are you having a conniption when I’m giving you a break?”

Grid eventually revealed his true nature due to Prince Ren’s attitude. Lael shook his head and glanced at Bunny Bunny. This scene was meant to be edited. The quick-witted Bunny Bunny immediately nodded.

Grid spoke again, “I’ll let it go. You’re the successor to the king who I swore allegiance to. In order to maintain my loyalty to the king and to suppress chaos in the Eternal Kingdom, I will let it go, you jerk.”

“Why...? Why would you make such a decision...?”

Prince Ren was thrilled after realizing that Grid’s heart was as wide as the sea. He felt guilty.

‘Whatever the reason, I tried to destroy Duke Grid.’

The fact that he was forgiven...

Prince Ren was deeply moved as he spoke.

“I, 1st Prince Ren of the Eternal Kingdom, make this pledge. Duke Grid, sacrificing yourself to forgive this sinner for the sake of the kingdom... I will never forget this and spend the rest of my life paying it back.”

“Don’t stab me in the back.”

Grid grumbled and rose from his seat. Then the 1,000 Reidan troops and 500 surviving northern troops stood on his left and right. It was truly spectacular. He was certainly one of the top users among the two billion users.

‘Everyone starts the game on equal terms.’

However, while some people were still wrestling with orcs, Grid became the duke of a kingdom and reigned over thousands of soldiers. He was truly a great person. Bunny Bunny’s gaze was filled with envy as he looked at Grid...

‘Now I see that he is a good person.’

After using Blackening, Grid’s eyes became completely black and he turned pale. The distinct tones gave him the illusion of being handsome. He appeared very well on the screen. Still, it was no comparison to the ‘white-haired Grid version,’ which once made women around the world feel thrilled.

“Then I will leave now.”

Bunny Bunny captured Grid’s image. He had no regrets. The army withdrew from the barracks and returned to Reidan. The last thing he saw before leaving was Chucksley, who was mixed in among the royal army survivors.

Chucksley vowed.

‘A hero of the kingdom who has a wide range of skills.’

He was deeply grateful that his prince was forgiven.

‘I swear that the Lokan family will honor you and your family forever.’

It originally should be like this. Grid was the kingdom’s hero. However, Prince Ren and Chucksley forgot this fact while they were busy being defensive, so they truly felt guilty.

“I am thankful that my life is spared, but... It’s bittersweet. Now I’m completely out of the line of succession.”

There weren’t even 1,000 royal troops left. Out of 7,000 troops, he lost more than 6,000. In addition, he lost 24 Silver Dragons, 39 knights, Ferrell, and Andu. Due to this war, the forces supporting the royal family were hit hard, so he couldn’t avoid taking responsibility. He would be pushed down the line of succession and probably disciplined.

“The blood of the royal family is more precious than any other gem. Your Highness was able to keep your life, so that’s enough. In addition, it’s a big achievement that you confirmed Duke Grid’s loyalty to the royal family.

Chucksley reassured him as much as possible. Prince Ren was grateful that he always served the royal family with a great heart.

“Let’s hurry. I have to stay by Father’s side when it is the end.”

King Wiesbaden had less than a week left to live. Prince Ren’s sin would be heavier if he wasn’t by his father’s side. Prince Ren and Chucksley hastened their pace with an impatient mind, when two men appeared in front of them.

One was Eternal’s 2nd Prince, Aslan, while the other one was covered in robes and unidentified.

“Aslan? Why are you here?”

Prince Ren was confused by his brother’s unexpected appearance.

“I was sure that Brother would be defeated. Did you really think

you could defeat the legendary Duke Grid with just an army of 7,000? A legend isn't someone who can be hurt by a soldier. The royal family doesn't yet have the power to oppose Duke Grid."

"...I'm sorry. I was overwhelmed by my anxiety, dealing a big blow to the royal family."

"No. You don't have to apologize to me. Rather, I'm thankful to Brother. Why do you think I didn't stop you, despite foreseeing your defeat?"

Aslan was originally a reticent prince. He didn't open his mouth easily and even when he spoke, he thought about it at least 10 times. Ren might be his brother, but he'd rarely heard Aslan's voice in the last 30 years.

But now.

Aslan was speaking without hesitation, with a provocative expression. The contents were also disturbing. Prince Ren's expression distorted.

"Aslan, don't tell me that you..."

A wide smile spread on Aslan's face.

"Did you notice? I wanted Brother to self-destruct. In that sense, the current result is a little unfortunate. It would've been ideal if you lost your life to Duke Grid."

"Prince Aslan! That's too much!"

Chucksley was someone who had sworn allegiance to the royal family itself, not to Prince Ren. He prayed for the well-being of the royal family. He didn't want disagreements between the princes. Aslan reached out Chucksley, who was trying to calm down the mood.

"Sir Chucksley, come. I will take the life of my big brother here, and I hope that you won't be swept away by it."

"What...!?"

Chucksley doubted his ears. He couldn't move easily as Aslan spoke to the robed man with him.

"Please spare Sir Chucksley, if possible. He's the treasure of our kingdom."

The silent robed man nodded.

"I understand."

Flap.

The unidentified man threw his robe into the sky, making Prince Ren look away for a moment.

Teong!

The man who took off his robe suddenly approached Prince Ren.

"You!"

Chucksley hurriedly moved. He did his best to block the sword that was about to stab Prince Ren. However, the man's swordsmanship was at a level that Chucksley couldn't go against. It avoided Chucksley's sword and moved across Prince Ren's body in a diagonal line.

"Ke...heok!"

Prince Ren coughed up blood as the sword went through his armor. The hot blood quickly soaked the cold desert sand.

"Prince!!"

He had to live! Chucksley was filled with that conviction and rushed to Prince Ren. Somehow, they had to leave this place and do first aid. However, the unidentified man Aslan brought blocked Chucksley's way.

"Who the hell are you?"

He was a great swordsman. One of the strongest swordsman on the continent. Now there was a swordsman who surpassed him? The unidentified man replied to the confused Chucksley.

“I am called the 9th knight.”

“...!”

Chucksley belatedly examined the man. The man was wearing red armor that symbolized the Red Knights.

“A single number knight!”

The strongest knights of the Saharan Empire who dominated the continent for hundreds of years. It was said that their reputation was known even on the East Continent.

But!

‘I am a great swordsman!’

If a singly number knight was the strongest knight in the empire, he was the strongest swordsman on the continent. It was normal for him to be upset.

‘Then why?’

The 9th knight shrugged at the confused Chucksley.

“A mere 100 years ago, Great Swordsman wasn’t the title for the strongest swordsman. A sword saint was the best.”

“But in the last 100 years, nobody with the qualifications to become a sword saint has emerged. A great swordsman appears once every 20 years.”

“You might’ve perceived yourself to be the strongest, but there are many talented people born with the qualities of a sword saint. If you look at it, a great swordsman is common.”

“You are also a great swordsman!”

“Indeed. But I am much closer to becoming a sword saint than you.”

Puok!

A strange sword with a Y-shaped end. It bounced off Chucksley’s sword and pierced Prince Ren’s heart.

“Your Highness!”

The body of Prince Ren in his arms was rapidly cooling down. Chucksley despaired as he sensed this, while Prince Aslan took care of the soldiers with the 9th knight.

Originally, 20 members of the Silver Dragons came to kidnap Irene.

They were held captive by a potato enthusiast who might be a swordsman, magician, or farmer, and thought they would be killed. However, the potato enthusiast unexpectedly gave them mercy. Rather than taking their lives, he removed the magic power detectors controlling their bodies and minds?

“There must be a reason you guys wanted to do something so bad. Anyway, now you’re free. I don’t want to defile my body and soul by killing you.”

They were orphans and then forced to become assassins. Now he gave freedom to those who had always lived in hell? The Silver Dragons were impressed. They were grateful to the potato enthusiast whose name they didn’t know. The problem was that they now had no place to go.

“We want to follow you with a sincere heart.”

“...”

It was annoying for the potato enthusiast, Bland. He didn’t need the help of these weak assassins. But they would be helpful to someone else.

“You are just a nuisance to me. However, if you want to do something, protect Duchess Irene.”

“Yes!”

The Silver Dragons moved immediately. At this time, Irene was in Lord’s room. It was the realm of Kasim, king of shadows.

“Who are you?”

“Heok!”

There was someone whose presence they couldn't detect? Kasim examined the Silver Dragons who appeared.

“Hoh, that is Daluka's breathing method? You guys are learning something pretty interesting.”

Lord Steim, who would be the continent's future.

It was the day when the foundation of the strongest assassin group, 'Overgeared Shadows' was set.

Chapter 346

When they returned to Reidan.

The level difference between Reidan and the northern army was evident during the marching process. Reidan's soldiers weren't breathless at all, while the tired northern army was on the brink of collapse.

The northern troops had made great sacrifices in the war, so were they exhausted because of mental weakness?

No.

It was the difference in basic stats. The northern army was regarded as one of the best in the Eternal Kingdom, but it wasn't comparable to Reidan's army, who had endured the hell training by Piaro and Asmophel.

Reidan's soldiers not only had a high level, their strength and stamina also far exceeded the average. Moreover, their ability to adapt to the terrain was so high that it was difficult to see them as soldiers.

'I would like to get a copy of the soldier training method of Reidan.'

While Laden was feeling impressed with Reidan's army, Grid spoke to Asmophel in the lead.

"Asmophel, you had a hard time training the army. Thanks to your hard work, I was able to win easier in the this war."

"You're overpraising me, My Lord. In addition, the military training wasn't done solely by me."

"No, it isn't too much praise. The difference between the royal army and Reidan's army is as big as the sky and the earth. This was my chance to get to know your abilities. And Piaro? Doesn't he usually spend his days in the field? You are a hundred times better

than him.”

“My Lord...!”

After serving Grid, Asmophel had been in the shadows without performing well. He was afraid that he would never be seen by Grid, but this was groundless. Grid recognized his efforts and acknowledged his abilities.

Asmophel was thrilled and exclaimed, “I will work hard to achieve your goals in the future!”

“Yes, good. Continue to focus on training the army.”

“...Huh?”

Asmophel’s official position was head of the Overgeared Knights Division 2. In fact, this didn’t mean training the soldiers. The leaders of the knights division were supposed to performance high level missions. In particular, Asmophel played a pivotal role in the Saharan Empire, the strongest nation on the continent.

‘He wants me to continue the military training in the future?’

The problem was that Asmophel wasn’t active.

‘My Lord is still not aware of my skills.’

His position was being downgraded to a mere trainer? Grid asked the anxious and frustrated Asmophel, “By the way, how much loot did you get?”

“...The royal army dropped 933 blades, 712 spears, 250 bows, 195 shields and 141 armor pieces.”

“Is that the end?”

“Yes...”

“Why?”

“Huh? That... They are all the items dropped by the royal soldiers.”

“Weren’t there 4,000 casualties? So shouldn’t there be at least

4,000 items dropped?”

“ ... ”

Just like monsters and users, NPCs didn't always drop items when they died. It was natural for there to be many cases of empty hands. Grid was well aware of this, but he still thought it was too low. Asmophel stayed silent and Grid asked Lauel.

“Lauel, how much money did we win? You said we could sit on a pile of money if we took the spoils? But what is this? Were my expectations too high?”

“There is a total of 2,090 normal rated level 130 equipment. 141 normal rated armor. If I calculate it at the minimum price, it is a profit of 25,000 gold... Sooner or later, you will become a building owner. Are you really going to dismiss this much money?”

“Heok?”

25,000 gold was around 30 million won. The profit earned from half a day of fighting was enormous.

“How can it be so much money?”

“Level 130 normal rated weapons are at least 10 gold, while armor is 30 gold. You can't ignore quantity. If you melt all of it and use it as material to make items, you will be able to earn a bigger profit.”

“...War is a good thing.”

“Indeed. If you take advantage of war, not only can you gain loot, you can also establish a logistics business. It will be very beneficial to the economy. This is why the empire has been constantly fighting for hundreds of years.”

“Then should we fight every day from now on?”

“Is it that easy? Well, it is undeniable that Reidan is a territory optimized to serve as a base for war. There is a desert everywhere and monsters pop up in large quantities. We can also produce large amounts of food thanks to Piaro. It will be useful when it's time.”

“Piaro...”

Grid’s face distorted as he heard that name. The person who had the role of commander didn’t participate in this war. It was scandalous the more he thought about it.

“Why did he go to Altes Mountain just before there was a war? He used the excuse of just training one soldier. His timing is really great.”

Piaro had actually smashed the separate group led by Hurent that attacked in the rear. He even obtained 850 new farmers... No, he had secured prisoners. Piaro could be said to have the best achievement in this war, but Grid didn’t know this.

“Your Highness...! Your Highness!”

The cold desert night. A person of a noble lineage died without leaving a will behind.

Chucksley hugged Prince Ren’s corpse and tears flowed down. Aslan’s expression was benevolent as he looked at Chucksley.

“Sir Chucksley, I am reassured of your loyalty to the royal family. Now, take my hand. Serve me until the day I die.”

“...”

Chucksley didn’t have any particular special feelings for Prince Ren. He equally revered all of the royal family. But at this moment, he felt hostile towards Aslan. His cruelty where he didn’t blink when he murdered his brother was rejected by Chucksley.

‘He is scary!’

In addition, the value of Chucksley’s existence was decreased. He felt helpless that he couldn’t protect Prince Ren. Chucksley swallowed his fear, anger, and despair as he bowed to Aslan.

“...I will follow.”

This was his duty. No matter what Aslan was, Chucksley had to follow him since he served the Eternal Kingdom's royal family.

But.

‘A person blinded by the throne and borrowing the power of a foreign nation to kill his brother, I can't really be loyal to you.’

He would just perform his duty. Chucksley's hot loyalty for the royal family cooled. However, Prince Aslan wasn't aware of his internal thoughts and was happy.

“Today is a happy day.”

Prince Aslan, who was destined not to be king just because he was born two years later than Prince Ren. He had always cursed his fate. As a prince who couldn't be king, he hated his rotten life. Now his fate changed thanks to Prince Ren's stupidity.

“Now, let's go back. I will take care of my brother who was killed by Duke Grid.”

February 10th, Year 406 of the Eternal Kingdom.

1st Prince Ren started his invasion of Reidan with only an army of 7,000 people.

February 17th, Year 406 of the Eternal Kingdom.

13th King Wiesbaden died and 2nd Prince Aslan became king.

February 21st, Year 406 of the Eternal Kingdom.

14th King Aslan declared at a meeting.

“Duke Grid might've killed the prince, but he isn't guilty. Prince Ren forgot about Duke Grid's merits and invaded without any justification. He was clearly wrong and Duke Grid only defended himself.”

After that. Grid was able to maintain his position and lead a life that wasn't any different from before, despite being charged with killing Prince Ren. His position as one of the great lords of the

Eternal Kingdom was still solid.

But this wasn't what Lael desired.

'In my original plan, Grid's position should already be beyond the royal family's.'

He intended to take advantage of Prince Ren. However, all his plans were useless after someone killed Prince Ren. The culprit who killed Prince Ren? Lael was convinced that it was King Aslan. But this wasn't a problem that he could bring to the surface. There was no exact proof and no justification for it. King Aslan was showing favor towards Grid.

'Clever.'

By acting like this, he restrained Grid from growing, while accumulating friendship with Grid. On the other hand, the king teamed up with the empire and could expand his economic and military power.

'There was an attitude of explicit cooperation with the empire immediately after Aslan was crowned King. This proves that the imperial royal family is behind Aslan. Aslan will be able to lay his foundation thanks to the empire, while the empire can perfectly control the Eternal Kingdom. It's a good thing for both of them.'

Aslan, he was a troublesome opponent. Rather than frowning, Lael laughed at the thought.

"Kukukuk...! King Aslan, this was good. You're the first opponent to stimulate my passion. The folds of my brain are twitching with excitement."

Lael held up a big hand and covered half of his small face. He leaned back on the window and lifted the transparent glass.

"I can't wait. The master of the glass filled with bitter tears will be me."

So...

Grid was rejoicing while Lael was immersed in this atmosphere.

“King Aslan sent another gift? Hey, he’s a nice guy. Hahaha! He is much better than the former king!”

After the war.

He acquired a lot of loot and King Aslan sent gold treasures, so Reidan became abundant. This would be the foundation on which all 1,000 of Reidan’s soldiers could arm themselves with the Mass Production Grid Set. The soldiers of Reidan were being reborn as true elites.

“Eh?”

Grid was busy making the Mass Production Grid sets with the four God Hands. He went out for a walk and to spend time with Lord, only for his eyes to widen. The cause was the large number of farmers working in the fields. It seemed to have grown by 1,000 people.

“Where did all these people come from?”

Reidan was suffering from a population problem, so how were there so many farmers? Piaro came over to the grumbling Grid and explained.

“I picked them up by chance in the Altes Mountains.”

“...”

Picked up people in the mountains? It was also more than 800 people? It was a ridiculous explanation. However, Grid believed it because he had a history of bringing the Ul Clan here.

“There must be an ethnic minority living in the Altes Mountains. Very good. It is no wonder why I didn’t see you during the war.”

It was the moment when soldiers of the Eternal Kingdom were treated as a minority.

Royman had a question. She confirmed that Grid was busy with Lord in his arms and asked Piaro.

“Piaro, why didn’t you tell the duke the truth? They aren’t a minority, but people from the Eternal Kingdom like us.”

“I don’t want the workforce I obtained to be taken away into the army. This isn’t an act to deceive My Lord. Farming is a national power, so in the end, I made a choice for My Lord. I will also train them to do some military exercises.”

“I see!”

Royman witnessed Piaro’s overwhelming skills and sincerely admired Piaro. Everything that Piaro said sounded right. Anyway, 850 farmers were added to Reidan. They worked in the fields in the morning and received military training at night. Mixed among them was Aura Master Hurent.

‘What am I doing now?’

It was very confusing and embarrassing, but he couldn’t help desiring the results of the ‘★ Hidden Quest ★ Fun and Exciting Training.’ Reidan was becoming stronger day by day.

Chapter 347

The typical profit structure of BJs was through lunar balloons (goods received from viewers).

In fact, the main source of income for BJs was advertising.

Brands advertised themselves through the BJ's clothes or accessories. There were also banner ads inserted on the screen and video ads that increased sequentially according to the number of video playbacks.

A BJ's advertising revenue increased dramatically depending on the number of viewers and video plays, so the popular BJs made millions of won as monthly revenue.

The pinnacle of this was Bunny Bunny. After his splendid recovery through the 'Seven Guilds invasion of Reidan,' the average number of viewers was 150,000. The viewers were from all over the world. Once the broadcast started, there were a flurry of lunar balloons. The advertising companies also guaranteed him the best treatment.

"The new broadcast will raise my value even more."

Tadak. Tadak. Tadak.

Bunny Bunny sat in front of a computer for three days. He had his meals in front of a computer and reduced his sleep. He concentrated on editing the video while wearing thick glasses.

"Okay, very nice."

Bunny Bunny was very pleased with the 10 hour video that was gradually being completed.

Prince Ren marching off resolutely. A young knight struggling against the great swordsman, Chucksley. Grid appearing in a dramatic moment to overpower Prince Ren's army. The Reidan soldiers, who turned the royal army into masses of experience. In

the end, Prince Ren fell to his knees before Grid. Grid showed mercy to Prince Ren and reigned over thousands of soldiers.

As a bonus, the farmer who crushed Hurent...

The war footage of the Reidan army and royal army was a blockbuster. There were plenty of spectacular and stimulating sights to make the viewers enthralled. Thanks to Bunny Bunny's great filming and editing techniques, there was nothing boring.

'In particular, the finale is the highlight.'

Grid looked down at the kneeling Prince Ren with a haughty attitude. The viewers would realize something when watching Grid say 'I will forgive your sins.' They would know that Grid was a clever person who looked to the future.

'The ones who mock Grid for only using items will be shut down.'

Bunny Bunny liked Grid's character very much. He showed a great dignity as a lord, while showing abrupt speeches and absolute force. He always appeared in dramatic moment and was suitable to be a protagonist.

'His appearance is also becoming better.'

His skeleton had been further refined by exercise. In particular, his sharp jawline was now visible. It was a subtle difference when actually looking at him, but it was different in the video. This was because elements on the screen could be changed significantly by minor factors.

'I want to get closer to Grid in the future in order to obtain more opportunities to film.'

Ttiring~

Bunny Bunny was putting the final touches on the editing when an email arrived. It was from Lauel. Bunny Bunny narrowed his eyes as he checked the contents of the email.

“He is as thorough as rumored.”

Lauel had two requirements. First, pay 40% of all Grid-related proceeds to Overgeared. Secondly, delete the scene where Grid allowed Prince Ren to live.

‘The profit distribution is more than twice the average...’

Still, it was something he could afford. It was worth spending this much. But why did he want to delete the last scene that would imprint Grid’s charisma onto the public?

Why? Bunny Bunny worried about it for a long time before figuring out Lauel’s intentions.

‘Wasn’t Grid framed for killing Prince Ren?’

In such a situation, what if it spread that Grid released Prince Ren?

‘...Some people might think that Grid stabbed Prince Ren in the back.’

It would be misunderstood that Grid let Prince Ren leave alive, only to chase and assassinate him.

‘It is a situation where the person who killed Prince Ren can’t be specifically pointed out. Well, the misunderstanding might be resolved if Grid tries to explain it.’

However, it was a sensitive issue, so the public might be indifferent to the clarification.

‘Yes, there is no need to scratch at the surface.’

Bunny Bunny was convinced and started editing the video again.

Then two days later.

The nine hour video of the war between Grid and Prince Ren was broadcasted by Bunny Bunny. The reaction was explosive. It exceeded even Bunny Bunny’s expectations.

-Wow... That knight called Laden has excellent skills. Not giving

into the enemy until the end for his lord...

-A Named NPC? Ordinary players like us can never meet them...

⇒

-Chucksley is the real thing. He's a great swordsman.

-Ohh! Grid!

-Crazy; Look at Grid;;;

-Wow... I never thought he could match Chucksley... He's even giving Reidan's soldiers experience while dealing with Chucksley

⇒ ⇒

-I can't look away.

-I felt it since he hit the Red Knight, but Grid has really improved his control skills.

-I agree. There is no comparison to the National Competition or the golem invasion.

-What are those golden hands? ;;

-What Grid ⇒ ⇒ ⇒ Does he want to be a thousand-armed person in the future? ⇒ ⇒ ⇒ ⇒ ⇒

-Grid oppa has used Blackening.

-I prefer the white version.

In the past, there were many people who expressed dissatisfaction towards Grid. Some even showed hostility. They couldn't acknowledge Grid, who showed poor skills and only relied on items. But now it was different.

People felt attracted to Grid. Over time, the users saw Grid growing and 'wanted to become like Grid someday.'

-Eh?

The enthusiastic audience watching Bunny Bunny's broadcast became quiet. It was due to Hurent, who won Prince Ren's trust and led 2,000 troops. He repeatedly said that he would repay his

grudge while moving through the Altes Mountains.

–Farmers?

That’s right. Farmers blocked their way. The viewers were disappointed.

–What is wrong with those farmers? □ □

–Blocking the front of an army... Do they want to commit suicide?

–How poor... Pitiful.

That was the common belief. All the viewers were worried about the lives of the farmers. But what was the real scene? 2,000 soldiers were defeated by a farmer who used a legendary wide area skill. They should be worried about Hurent.

Puk.

“Eek?”

Puk.

“Huk!”

Puk.

“Heeeok...!”

“ ... ”

At present, the number of viewers for Bunny Bunny’s broadcast had reached 300,000. The first user to become a duke, Grid, and the prince of a kingdom were fighting. It was a hot topic that caused the audience interest to explode.

As hundreds of thousands of viewers watched, Hurent was defeated by a farmer. He was hit in the forehead three times by a hand plow and became a rag. It was a shocking event that would cause a wave beyond the legendary ‘5 second logout’ incident.

The world was in an uproar for a while. News related to Grid was played unceasingly in South Korea as well as the world.

<Duke Grid has the strongest soldiers!!>

<The crazy farmer of Reidan wasn't a rumor. He actually exists.>
<Even the farmers of Reidan are strong... What is Reidan's strength?> "This war hasn't revealed Duke Grid's real power. Jishuka, Regas, Pon and the other Overgeared members didn't participate."

"Grid's actual power must be several times stronger than what was shown here."

Various media and public opinion was concentrated not just on Grid, but Grid's forces. Numerous experts rated Grid's power as two or three times what was shown. But they didn't know. Two times? Three times? How funny. After merging with the Silver Knights Guild and obtaining Yura, Grid was 10 times stronger than what he showed in the war.

Even now.

Grid's strength was increasing by leaps and bounds.

"Let's build a temple for Goddess Rebecca in Reidan."

14th Pope Damian. The first user to acquire the status of pope was trying to start his first foreign activity after stabilizing the church.

The spacious fields of Reidan.

Hurent hadn't been able to stretch his back for hours already. There was no time to breathe, thanks to Piaro's thorough supervision.

"Don't bend your knees when bowing your back."

Furthermore, Piaro had too many unnecessary requirements. Hurent was exhausted and he couldn't bear it anymore.

"Don't bend my knees when bowing my waist? Isn't that too hard? It's complete torture!"

“Hard work is the way you train your body. If it’s easier, your body won’t be trained and you might be hurt in the long run.”

“...I see.”

Hurent was confused. Wasn’t he a prisoner? But he was being trained rather than treated as simple labor. In fact, the rewards for the ‘★Hidden Quest★ Fun and Exciting Training!’ was of immense value.

“Why are you being so good to me? Do you plan to make me Grid’s subordinate? It won’t work. I will never be Grid’s subordinate. My goal is to make Grid kneel within four seconds.

Piario explained to Hurent.

“In one week, I will be heading into Altes Mountain to do a mass-scale land clearing. My goal is to train you as much as possible by then to make you the best labor force.”

“...Dammit. I knew it. You wouldn’t do this for no reason.”

Hurent grumbled but followed Piario’s instructions. He couldn’t help it when looking at the quest reward. The moment he was immersed in the rice planting.

“It’s been a long time, Brother.”

A man with his face and name deeply covered by a straw hat arrived. He walked across the fields in a leisurely manner and gave a friendly greeting to Piario.

“You have grown!”

Piario was a crazy farmer who attacked people for no reason.

‘I don’t know who he is, but I feel sorry for him.’

Hurent shook his head. The man with the straw hat. The foolish man who greeted Piario was attacked. Piario’s hand plow attacks were quick and irregular. Even an aura master couldn’t match it. Hurent predicted that the man in the straw hat would have his forehead struck by a hand plow.

However, the result was different from what he expected.

Chaaeng!

A beautifully shining white sword easily blocked Piaro's hand plow.

"Heok."

That crazy farmer's hand plow could be blocked? Hurent was astonished while Piaro cried out.

"You have far exceeded my past self...!"

There were only two people who had ever made Piaro feel thrilled. Pagma's Descendant Grid and White Swordsman Kraugel. That's right. The identity of the man in the straw hat was the 1st ranked user, Kraugel.

"I'm stuck at the last wall blocking my ultimate goal. I'm asking for a spar with you in order to break that wall."

The peak of two billion users and...

A unique existence who gobbled up all types of titles. He was trying to get ahead of everyone else.

And on this day.

It was the historic first meeting between Grid and Kraugel. It was a turning point for both men.

Chapter 348

“I’m stuck at the last wall blocking my ultimate goal. I’m asking for a spar with you in order to break that wall.”

“Hoh, the ultimate goal you are aiming at. The goal must be...”

They were meaningful words.

Piario asked carefully, “Is it becoming a sword saint?”

Kraugel didn’t deny it.

“That’s right.”

“Haha.”

Sword Saint. It meant a saint of the sword. A person who reached the extremes of swordsmanship and received enlightenment was always the strongest in history. Muller, who managed to suppress and seal the bodies of the great demons like Hell Gao, Drasion, Morax, Astaroth, and Purpu.

After Muller, no sword saint had been born in the last 100 years. Now Kraugel was close to reaching a level that even Piario couldn’t achieve.

‘He has enough talent.’

Piario had been very amazed when he first met Kraugel. It was because Kraugel’s talent was higher than the person who was praised as the strongest swordsman on the continent. Yes, Piario had seen through him from the beginning. If there was a person who would surpass him one day, it would surely be Kraugel.

‘But.’

He felt strangely irritated after seeing Kraugel’s growth.

‘I never even saw the threshold...’

Duguen.

Duguen! Duguen!

His heart beat wildly. The fighting spirit that had been lost since becoming a farmer was currently wriggling. This uncontrollable fighting spirit made his blood become hot like lava.

“Are you qualified?”

Was he qualified to achieve something that even Piaro, a legend, couldn't do? Kraugel read Piaro's feelings from his provocative question and made a serious expression.

“Please check it for yourself.”

Just as Piaro was always the strongest, Kraugel was the same. He was always aware of his position as the peak of two billion users. He didn't consider himself inferior to others, and was filled with passion and pride. For him, Piaro was a good friend as well as a mountain that must be surpassed.

“I will apply for a spar. Do you accept?”

“Of course.”

Piario nodded. This would allow Kraugel to achieve the quest prerequisites.

[Sword Saint]

Difficulty: SSS

Win against a legend.

It was a simple and clear quest, assuming that he could meet a legend. But the degree of difficulty was high enough to be described as absurd. A person who wasn't a legend had to win over a legend? This was indeed...

‘Interesting.’

That's right. Rather than grumbling or being disgusted like a regular person, he felt delighted. New challenges were necessary to increase his passion. On the other hand, Hurent doubted his ears.

‘Sword saint? A sword saint! It can't be!’

There were only one other person who was a candidate for a sword saint. Hurent stared at the man in the straw hat. He wanted to look at the skill of a sword saint candidate. He left the field and followed after Piaro and the man.

“Stab.”

“Hiyap!”

“Cut.”

“Haap!”

“Chop.”

“Huriyat~!”

The war 10 days ago had awakened Reidan’s soldiers. Reidan’s soldiers no longer wasted time complaining during the practical training. They needed strength to protect their family, home, lover, and friends!

They couldn’t be lazy because they felt the importance of it through the war. Now, even if Asmophel didn’t force them, the soldiers enthusiastically immersed themselves in training and wanted to increase its intensity.

Their grudge against Grid melted away. They felt greater loyalty than before.

He trained them in anticipation of the enemy’s invasion, showed them a great dance on the battlefield and gave them the most powerful ‘Mass Produced Grid Set,’ so the soldiers felt respect and thanks.

“How about it, young lord? These brave young men are soldiers of Duke Grid. Aren’t they really reliable?”

Asmophel asked with a confident expression. Lord sighed as he watched the soldiers’ training from within Ruby’s arms.

“Abu... Bububu.”

“...?”

Asmophel was stunned. Lord’s attitude and disgruntled expression seemed like he was saying, ‘The level of the soldiers is poor.’

‘What?’

The young lord could understand his words and answered them? Furthermore, he could see the strength of the trained soldiers? No, how could a baby sigh in the first place?

‘...Was I dreaming for a moment?’

Asmophel wasn’t convinced and felt confused in many ways. Ruby smiled at him.

“It hasn’t even been a month since my nephew was born. How can he understand your words? Don’t pay attention to the baby’s reactions.”

“...Yes.”

Yes, he was interpreting it in the wrong way. Asmophel nodded at Ruby’s words, while Lord pointed elsewhere with his fingers. It was the direction of the magic tower.

“Oh my, does this mean you want to see where the magicians are?”

Ruby asked and Lord nodded. Asmophel saw him and was terrified.

‘You really are aware of our words!’

He heard that Lord was a genius, but he thought it was exaggerated. Now it turned out that the rumor actually downplayed it.

‘Being able to communicate with adults less than a month after being born... There is no doubt that he will be an outstanding

scholar or magician in the future.'

It was understandable that he should think so. Lord didn't respond to the strong soldiers of Reidan because he didn't have the knowledge.

'He was born with intelligence, not the eyes to see martial arts.'

The moment Asmophel thought this.

"I want to use this place, so can you ask the soldiers to leave?"

Piario, a long-time friend and commander of Reidan, visited and asked for help. He was supposed to be doing field work at this time, so Asmophel questioned him.

"What will you be doing?"

Piario pointed to the man in the straw hat who came with him.

"I am going to spar with this friend."

"Hoh."

Asmophel detected Kraugel's strength with one glance and expressed interest.

'He's difficult to measure.'

It was the first time he had seen this since Piario. Asmophel checked the schedule and ordered the soldiers.

"Go around the desert once."

The desert around Reidan was vast, but Asmophel spoke it easily. Frankly, it was a tall order. Yet the soldiers replied enthusiastically.

"Yes!"

They would run until they died. This was the current attitude of the Reidan soldiers. The soldiers got ready and left the training grounds at noon.

Then the huge training grounds that could accommodate

thousands of people only contained Piaro, Kraugel, Asmophel, Ruby, and Lord. There was a total of six people if Hurent was included.

He thought he had gone unnoticed, but Hurent had been caught from the beginning. Asmophel approached him as he watched from behind a huge tree.

“Outsiders aren’t allowed in this place.”

“Heok?”

Hurent was startled. He hid himself as much as possible using aura, but he was still found in an instant? This person called Asmophel, he definitely had great skills like Piaro.

‘Where did Grid collect all these monsters?’

Hurent was a famous ranker, but he didn’t have much experience with named NPCs. Acquiring named NPCs as subordinates? He never even imagined it. Named NPCs had a strong influence on Satisfy’s world and each one had a distinct personality, making it hard to become friends with them.

Hurent was admiring Grid when Asmophel urged him.

“Aren’t you going to leave?”

“Hrmm.”

Hurent didn’t want to step back. He wanted to peek at the skills of the man in the straw hat.

“Can’t I just watch a little bit?”

Asmophel glanced coldly at Hurent.

“Why should I do such a favor for an outsider?”

He disliked repeating the same words. Hurent shrank back at his pressure. A heat spread through his body.

‘When did I become an aura master?’

After being defeated by Grid in the 1st National Competition in

five seconds, he hunted and trained repeatedly, raising his aura to the unique rating. He believed he was the strongest. He was sure he could beat the famous Kraugel and Agnus. His confidence soared into the sky.

However, his confidence crashed down after he met Piaro. A legendary farmer had oppressed him with three blows from a hand plow, so he had to question his own abilities.

Therefore.

“I will back off...”

Hurent decided to retreat. This was the first time in his life that he had acted as a mild sheep. Hurent swallowed down his shame and left the training ground. He couldn't help wondering. He had always reigned as the strongest except for the 5 second event, so why was he so weak here?

This Reidan, it was extraordinary. It felt like Alice in Wonderland.

Saintess Ruby.

Grid's sister and a high school student. Her goal was to aim for a prestigious university, so there was little time to play the game. She played for 30 minutes a day. That's why her level was still low, despite changing to a hidden class alongside Yerim. She was a real light user.

But she had changed recently. It was since Lord was born. He might be a child in the game, but he was her cute and pretty nephew. Ruby looked at Lord and became fascinated by him. She recently spent more than an hour a day connecting to Satisfy and spending time with Lord.

It was the same today. She was enjoying a peaceful time while holding Lord in her arms. Lord was very happy to spend time with his beautiful aunt. He enjoyed his aunt's soft and nice scent. But

there was a limit for babies.

“Hrmm.”

Lord started to yawn. It was the signal that it was nap time.

“I must go back now.”

It was time to return to reality. It happened when Ruby was about to leave the training ground and log out.

Chaaeng!

Kraugel and Piaro clashed with each other.

“Abu?”

The sleepiness suddenly fled from Lord’s eyes.

“Abu! Abuuuu!”

Lord shouted excitedly, waving his short arms. His blue eyes shone as he watched the confrontation between Kraugel and Piaro. Asmophel was astonished when he saw it.

‘The young lord...!’

He didn’t see Reidan’s soldiers as ‘poor’ because he didn’t have the ability to see martial arts.

‘It is because his vision was too high!’

The man in the straw hat wielded his sword at Piaro. And the legendary Piaro. The two people caught Lord’s interest. Asmophel trembled. It was difficult for him to figure out what Lord’s character would grow into later on.

“Abuoo-!”

Lord was touched by the confrontation between the two people and gradually grew. The child could instinctively feel it. The fact that one of his future seven mentors was in front of him.

Chapter 349

Four months ago in Satisfy time.

Kraugel had spent one month with Piaro. He watched Piaro's every move and they sparred together 30 times. He personally witnessed when Piaro became a legendary farmer. Thus, Kraugel knew Piaro's strength better than anyone.

‘The basic level difference is huge.’

At the time of separation, Piaro was level 380. This wasn't mere speculation. It was calculated using all types of indicators, so Kraugel was convinced that it was accurate. He trusted his understanding of the game.

‘And now.’

Kraugel calculated that Piaro should be level 385~386. It was the conclusion he came to after studying the experience values required to level up and the growth rate of named NPCs. On the other hand, what was Kraugel's level?

326.

‘There are 60 levels between us.’

It meant he dealt 30% less damage and would receive 30% more damage. It was a big penalty, considering there was such a big difference in the basic stats of normal classes and legendary classes. But Kraugel didn't shrink back.

‘The odds are good enough.’

Kraugel had maintained the 1st ranking since Satisfy opened. He was the first in all types of fields, gobbling up achievements and titles. This could cover the gap in level and class.

‘Also.’

Piario's farming technique was based on the sword. Plow, sickle, hand plow, flail etc. It was unusual since farming equipment were

used as weapons, but it was still in the form of swordsmanship.

‘It is ideal to use swordsmanship with a sword.’

Using swordsmanship with farming equipment? It was meaningless and the only fatal weakness of the ‘farmer’ Piaro. This was the decisive reason why Kraugel thought he had a chance of winning.

‘I only have to be careful of the instant kill skill.’

It was Fated to Perish, which logged Zibal out in a single blow.

‘I can’t allow him to use it.’

The recent broadcast of ‘Polishing’ had caused a stir, but Kraugel felt more appreciation for ‘Fated to Perish.’

Clink.

Kraugel took out White Fang. It was the legendary sword that he acquired from one of the great demons Drasion, who was defeated by Sword Saint Muller.

“Can you give me a chance to attack first?”

In a duel, attacking first was important. It was a means of ensuring a definite advantage for a short time. That’s right. Now Kraugel was asking Piaro to concede something. He weighed up all the penalties and decided that this advantage wasn’t too much to ask for.

Of course, Piaro should reject. But who was Piaro? He was a person who had always been called the strongest. He showed off a confident figure.

“I’ll accept.”

It was as Kraugel expected. Piaro gave Kraugel a chance to win and Kraugel had no intention of missing it.

‘The opponent is a legend. The difference in stamina is overwhelming, so it will become disadvantageous to me in the long

run. I have to finish it quickly.'

Pahat!

It was a time when the sun was shining overhead. Under intense sunlight or moonlight, this footwork gave off a stealth function around Kraugel's body. White Light Steps. In the past, Piaro hadn't been able to see through Kraugel's stealth.

But now he was different. He was quick to respond to Kraugel's movements, blocking White Fang that aimed for his left side.

Chaaeng!

'Indeed, the gap in level is too big.'

The stealth was useless. If he couldn't lean on White Light Steps, his odds would fall by 1%.

'It is still within the permitted range.'

Kraugel was still calm. He wasn't shaken even when faced with the worst situation. It was the attitude of someone at the top. On the other hand, Piaro blocked White Fang with a hand plow in his left hand and wielded a sickle with his right hand.

It was a diagonal attack. It was fast enough to exceed Kraugel's predicted range.

'What?'

How could Piaro's agility be far beyond the assumed level? Kraugel was surprised, but he responded without making a mistake.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Chaaeng!

In a 0.1 second gap, Kraugel avoided Piaro's strike and counterattacked. He didn't need to go through a process of decision making to respond. He used his experience and reflexes developed from countless battles. Of course, the help of 'Keen

Senses' was also great.

Chaaeng!

“Kuk!”

Kraugel let out a groan. He blocked the hand plow and sickle with White Fang, but was baffled by the strength behind them. A normal person would've felt sure of their defeat the moment they felt this gap in strength. But Kraugel saw an opportunity in the crisis.

“Tearing the Sky.”

Kwajak! Kwajajak!

One of the ultimate skills of a White Swordsman was revealed. A beast's claws clashed with Piaro's equipment.

Chaaeng!

There was a slight crack in the hand plow and sickle as blood flowed from Piaro's chest.

‘The equipment that My Lord made...!’

Piario was startled. He couldn't help being surprised that the farming equipment made by a legendary blacksmith was damaged by the blow. However, Kraugel was even more surprised.

‘There wasn't a lot of damage?’

The damage formula for Tearing the Sky was difficult to calculate because it was utilized as a counterattack and the orbit was limited, while also taking into account the user's attack power + attack power of the enemy.

Kraugel had predicted that Piario would receive at least 40,000 damage. However, the damage was only 7,000, making Kraugel realize.

‘Piario must be over level 400.’

This was bad. The level difference was too large for the damage

formula to be properly applied. The fourth stats awakening was a wall that couldn't be overcome by the effects of different titles.

‘How? How did Brother grow so quickly?’

Kraugel didn't know it, but this was all due to Chris, other high level players, and Grid. Kraugel didn't know that Piaro was constantly turning high level rankers who visited Reidan into farmers and training them, as well as achieving rapid growth through his spar with Grid.

It was a pity.

Swaeek!

Kraugel was hit by a flail while trying to regain his composure. His eyes widened as he was about to read the orbit.

‘It isn't swordsmanship?’

Piaro had changed from swordsmanship to farming techniques. It was an entirely new form. It was the moment when the strength of ‘Sword Saint Candidate’ Kraugel to see through numerous swordsmanship techniques was neutralized.

Peeeeeek!

“Ugh!”

Kraugel wasn't able to react and was hit hard, causing his shoulders to shake. The right arm holding White Fang fell into a paralysis state. Piaro read this and thought.

‘Counterattacking is impossible.’

Kraugel would absolutely take an evasive action. It was likely to be the footwork called White Light Steps. Piaro determined this and swung the flail.

Suuk.

Far from Kraugel avoiding it, he clung to Piaro. It was an approach that applied a footwork different to the White Light

Steps. Kraugel used brilliant footwork to come close, making it difficult for Piaro to attack.

It was the precursor of ‘Hwimori.’

Peok! Pepeok!

Pepepepeok!

Kraugel was able to reach the East Continent with the help of the sage, Sticks. Before he changed to a white swordsman, he explored the place that imitated the culture of the east and reproduced the fast and odd footwork of someone he met. Piaro felt like he was possessed by a ghost as he was kicked.

But.

“It’s just a tickle!”

Piaro had been hit by Tearing the Sky, so the kick couldn’t do much damage to him. Piaro accepted all of Kraugel’s kicks, but he was fine. He pushed Kraugel with his shoulder, withdrew the flail that stretched forward, while at the same time, taking out a plow with his other hand.

“Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field.”

Sururuk.

Kraugel stumbled and the ground around him was cleared in an instant. Piaro was about to sow seeds when he stopped. It was due to the storm caused by Hwimori.

Puk. Puk puk!

Puuooooook!

The kicks were fast and light, but were weak. Piaro’s body seemed to be affected by the technique.

“Cough!”

Piaro coughed out black blood. At this point, Kraugel overcame the paralysis in his right hand.

“Storm Sword.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The light blade tore Piaro’s old clothes to shreds. Piaro’s health gauge was decreasing little by little as he allowed successive attacks. However, he wasn’t upset at all. Rather, his momentum increased.

“Fun!!!!”

Kraugel had a different type of power from Grid. It was the first time in ages that an opponent made Piaro so excited. The excited Piaro dug at a vein of water.

Peeng!

A pillar of water shot up and crashed into Kraugel’s body. Piaro linked Sowing and Rapid Growth together.

Kwarururung!

‘Legendary skills...!’

Kraugel paled as he witnessed the thorns growing rapidly in the field. He escaped through the air with White Light Steps and restored the posture of White Fang. It was the manifestation of ‘Meteor Sword.’

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The whole area was scorched. The meteor blades that fell from Kraugel’s sword went through the thorny vines. At the center of the field, Kraugel’s White Fang and Piaro’s hand plow collided head on.

‘Blocking Meteor Sword...!’

Even the composed Kraugel couldn’t stay calm. He launched a nervous onslaught, causing a thunderous sound to ring out every time it was stopped by Piaro’s farming equipment. Piaro was amazed.

‘He has already penetrated through my farming techniques!’

Kraugel’s vision surpassed Piaro’s. Kraugel subsequently crushed the seven farming tools used by Piaro, increasing the number of wounds on Piaro’s body. It was based on pure control ability and battle senses.

But his level was a problem.

Piario still had more than two-thirds of his health left despite allowing successive attacks, while Kraugel avoided most attacks but his health fell to less than half. His movements were relatively high compared to Piario, so he was consuming stamina quickly.

‘White Light Sword isn’t a match.’

After blinding the opponent, he could link his top skills. But Piario was a legend and immune to status conditions. It meant that the opponent was someone he couldn’t unleash 100% of the white swordsman’s power against.

‘No, those are all excuses.’

He had encountered numerous opponents immune to CC and he had beaten them all. He always overcame his lacking areas with his control. However, his skills weren’t prevailing against Piario.

The moment that Kraugel thought this.

“I guess I should use all my power.”

Piario barely escaped from a nasty wound, spoke meaningful words and used Natural State. At the same time, his amplified stats overturned the situation. Now Kraugel was the one allowing attacks.

Piario’s speed and power, enhanced by Natural State, started to overwhelm Kraugel. Most of his health was lost in an instant, causing Kraugel’s eyes to flash.

“Super Sensitivity.”

[Super Sensitivity has been used.]

[100% of your mana has been consumed.]

[For the next six seconds, all senses transcend cognition.]

[Agility is increased by 20% and you can 100% predict the behavior of all objects within 10 meters.]

[This will be exhausted in six seconds.]

Kraugel's strength wasn't due to skills or title effects. Kraugel himself had natural abilities. The moment Super Sensitivity was used, Kraugel was reborn.

Seokeok!

It was enough to overcome Piaro's enhanced speed and deal a deadly blow.

'What?'

This was an unfamiliar experience to Piaro. Was it because he received a deadly wound? No, this wasn't something new. Piaro was always injured when he fought. The problem was his instincts. His instincts were shouting that it was dangerous. It warned him not to confront Kraugel.

'Does it want me to run away?'

Piaro's fighting spirit peaked. The moment he lost his dignity as the strongest person, he showed a technique that he didn't use against Grid.

"Free Farming Peak Style!"

'This!'

Kraugel entered the transcendent realm thanks to Super Sensitivity. He tried to escape the moment Piaro spoke with a serious look on his face. It was because he perceived the danger that couldn't be resisted. However, it was already too late.

"Pounding Mortar!"

Kuwaaaaaang!

It was a disaster. Something fell from the sky and dug into the ground, like a mortar. At the same time, Reidan shook. It was like a great earthquake.

Chapter 350

“Pounding Mortar!”

The moment that Piaro took out his peak technique.

Kurururu!

A tremendous sound was heard from the ground. Thunder? No. It was a more threatening and artificial feeling.

Kuoooooh!

The larger the shadow cast became, the heavier the atmosphere.

Jjirak. Jjirak.

Kraugel’s body was filled with an instinctive fear.

‘Unbelievable.’

Kraugel stood on turbulent ground. He looked up at the sky and faced a disaster. It was as big as a house. It was falling down at a fast speed.

Kuwaaaaaah!

“...!”

Kraugel couldn’t even scream. The enormous mortar caused infinite suffering and fear as the mind and body crumbled. It was a pressure that could kill someone.

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[The durability of the Plain Straw Hat (Normal) has been completely lost and is permanently destroyed.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Clothing (Unique) has decreased by 128.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Footwear (Unique) has decreased by 150.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Gloves (Unique) has decreased by 163. There is a risk of damage.]

[The durability of the White Fang (Legendary) has decreased by 61.]

[You won't die in sparring mode. Your health has fallen to a minimum, so sparring mode is finished!]

The mortar that was the size of a house. It disappeared like a 'mirage' after it crushed Kraugel.

“...”

There were no more clouds in the sky. This was the aftermath of being torn by the force of Pounding Mortar. Kraugel was at a loss for words and belatedly realized.

‘I lost.’

Did he lose because Piaro was over level 400? It was nonsense. A level difference in the game was due to the difference in skills. It meant his growth process lagged behind.

‘I completely lost.’

What if they fought again?

‘It will still be the same.’

The current Piaro was different from the past. He was a legend who completely overcame his immaturity after just becoming a farmer and relied on swordsmanship.

‘He is a wall that can't be overcome.’

Did Kraugel's heart sink down after realizing this? No.

‘...I can't overcome him yet.’

People praised Kraugel as a genius. He overcame trials and adversity, believing in this talent alone. Of course, that was a big mistake.

‘One day, I will go beyond him.’

Were there any geniuses who had it easy? Unlike what other people thought, Kraugel was accustomed to defeat and failure. He always faced challenges, because he was always challenging difficult situations. But he didn't give up. By working hard and overcoming the trials, he trained and raised himself. He would continue doing so in the future.

“Kuk... Kukukuk.”

The straw hat's destruction exposed the black-haired man with a wounded face.

[Kraugel]

The world's most prominent name burst out laughing as he laid on the ground.

“Kuhahahahat!”

It was a cool laughing sound that made the listeners happy. He was delighted by the spar that allowed him to realize his own shortcomings.

Ruby and Lord were present at the outskirts of the training grounds where Piaro and Kraugel were sparring. Nevertheless, what was the reason why Piaro was able to use his peak technique? It was because he trusted Asmophel.

Kuuuuuuong!

The moment the large mortar slammed against Kraugel and the training ground.

“Hup!”

Asmophel protected Ruby and Lord. He held the two people in their arms to protect them from the earthquake, creating a barrier from the sand storm. There was a wave of energy.

“T-Thank you.”

“Abuuuu!”

Ruby expressed her gratitude while Lord cried out loudly.

“This world might perish, but I will protect both of you.”

Asmophel asserted. His loyalty moved Ruby’s heart. On the other hand, Lord showed no interest in Asmophel.

“Abu! Abuuuu!”

How could a baby be so strong? After forcefully pushing Ruby away, Lord fell to the ground and started to move towards the center of the training ground. The crawling speed made it hard to believe he was a newborn baby.

“Pant... Pant... Umm?”

Piario was tired from the aftermath of using Pounding Mortar. He was thrilled when he found the approaching Lord.

“Young Lord...! Do you recognize my skills?”

Piario had a discerning eye. He had glimpsed Lord’s genius early on. He wanted to propose a lifetime of doing field work together, so he coveted Lord’s talent.

‘As expected of the young lord.’

He understood Piario’s strength through this duel. He wanted Piario to serve as a mentor and they would work together in the fields! The young Lord would be his best disciple.

‘No, I’m still not good enough!’

The moment that Piario was full of expectations. The crawling Lord reached Piario. Then he just passed by Piario.

“ ... ”

Hwiing~

The wind blew. Piario was ashamed.

‘This baby...?’

The depressed ground that was hit by the mortar. Kraugel found the baby crawling towards him and was disconcerted. It was so unrealistic that he couldn't say anything to Lord.

“Abu! Abuuuu! Bubu!”

“...?”

Kraugel couldn't understand the language of a newborn baby. But he dimly understood the meaning. The blue eyes staring at him. There was clearly envy in the eyes that shone as bright as jewels.

[Thunder Bow]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 366/490

Attack Power: 370~601

* Arrows can't be loaded.

* 100 mana will be consumed per attack.

* The skill 'Penetrating Flash' will be generated.

* 10% increase in firing speed.

A heirloom of the Bon family in the Eternal Kingdom.

A bow made from a mixture of magic stones and ure stones, it consumed the user's mana every time the bowstring is pulled to create a light arrow.

If a common arrow is loaded, it won't be able to withstand the lightning and will become ashes.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. More than 2,000 agility. Advanced Bow Mastery level 5 or higher.

This was the bow dropped by the best archer in the Eternal Kingdom, Ferrell. It was something that many archers would

covet. However, Grid didn't appreciate the Thunder Bow's performance.

‘How many archers will have such high mana?’

Consuming 100 mana just to shoot one arrow? Even Jishuka, an expert archer, wouldn't be able to fire more than 40 rounds. Its endurance was poor.

‘The attack power is twice as high as similar bows.’

In the first place, the attack power of the bow itself wasn't important.

‘The attack power of the arrow is more important.’

Yet arrows couldn't be loaded? Could this really be called a bow?

“Trash.”

Grid came to this conclusion and dismantled the Thunder Bow. He didn't hesitate at all. The reason why Grid coveted this bow from the beginning was the ‘ure stone.’

“Then I'm starting.”

Grid approached the blast furnace. The four God Hands kept the furnace temperature high. Their ability to control the bellows was at the level of advanced blacksmiths.

“This should be enough.”

Grid confirmed the temperature and threw the disassembled Thunder Bow into it. It was to dissolve the rush, debris and other foreign matter through smelting in order to extract pure ure stones.

After a while.

[You have succeeded in refining the mineral!]

[3 pieces of ure stone has been acquired.]

Ttiring~

[Ure Stone]

A mineral that is produced only when the great demon Astaroth is present in the human world.

The lightning attribute could be given to an item and it is also good to feed to demonic beasts.

The demonic beast will be very pleased when fed.

Weight: 5

“The concept of the mineral is similar to the fire stones that show up when Hell Gao appears... Eh?”

Grid was immersed in reading the item explanation and suddenly made an absurd expression.

“Feed it to a demonic beast?”

Was he crazy?

“What type of crazy person would feed these precious minerals to a demonic beast?”

It was a really useless function. He had no intention of feeding this to Noe. Grid put the three ure stones in his inventory. He was planning to use it as a mineral when creating new items.

At that moment.

Kuuong!

The large smithy that contained 100 blacksmiths shook greatly. Everything on display on one side of the smith fell to the ground, and the flames in dozens of furnaces shot upwards. The minerals were burned and lost their value.

“E-Earthquake?”

“What are you doing? Go and grab the minerals!”

The smithy instantly became a mess. An earthquake in the middle of a desert city? The blacksmiths were unfamiliar with natural disasters but they showed professionalism, gathering the

minerals and turning off the fire.

On the other hand, Grid was angry.

‘It isn’t an earthquake.’

His high insight let him know. The previous shook was due to the aftermath of battle.

“Khan, please deal with the situation here.”

It was good to have someone to trust. Grid entrusted the smithy to Khan and left.

Kraugel recovered his stamina to a certain extent.

“Brother, you truly are great. I was able to learn many things. I’m not lying when I say that I admire you.”

“...”

Piario always wanted to be the strongest. It was the destiny of the strongest to be connected with strong people. But there was something that couldn’t be helped. Kraugel’s talents were beyond prediction, so Piario had to be prepared.

“Really? Someday you will surpass me.”

He had learned this from the young Lord. The young Lord had gone to Kruagel. The young Lord felt that today’s winner was Piario, but it would be different in the future. Kraugel asked the jealous Piario.

“By the way, what is with this child?”

At first glance, this baby wasn’t ordinary. It wasn’t Piario who answered the puzzled Kraugel.

“My son.”

A heavy voice resonated through the training ground.

“I greet My Lord!”

Piario, the absolutely strongest man who could look down at the whole world, and the best knight Asmophel, bowed down. It was shocking for Kraugel.

Step, step.

“Abu! Abuuuu!”

Lord smiled brightly. The owner of the voice, Grid, smiled at Kraugel.

“What is the 1st ranked user doing in my land?”

Grid was showing obvious hostility. It was natural. He didn't feel good because he witnessed a person he didn't know laughing with his family and friends. Wasn't he also the culprit because the destruction of the training ground?

“...”

Kraugel couldn't open his mouth. Piario spoke on his behalf.

“My Lord, this person is called Kraugel. He is a brother that I have a close friendship with.”

‘Brother...’

Kraugel's heart warmed. He was touched that Piario tried to defend him. But this impression didn't last long. Piario wasn't ‘defending’ but ‘reporting.’ Brothers? That was important, but his loyalty came first.

“After not meeting for a long time, he applied for a spar and I accepted, resulting in the training ground being like this. I will dispose of him according to My Lord's decision.”

“...”

Chapter 351

“You’re the cause of this?”

Grid received an explanation from Piaro and observed the pit in the ground. The traces left behind of the battle were impressive. He was able to get an indirect glimpse of the 1st ranked Kraugel.

‘He competed against Piaro, who was reborn was a legend.’

In the previous confrontation, Grid was able to consume only half of Piaro’s life. Then what about now?

‘I can only decrease it by 1/4th.’

Piario had grown.

During the spar with Grid, he had woken up to the true use of farming techniques. Then after the spar, he gained the bonus of increasing his stats and greatly increasing his skills. There was also the bonus of raising his level.

Then a person who managed to compete against Piario?

‘Even a normal class...’

Kwack.

Grid clenched his fists with all his strength. Strange emotions sprang up, making his chest burn hot. Kraugel noticed his silence and apologized.

“My first impression is bad. I apologize that Reidan suffered damage because of my personal greed. I will pay you back as much as possible.”

The person who actually caused the damage was Piario. However, Kraugel felt a strong sense of responsibility. He applied for a spar with Piario and this incident happened, so he thought it was primarily his fault.

Grid made a snide remark at his sincere apology.

“Yes, a good answer deserving of the number one rank. Do you have a lot of money?”

An earthquake had occurred in the aftermath of the battle, causing all of Reidan to shake. Just looking at Reidan’s smithy alone, the overall loss of wealth was quite big.

“Can it be reimbursed by an individual alone? As a close brother to Piaro, shouldn’t you take responsibility?”

“M-My Lord.”

Piario stuttered. He felt like his lord was more upset than usual.

‘Why?’

Piario couldn’t figure out Grid’s heart. Asmophel was different. He could read the emotions in Grid’s eyes.

‘Envy and jealousy...’

Asmophel was born as the second son, so he always felt these emotions. Now Grid was displaying it towards Kraugel. They were emotions that couldn’t be understood by Piario and Kraugel, who were always the best.

“Don’t worry about reimbursement. Instead.”

Shaaaaaah–

A clear blue transparent sword appeared in Grid’s left hand and a black-blue greatsword in his right hand. It was Failure and Grid’s Greatsword.

“Fight me.”

“...?”

Wanting to randomly fight? Kraugel was baffled. He couldn’t understand why things were happening like this. In addition, this was Grid’s city. Everything here belonged to Grid. Piario wasn’t an exception.

‘Does he mean to isolate me?’

A death penalty was huge. Should Kraugel interpret it as never stepping foot in this city again? Kraugel looked grim while Grid pointed Failure at him.

“Don’t think too deeply about it. I am applying for a fair one-on-one fight.”

A one-on-one match? If so, Kraugel welcomed it. Grid was also a legend. It was a golden opportunity to win against a legend and complete the ‘Sword Saint’ quest. But Kraugel couldn’t justify accepting the fight. Using a complete stranger to clear his quest, his ego couldn’t tolerate it.

“Why do you want to fight me?”

Kraugel’s sentences became shorter. It was natural. Grid didn’t show any courtesies to him, so there was no need to be polite.

“You are called the top, or the sky above the sky? I want to see if you’re really such a great person.”

“Do you have the qualifications to get a glimpse of my skills?”

“You’ll find out soon.”

Grid sent a sparring application to Kraugel. This was Reidan, Grid’s domain. Despite Kraugel receiving a big penalty if he died, Grid applied for a duel, demonstrating that he took this fight seriously.

“Sehee... No, Ruby. Use healing on him.”

“Are you going to fight?”

Ruby asked in a testy manner. She was worried about her brother because she had seen Kraugel’s skills. However, she was embarrassed to show her worry, so she looked testy instead. Grid prompted her.

“Hurry.”

“...Be careful.”

Ruby read her brother's sincerity towards Kraugel and ended up using 'Hope.' Hope was the ultimate heal that randomly recovers 10~30% of the target's maximum health. Kraugel confirmed his rising health and admired it.

‘Saintess...’

Grid's sister.

Kraugel wondered.

‘Territory, family, subordinates, colleagues, and friends.’

Was it fun to be in such a limited space with the same group of people? Did they need to repeat what they always did in reality in the game? The world of Satisfy. It was so wide that it would take the rest of his life to explore it. As a user of the game, wasn't it right to travel around alone, not bound by anything, in order to experience new things faster than anyone else?

Sehee used Hope in succession and Kraugel's health reached the maximum. Kraugel made a decision and shared his quest information with Grid.

[Sword Saint]

Difficulty: SSS

Win against a legend.

“This confrontation with you might be a help to me. Is it still okay?”

Grid stopped.

Sword saint. Could he give the strongest legendary class to other users? The past Grid would've cancelled the fight immediately. But now he was different. He was the leader of Overgeared, a lord, and the father of a child. Eyes were watching him. In particular, he couldn't take it back with Lord watching.

‘What would Lael do?’

Grid worried about it for a moment.

“It’s also a good thing if you turn into a sword saint because of me. The 1st ranked user owing me a favor, won’t you pay it back one day?”

He phrased it in such a way that Kraugel owed him a favor, despite Grid being the one to propose the fight in the first place.

“And I don’t think I will lose.”

He expressed his dignity with an expression of unwavering confidence.

Kraugel replied honestly, “Grid, I have seen your capabilities many times on broadcast. That’s why I know it well. You can never beat me.”

“Stop speaking so long.”

At the time of the Elfin Stone raid. After sacrificing Huroi due to his powerlessness, Grid pledged never to feel so helpless again.

‘I will be the best. I will be the best and not sacrifice my colleagues again.’

It was his dream, whether it was fanciful or not.

‘I will check it through you.’

Step, step.

Grid walked out without hesitation. At first glance, it was an ordinary gait, but he was actually using the footwork of Pagma’s Swordsmanship. He was hiding the use of his skill. Two years in real time after Satisfy opened, he was finally using the basics of the game. But Kraugel saw it instantly.

It was easy because he had keen eyes and good insight.

“Kill.”

Kraugel sidestepped the legendary skill and counterattacked.

“Mole Ascension.”

“Revolve.”

Pagma’s Swordsmanship. It was a relatively demanding skill that required taking an average of five steps. Grid had used it for hours over the years and gradually adapted. The skill was used at an incomparable speed to before, resulting in damage to the unique presence called the sky above the sky, Kraugel.

[You have suffered 17,500 damage.]

The white swordsman’s defense was lower than other third advancement normal classes. Moreover, he didn’t wear his gloves because he was afraid they would break if they received further damage.

On the other hand, Pagma’s Descendant was a legendary class that could exert the ultimate attack power. Grid was equipped with the best items. Kraugel’s health was cut by a quarter in a single blow.

This was also due to the title effects and defense, otherwise it would’ve been a fatal blow. However, Kraugel wasn’t shocked by Grid’s attack power.

‘I was wounded by a user?’

There were no users who had touched his body except for Agnus, king of the dead, and the ‘duo’ from Blood Carnival. Kraugel’s eyes sunk. It was the moment he recognized Grid as a strong person.

“White Light Steps.”

Susuk.

Under the sun, Kraugel disappeared from Grid’s field of view.

‘Stealth?’

Grid watched carefully. He thought about what to do and pulled out Kenen’s Belt.

Pepeng!

Grid's appearance was obscured by the smoke that emerged. But Kraugel still remained calm. He quickly saw Grid's shape being covered by the smoke screen and stopped his attack.

‘Gone?’

The puzzled Kraugel stopped as ‘Keen Senses’ sent him a sharp warning. The danger came from behind him.

“If you use stealth, I will become invisible.”

Grid revealed his appearance in a white hooded zipper and swung his greatsword. Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle, fell vertically towards Kraugel.

‘An invisibility cloak, it's amazing.’

Kraugel laughed to see Grid using such great items so casually. He rotated his body and swung White Fang. It was the appearance of his counterattack, Tearing the Sky, whose orbit was limited to going up.

Chaaeng!

[You have suffered 21,050 damage.]

“Cough!”

Grid was hit by the powerful skill and his health gauge sharply declined. Kraugel didn't give him a break. He continuously swung White Fang and seized the momentum.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

‘This orbit...!’

Grid was currently armed with the Slaughterer's Eye Patch. His high insight and synergy with the item meant he could reach most of the enemy's attack orbit. However, Kraugel's swordsmanship contained a much deeper orbit than that of Piaro.

[You have suffered 3,500 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,610 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,485 damage.]

The wounds on Grid continued to increase. He tried to counterattack with Link, but Kraugel didn't allow it. He avoided or blocked everything. In the first place, it was almost impossible to hit Kraugel with a non-targeted skill. Kraugel's control skills were that excellent. In the end, Grid summoned the God Hands.

“Magic Missile!”

Pepepepeng!

Light flashed from four direction and threatened Kraugel. Grid gave Grid's Greatsword, Failure, and the Doppelganger's Greatsword to the God Hands, then used Quick Movements. He summoned Iyarugt while rushing forward.

[Over here!]

Iyarugt gave him the best sword path. The red light shot forward towards Kraugel. But Kraugel barely managed to respond. He avoided it using the least amount of movements, and counterattacked, stabbing White Fang into Grid's chest.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 8,300 damage to the target.]

Kraugel thought it was absurd.

‘His defense is ridiculously high.’

It was hard to imagine what type of armor Grid was wearing. However, Grid thought it was more absurd.

‘The defense isn't applied properly because he is only hitting my vital spots.’

Hitting his vital spots every time? He was like a supercomputer, not a person.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship...!”

Energy gathered around Grid and surged violently like a wave.

It was the precursor of Wave.

But it wasn't manifested.

Kraugel hit Grid's legs, causing the sword dance to be cancelled.

"Storm Sword."

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

As Grid stumbled, Storm Sword emerged from White Fang and hit Grid's chest. Blood spurted from Grid's chest, while Kraugel leapt forward and attempted to link 'Meteor Sword.' The God Hands tried to keep him in check but it was wishful thinking. The God Hands' Sword Mastery skill was still at the beginner level, meaning it was impossible to threaten Kraugel.

"Meteor Sword."

The moment that Kraugel had shaken off all the God Hands and succeeded in using Meteor Sword. Blood Cry.

Chaaeng!

"...!"

Kraugel's body shook as a strong wave was emitted. A strong tempest hit him and he lost his balance. As he started to fall helplessly, a flash came from Grid. His skin whitened and a black haze of demonic energy appeared around him.

The speed of his demonic sword was incomparable to before. It was the linkage of Blacksmith's Rage and Blackening. It was Grid's power.

Puok!

The clouds that were already torn due to Pounding Mortar scattered even more. In the center of it, Grid had stabbed Kraugel's heart with Iyarugt. Blood spurted up like rain.

"My Lord!"

Piario groaned.

Kraugel. As someone who was always looking for the best opportunity in a crisis, he managed to counterattack.

Puok!

White Fang flew and penetrated Grid's neck. Even Iyarugt couldn't see the sword orbit, so Grid couldn't take advantage of Doran's Ring.

[How did he...?]

“Ugh...! Pagma's Swordsmanship...!”

Grid's current health, which decreased due to Blackening consuming maximum health in exchange for attack power, rapidly headed towards the bottom. But he didn't shrink back. It was because he believed in his immortality passive.

Kraugel's attacks? He could still allow attacks for five seconds. Grid judged calmly and used Restraint, planning to connect it with Link to end Kraugel. However, Kraugel used his skill faster than he could use Restraint.

Chaaeng!

The powerful kicking effect of 'Charging' slammed Grid's body to the ground.

Chapter 352

Kuwuong!

Dust rose as Grid crashed into the ground. Grid was relatively fine. No, his health wasn't very good, but he was relatively rosy. The wounds on his body were fairly recovered. It was thanks to recovering 13,000 health after wearing Doran's Ring as well as utilizing the option effect of the Holy Light Armor the moment he got kicked at close range.

But Grid wasn't satisfied.

"It would've been better if I took advantage of it when it was a sword attack, not a kick."

His health would've been three times higher than it was now.

"Isn't that right? Yakult."

[...]

Iyarugt was silent despite being called Yakult. He felt bad that he couldn't read Kraugel's sword orbit and caused Grid to fall into an awful position.

"It was the same when I fought Piaro and Chucksley. You seem to have no use."

[That...! It's because most of my original abilities are sealed! If I could really demonstrate my abilities, these guys would be nothing!]

"Well, let's say that is true."

In fact, Iyarugt's rating was unique. It would be more help once the rating was increased to legendary.

The center of the depressed ground.

Suuk.

Grid, who was deeply embedded in it, slowly raised his body. It

wasn't meant to be, but this break away from the battle was very important. Grid's head calmed and prevailed over his frustration. He suppressed his extreme idea of relying on his immortality. Grid would use this incident to further strengthen himself.

‘Did I use Blackening too soon?’

Blackening consumed 50% of his maximum health to increase his damage, magic power and agility by 20%. It was a double edged sword because he could suffer catastrophic damage if hit by the enemy. Just like before.

‘If I used it when things were more conclusive... No, it's better to use it than to save it. I wouldn't be able to threaten him if I didn't use Blackening.’

The difference in skills was too great. Kraugel could avoid most non-targeted skill and find the perfect opportunity to counterattack.

‘Based on his attack speed and attack power, there surprisingly isn't much difference between our stats.’

This was the part he was most curious about. Grid had went through the minus levels, received all types of titles, and steadily raised his stats through making items. It was right that he would have more stats than anyone else.

However, Kraugel's stats were also unbelievable.

‘Isn't it natural?’

The 1st ranked Kraugel. He was ahead of everyone else, and gained a lot of advantages from this. He gobbled up the useful quests and titles, so his stats were likely to have significant growth. He probably also did separate training.

‘When I was level 80...’

Yes, it was before he became Pagma's Descendant.

‘At that time, Kraugel had already crossed level 240.’

It was correct that there was a gap between both of them that couldn't be narrowed yet.

‘At least, I think he’s ahead of me in combat related skills.’

Kraugel was equipped with the appropriate items. His defense wasn't great, but his weapon was enormous. It was comparable to the legendary weapons produced by Grid.

“...In many ways, I still have a long way to go.”

Was he going to lose? The moment that thought ran through his head.

Kwaduduk!

Grid's face distorted in a frightening manner. In the past, he had lived as a loser due to his lacking talent.

‘Let's stop losing now.’

Didn't he overcome a lacking talent with effort? Some people might think it was ridiculous, but Grid was most aware of it. He was able to become Pagma's Descendant due to his own efforts.

‘I want to win.’

Kraugel. He was praised as the sky above the sky, and an object of envy for rankers. Grid wanted to wash away the stigma of the past and start a new stage by winning against him. He wanted to be recognized as a true talent.

In order to do that, he needed to put in more effort. As much as possible.

“This is the second round.”

[Grid's Boots have been removed. Movement speed and evasion rate have been restored to normal.]

This was his first mistake. Grid's Boots were designed to boost the power of a greatsword, but it was poison when used with the one-handed Iyarugt. The slowness and lowered evasion rate

weren't taken into consideration.

[Braham's Boots have been equipped. Movement speed has increased by 10%. Skill cooldown time will be reduced by 20%.]

Braham's Boots were limited in defense, but they had excellent options. Indeed, it was an item from a legendary great magician. Grid didn't sell them and used them steadily for a reason.

[The spell 'Fly' has been used.]

Teong!

Grid flew up. The lightness wasn't comparable to before.

"Pant... Pant... What?"

At the top of the pit in the training ground. Kraugel was gasping for breath when his eyes widened. It was because he saw through the smoke, Grid flying up while looking fine.

'Is he a human?'

He had to question it.

'Sword Saint Candidate Stage 5,' 'Virtuous Man of the West Continent,' 'Pandea's Hero,' 'Person who Creates Miracles,' 'First..., 'First..., 'First..., 'First...'

The value of all the titles that Kraugel obtained couldn't be converted into money. His attack power was unmatched and users couldn't endure it. But Grid endured it again and again. Now his health had recovered like a lie, and his momentum had risen even more.

In Kraugel's eyes, Grid was like a boss monster.

'He was once a subject of ridicule, but he's truly a legend.'

Kraugel also had eyes and ears. The owner of a legendary class with poor control skills. A coward who overcame his shortcomings with items and his class. Now he was an overgeared person with

some ability.

Kraugel was knowledgeable about Grid. In fact, he watched the video of the pope candidate speeches. But now he realized. Everyone was always growing, and Grid was the same. Grid had grown.

The proof was that he was one of the few players who managed to hurt Kraugel.

‘You aren’t slow-witted.’

Grid put in more effort than other people.

‘In the first place, he wouldn’t have become a legend if he didn’t work hard.’

Kraugel admitted it. Grid was a great person. He shouldn’t be taunted by anyone.

“I will sincerely pay my respects to my opponent. Meteor Sword.”

Kraugel used the skill that had been cancelled because of Blood Cry. Qi energy filled the atmosphere like meteors.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Kraugel rose steadily while Grid started his sword dance. It was as Kraugel expected. Grid was a character with legendary items and skills, so he would be more confident in them than in anything else. It was obvious that he would confront Meteor Sword head on.

‘That’s your mistake.’

Meteor Sword was a multi-stage skill. It cut several times in a short period and every time it hit, the damage increased. This could cause terrible damage when facing it head on. Kraugel was confident, but Grid made a choice that was contrary to Kraugel’s prediction.

“Transcend.”

Kuoooooh!

The flow of air caused by Kraugel's qi changed. Grid absorbed the transcendent energy.

'The second mistake.'

It was trying to face someone with better control skills than him head on.

[Entering the transcendent mode.]

[Your attack power is doubled and your default attacks will turn into ranged attacks. This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

Suuk.

Utilizing the advantage of Fly, Grid floated in the air and opened up a distance from Kraugel. At the same time, the energy blades shot forward.

[You have suffered 10,700 damage.]

"Cough!"

Meteor Sword's course was simple. This was the limit of a targeted skill, which resulted in a restriction of Kraugel's control skills. Kraugel was hit by a black energy blade and blood poured from his mouth.

'Change the route...!'

Kwaang!

Kraugel fell to the ground and got straight up. There were three energy blades already heading towards him. Kraugel rolled on the ground and used a skill.

Kururung!

A white cloud spread from White Fang and covered the area. It was a trick to hide Kraugel's body. But it was useless. Grid had a combination of high insight and the Slaughterer's Eye Patch. He couldn't detect Kraugel's sword, but he wasn't completely

helpless.

Grid ‘quickly’ grasped Kraugel’s location within the clouds. It was proof of how high Grid’s present concentrating was.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Sharp energy blades flooded towards Kraugel every time Grid swung his sword. Kraugel, who was hoping to avoid the incessant energy blades, allowed another attack.

‘Kuk... Is this different from the skill called Transcended Link?’

Grid didn’t use Transcend in the two broadcasts Kraugel had watched. The only ranged attack he used was Transcended Link. The difference between the one-time Transcended Link and the persistent Transcend made Kraugel feel baffled.

Pepeng! Pepepepeng!

A heavy rain of energy blades poured down from the sky. Kraugel used his power to avoid it and eventually regained his composure. He was truly a genius who adapted to the speed and trajectory of the energy blades.

Shortly afterwards, the heavy rain of energy blades stopped.

‘The duration of the skill is over.’

Kraugel determined and jump up towards Grid. A wicked smile appeared on Grid’s face.

“Fake.”

Peeng!

The duration of Transcend was 30 seconds. There was still five seconds remaining. Grid once again fired energy blades at Kraugel. Unlike the ground, there was a limit to moving in the air, so Grid believed that Kraugel wouldn’t be able to avoid the attack. However, Kraugel changed the trajectory of his body using the back of White Fang. It wasn’t like Grid’s flying magic, but he seemed like he was flying through the sky.

‘Dodge it!’

Grid felt shocked.

“Haaap!”

Kraugel moved through the air and reached Grid, swinging White Fang.

Seokeok!

Grid’s chest was badly cut. Kraugel heard Grid speak the moment he was able to link the next attack.

“The third mistake...”

God Hands.

He reproduced his hands, but so far he only used it for Magic Missile or wielding weapons. Indeed, it was the worst mistake.

Deopsseok!

“...!”

Kraugel got goosebumps. The swordsmanship was pathetic, but the four golden hands had far superior movement speed. They flew over and held onto his wrists and ankles. He was easily caught by the hands. Kraugel tried to quickly remove them, but a gap was shown.

Grid didn’t miss that gap.

“Linked Kill.”

“Super Sensitivity!”

[The cooldown time of Super Sensitivity still isn’t over.]

“...!”

Puk.

Puk puk puk!

Just as the excellent use of skills was recognized as part of one’s abilities, making use of good items was also a part of their abilities.

Grid climbed the cliff persistently, despite being frustrated by his poor talent.

He defeated the 'sky above the sky' that even famous rankers couldn't reach. The Overgeared members, who belatedly arrived, witnessed the scene and couldn't close their mouths. On the other hand, Lord's eyes were shining like jewels as he was held in Ruby's arms.

Lord Steim. It was the moment when the perception that 'Father is the best' was stamped on the future absolute power.

Chapter 353

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[The durability of the White Clouds Clothing (Unique) has decreased by 15.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Footwear (Unique) has decreased by 21. There is a risk of damage.]

[The durability of the White Fang (Legendary) has decreased by 9.]

[You won't die in sparring mode. Your health has fallen to the minimum, so sparring mode is finished!]

Kraugel had been reigning at the top since Satisfy opened. He was praised for being the sky above the sky.

'I lost.'

It was just after he fought Piaro and he had many disadvantages, so was this the cause of his defeat? It was flimsy.

'I lost to his efforts.'

There were no excuses. If he made excuses every time he tasted frustration, the present Kraugel wouldn't have existed.

Shaaaaaah–

Was it mourning for the broken sky? Dark clouds formed in the blue sky and rain poured down.

“Ku...ock!”

Kraugel exchanged looks with Grid as blood flowed from his body. He was about to fall when Grid caught up.

“Be careful.”

“...?”

“You'll die if you fall from this height.”

Grid used more strength while bluntly speaking. He was tired, so it was difficult to control his body. Kraugel laughed as his head rested on Grid's neck.

"I'm thankful that you saved my life."

"Of course. You would've lost your experience if it wasn't for me."

"...Yes, thanks to you, I'm able to keep my number one ranking."

"Protect that position until I take it from you."

"It means I will have to play the game for 100 years."

"...It won't take that long."

After decreasing his body fat through constant exercise, Grid showed off his good frame, as well as his thick eyebrows and high nose. Once he entered his late 20's, he was able to look more mature and gave off a manly charm.

On the other hand, Kraugel was a man with a neutral type of charm. He was beautiful with stubborn eyes, fine skin, red legs, and well styled black hair. The two men leaning against each other while landing on the ground gave women a strange stimulus.

'It's to the extent that I feel jealous.'

Jishuka couldn't help laughing.

'Now I am being pushed by a man.'

Yura was frustrated.

'I would rather see Oppa with a man rather than a woman...'

Ruby had dangerous thoughts.

The two men, Grid and Kraugel, descended safely and stared at each other for a moment, while they were watched by the Overgeared members.

'Can I win if we fight again?'

‘I don’t want to turn him into an enemy.’

Grid felt awe towards Kraugel. The jealousy caused by an inferiority complex was completely erased. Was it the leisure of a winner? It wasn’t such a simple concept. This was pure respect. He was driven to the defensive by Kraugel, who had a normal class. Grid was glad to meet him.

Kraugel also had similar feelings to Grid. Grid had the best talent, despite not inheriting talent from the heavens. Kraugel felt respect for Grid, who put in effort to overcome everything he had endured over the years.

Kraugel asked, “How do you have time to grow despite your status, family, and colleagues?”

Grid asked in return. “Is it possible for a person to grow alone? I can’t do that.”

“...I think the concept of growth that I am talking about is different from your concept of growth. But, well, I understand.”

Kraugel accepted it and stood up. The rain stopped and the sun appeared again. A smile appeared on Kraugel’s face.

“It looks good.”

People crowded around the wounded Grid. They were the famous rankers belonging to Overgeared, baby Lord, Ruby, and Piaro. Dozens of people were only looking at Grid. Looking at their worried and proud eyes, Kraugel was able to see how much they cared about Grid.

He wanted to be the best. So he had to get ahead of anyone. Alone, quickly.

Grid became a new inspiration to Kraugel, who always isolated himself.

“I will see you again one day.”

Then Grid caught up to Kraugel, who was trying to leave alone.

“Stop by the smithy. I will repair your items.”

“I don’t want to owe more than this.”

“Aren’t you going to pay for the cost of the repairs? So it isn’t a debt. Come on, let’s go.”

“ ... ”

“What happened?” Jishuka asked.

How did the 1st ranked Kraugel come to Reidan and how did he face Grid? Jishuka and the Overgeared members wondered about the situation.

“That...”

Piario explained honestly. The Overgeared members were filled with anticipation after finding out the whole story.

‘Kraugel is a close brother to Piario?’

‘Hopefully this...’

‘Is it possible for Kraugel to join Overgeared?’

If so, it was a jackpot. The power of Overgeared would jump by leaps and bounds.

[+8 White Clouds Clothing]

Rating: Unique (Set)

Durability: 150/389 Defense: 317+168

* Overall speed will increase by 5 + 1.5%.

* Evasion rate will increase by 10 + 3%.

-When 3 set items are equipped: Defense +300, evasion +5%.

-When 5 set items are equipped: Defense +600, evasion +12%.

Clothing that the people of the East Continent enjoy.

The appearance is plain, but its functionality isn't.

The blue leopard's fur woven into the silk material gives it excellent defense and durability.

Weight: 411

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. White Swordsman, saurabi, spiritualist, hermit, etc.

[+8 White Clouds Gloves]

Rating: Unique (Set)

Durability: 11/190 Defense: 53+36

* There is a low chance of activating 3 Joint Attacks.

* Attack speed will increase by 4 + 1%

-When 3 set items are equipped: Defense +100, evasion +5%.

-When 5 set items are equipped: Defense +250, evasion +12%.

...

...

[+9 White Clouds Footwear]

Durability: 25/210 Defense: 120+62

* There is a 5~15% reduction in skill cooldown time.

* The effect of movement skills will increase by 10 + 4%.

...

...

The smithy. Grid was convinced when looking at Kraugel's equipment.

'Saurabi, spiritualist, hermit... Just like this continent mimics the culture of the west, the East Continent must be based on oriental culture.'

The appearance of the clothing was very similar to those worn in

the Joseon Dynasty.

Also.

‘It’s like Pagma’s attire.’

It might be the case. No, there was a high probability that he needed to visit the East Continent. But how? As Grid played Satisfy, he constantly heard talk about the East Continent. Even the explanation of Piaro’s Supreme Swordsmanship mentioned the East Continent.

Grid learned something in the process. In order to reach the East Continent, he had to cross the Dead Sea. Beyond the Dead Sea? It was impossible to enter the East Continent.

‘How was Kraugel able to enter the East Continent?’

Grid was curious. He wanted to ask Kraugel about this. But he didn’t open his mouth. What did Kraugel have to do to reach the East Continent? Grid didn’t want to be the impertinent person who asked for such high value information. This was also his pride.

Grid repressed his curiosity and asked, “The set item effect? Take out the other two. I will repair the whole set.”

“This is all.”

“...Do you mean you were only wearing three pieces of armor when fighting me?”

In fact, it was two pieces. He didn’t wear the gloves. However, Kraugel didn’t give a lengthy explanation. It was just the excuses of a loser.

“It was the same when fighting Brother Piaro.”

“...You are great.”

Grid started to repair the White Clouds clothing, shoes and gloves. As a legendary blacksmith, Grid could produce cloth-type armor with good quality, so repairing them wasn’t difficult.

Kraugel watched Grid and admired his dexterity, then he handed over White Fang.

“Can you repair this as well?”

“Yes.”

Grid repaired the armor and grabbed White Fang. Then he became thrilled.

‘Truly great.’

[+9 White Fang]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 170/409 Attack Power: 915+486

* Attack speed will increase by 7 + 2%.

* Skill damage will increase by 10 + 5%.

* Ignores 20 + 10% of the target’s defense.

* After succeeding in three combos, further damage will be dealt in the form of cutting damage.

The favorite weapon of one of the 33 great demons, Drasion.

Weight: 887

User Restriction: Level 310 or higher. Advanced Sword Mastery level 5 or higher.

‘There was a reason to be scared. How did he get this to +9...? He must’ve spent a lot of money.’

The probability of enhancing legendary equipment was the worst. Grid had a passive skill that increased enhancement rate, but even he had to pour a huge amount of money into enhancing Failure to +9.

It was impossible to gauge how much money Kraugel would’ve spent in enhancing White Fang.

‘Anyway, its performance is great.’

White Fang. As a great demon's weapon, it was a very excellent weapon.

The options were somewhat lacking, but that wasn't a disadvantage. The few options meant that the basic attack power was unique. It was comparable to Failure, despite being a one-handed sword.

Grid was admiring it when he felt doubts.

'Isn't this too weak for a weapon used by a great demon? The level limit is too low.'

The material was strange. The color was reminiscent of mithril at first glance, but its hardness was several times better than mithril.

'A metal that even a legendary blacksmith can't recognize...'

It was likely to be a mineral that could only be collected from hell, like the blood stones.

'If I know the exact material, my proficiency in the blacksmithing skills will greatly increase...'

Grid thought for a moment and opened his mouth.

"Maybe. It's possible that I can draw out the true power of this sword."

"...?"

Draw out the true power of the sword? Kraugel didn't know about the Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill, so he couldn't understand the concept. Grid made a suggestion to the puzzled Kraugel.

"If I was to upgrade the performance of this sword, could you help me with one thing in return?"

Games. In particular, items were especially important in MMORPGs. It was an unchanging truth that the 1st ranked Kraugel was well aware of. Therefore, he spent a lot of money on

enhancing his equipment.

That's right. The reason that Kraugel didn't have the full armor set was the limitation of the the white swordsman class. In this situation a legendary blacksmith was offering an item upgrade. It was an irresistible temptation.

"I am willing to accept the deal. However, I will pay the value of the upgrade if you make a ridiculous demand."

"Okay."

Grid used a skill with a happy face.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill has been used.]

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[You have discovered a hidden feature in White Fang!]

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[You have discovered a hidden feature in White Fang!]

[The information about White Fang has been updated.]

Ttiring~

[+9 True White Fang]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 170/609 Attack Power: 1,015 + 539.

* Attack speed will increase by 10 + 3%.

* Skill damage will increase by 15 + 7%.

* Ignores 25 + 15% of the target's defense.

* Slashing attacks will add an additional 20 + 10% damage.

* After succeeding in three combos, further damage will be dealt in the form of cutting damage.

* The skill 'Heart Selection' will be generated.

* The curse 'Bunhelier's Gaze' will be applied.

It was produced by smelting the fang of the evil dragon Bunhelier, giving it the ultimate power. But it contains a curse. The owner will be followed by Bunhelier's Gaze.

The great demon Drasion sealed a portion of the sword's power to avoid this gaze, but the legendary blacksmith Grid released the seal.

Weight: 887

[Heart Selection]

Passive.

When striking at the target's heart (including both normal and skill attacks), there is a normal chance that double the damage will be dealt. There is also a low chance of instantly killing the

opponent.

Resources Consumed: None.

Skill Cooldown Time: None.

[Bunhelier's Gaze]

Curse.

The evil dragon Bunhelier is always watching over you.

You might be attacked on a day when Bunhelier is feeling grumpy.

Skill Activation Condition: random.

[Information about 'Bunhelier's Fang' used to make the item has been obtained!]

[The skill proficiency of (Understanding of Gods' Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill has increased by 10%.]

'Amazing...!'

There was a persistent problem with legendary skills. Was it the long cooldown time and resource consumption? No, that was a secondary issue. It was basically very difficult to raise the level.

It was the same for the Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill. Grid had become Pagma's Descendant three years ago in Satisfy time. He invested a considerable amount of time and effort into making items, but was only able to raise the level of the Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill to seven.

It couldn't be helped. After reaching level seven, his skill proficiency only increased by 1% when making unique items. But now, he gained 10% experience just from learning about a new mineral

It was a dragon material. Grid felt like everything paid off.

'Moreover, the results of the White Fang appraisal are also good.'

The attack power and durability increased by 100 and 200

respectively, and an additional option was added. Grid was thrilled with the performance, as he got some idea of what Iyarugt would be like if it grew to the legendary level.

In particular, the skill Heart Selection would have a great synergy with Kraugel. Kraugel's godly control skills meant he could freely take advantage of Heart Selection. But there was one thing Grid couldn't accept.

‘A cursed item?’

Grid's face stiffened as he read the item description until the end. It was good that White Fang's performance was enhanced. But a curse? It was the worst curse, to be surveilled and attacked by a dragon!

‘...Crazy.’

It seemed like he had done something wrong. After the spar with Kraugel. Grid wanted to do a favor for him, but it turned out to be poison.

Gulp.

“What's going on?”

Kraugel had an ominous feeling after seeing Grid's color drain away and snatched White Fang. Then he stood like a petrified statue after checking the item information.

“...”

An awkward atmosphere flowed.

Grid and Kraugel. The two men both remained silent. Grid was the one to break the uncomfortable silence first.

“...I'm sorry. I am ashamed.”

Grid was no longer shameless. He acknowledged his own mistakes and was ready to take responsibility for them. This was because he had to maintain his honor as Lord of Reidan, leader of Overgeared and father of Lord.

“I’m really sorry. It wasn’t maliciously done. Give me time and I will return the item to its original state.”

Grid apologized again. Kraugel looked at White Fang quietly and spoke in a trembling voice.

“...Amazing.”

“Eh... Huh?”

“Seeing the hidden abilities of an item and drawing them out, you truly are a legendary blacksmith. Among the two billion users, you’re the only one who can do this. It is truly amazing.”

Kraugel expressed his admiration. The peak of two billion users, how many users were able to impress the 1st ranked Kraugel? It would be enough to be counted on 10 fingers. Grid’s ability was unique and great.

Hwik.

Hwiik.

Kraugel wielded White Fang a few times and spoke to Grid.

“Thank you.”

“...?”

Grid was stunned. Kraugel’s reaction was completely different from his expectations, making him confused. Kraugel shrugged at the puzzled Grid.

“Thanks to you, I can now own the best item.”

It wasn’t an exaggeration. Kraugel was sincerely happy. The True White Fang’s performance was enhanced. In particular, he was inspired by the Heart Selection skill.

‘I will become two, no three times stronger than before.’

Kraugel was confident that the Heart Selection skill would be his greatest weapon in the future. Striking the target’s heart? It was easy for him, since he had complete control over his movements.

Grid carefully asked the delighted Kraugel.

“That... Is it okay? There’s a curse.”

Kraugel laughed.

“Ah, you were worried. You don’t have to worry about Bunhelier. I remember a verse from the folk song of the Trempet people, stating that ‘Evil dragon, a hero sealed it 500 years ago.’ It is highly unlikely that Bunhelier will appear at this time.”

‘Where is Trempet?’

While ordinary users played the game by exploring Satisfy, Grid was a unique case who stayed in the Eternal Kingdom. In other words, he didn’t know the names of rural areas.

‘And a verse from a folk song?’

Grid was insufficient in this regard. He played Satisfy and often missed minor parts. Kraugel was the opposite. His senses were sharp and he was cautious about everything, so he didn’t miss anything trivial. The evidence was that he remembered the folk song of a remote village in a small kingdom called Trempet.

“So, what is the price I have to pay?”

“That...”

Grid wasn’t able to easily speak the price for repairing the True White Fang. The thing he most wanted was to obtain Kraugel. Of course, it was to join Overgeared. But Grid couldn’t readily say this.

Wasn’t the reason why Kraugel was always alone, despite being ranked 1st for the past several years, because he wanted to do it himself? Grid had to take into consideration Kraugel’s tendency to dislike belonging to groups. It was proof that he grew.

Grid thought about it for a while before opening his mouth.

“Tell me how to get to the East Continent.’

“Good.”

Kraugel’s mind became lighter. He had inflicted damage to the territory in his spar with Piaro. Grid had protected his experience. White Fang received an upgrade. He was thankful for the help, so he could relieve his burden by telling Grid the way to get to the East Continent.

The value of this information was great. It was information that could only be completed if knowledge and information gathered around the continent for at least one year were aligned like puzzle pieces.

“There is an archipelago in the sea south of the Sea Kingdom Media called Behen. It is an archipelago made up of a total of 66 small islands.”

Grid listened closely.

Kraugel sent him a provocative look.

“There is a sage present somewhere called Sticks. If you find him, you will be able to move to the East Continent.”

“If I can find him? Are you saying that he’s hiding in a place that is hard to find?”

“The Behen Archipelago is a very dangerous place. You have to cross 66 islands one after another. A few high rankers became frustrated and couldn’t even pass the 10th island. And Sticks usually lives on the 25~29th islands.”

“Media... Behen... Sticks...”

Grid didn’t forget to take notes of the information obtained. Kraugel was shaking with excitement as he watched Grid.

‘What island can he reach?’

Even Kraugel reached his limit at the 30th island. This island was believed to be the limit of the current users. But Grid was the one who beat him. Maybe he would be able to get something bigger

from Sticks?

‘I am looking forward to it.’

A person ridiculed as a dull-witted. Kraugel hoped that despite all the trials, despair and frustration, Grid would grow up and inspire Kraugel to grow. It was the true wish of Kraugel, who gained a precious rival.

“Why is it so bustling?”

Grid fully repaired Kraugel’s items. He was confused as he left the smithy with Kraugel. Jishuka, Lauel, Regas, Pon, Vantner, and the other members of Overgeared were all gathered in front of the smithy.

Their eyes were staring at Kraugel. They were hoping that Kraugel would join Overgeared.

“Eh, um...”

Grid was perplexed. As leader of Overgeared, he had failed to meet their expectations. Grid felt guilty and turned towards Kraugel.

“How is it? Do you want to have a meal with us?”

“Hrmm.”

Just as Grid’s liking towards Kraugel increased after the spar, Kraugel also liked Grid as well. He personally wanted to become friends with Grid. He believed that both of them could help each other.

However, he was burdened by the attitude of the Overgeared members. Kraugel slowly opened his mouth as he watched the Overgeared members, who were saying ‘be our friend’ with their eyes.

“My mother suddenly called, so I should go. Log out.”

Suruk.

“...?”

The peak of two billion users. The sky above the sky. The best. The absolute leader of the rankings, who monopolized all types of titles, Kraugel.

Was he an elementary school student, to use his mother as an excuse to log out? It was a rather childish appearance. Grid and the Overgeared members thought it was absurd.

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After a few minutes of silence.

Vantner stared at the spot where Kraugel logged out.

“We should stay here until Kraugel logs in again.”

“Is that a good idea? Once he logs in, we will immediately kidnap him.”

“Okay! We’ll make him a slave of Overgeared!”

“Ohh! The 1st ranked user will join Overgeared!”

The members of Overgeared made a plan. Grid frowned at them and said, “Cut it out. Don’t force it.”

Jishuka was surprised.

“You want to miss out on the chance to get the best power?”

Grid was the embodiment of greed. Considering Grid’s usual tendencies, he should be obsessed with obtaining Kraugel. She couldn’t help feeling curious.

‘Does he personally not like Kraugel?’

Grid spoke to the questioning Overgeared members.

“We can’t get colleagues by force, right?”

Of course, there were those who were baited by Overgeared. For example, Lauel. But Lauel and Kraugel were different. Lauel was a person who became fascinated with the power of items when he was looking for power, while Kraugel was a person who disliked belonging to a group.

If they forced him to join, would he really be born again as a true companion?

“And I already have the best colleagues. All of you. So don’t cling to Kraugel.”

It wasn't a pretense at all. Grid believed that he could accomplish any goal with his current colleagues. He didn't feel great regret towards Kraugel. Grid had a separate role that he wanted for Kraugel.

‘Kraugel.’

Go your own way. Be sure to become a sword saint. Then on the day they met again.

‘Make me grow stronger.’

Grid had learned a lot in the spar with Kraugel. How to avoid non-targeted skills, how to deal with targeted skills, how to use mana and physical strength, how to use items and skills, how to use the terrain and so on. Every one of Kraugel's judgments and movements were deeply engraved in his heart.

‘Of course, I can't be like Kraugel right away.’

Grid believed it. If he keep trying and trying, one day he would be able to fight a better match against Kraugel.

That's right. Grid was conscious of Kraugel as his rival. A stupid person having a rivalry with the best genius? Some people might laugh. But Grid didn't doubt his eligibility. It was because he had a high pride as the unique being who broke the sky above the sky. It was a pride unmatched by the arrogance that had been used to cover up his deficiency.

Jishuka returned to the castle with Grid and asked.

“Why didn't you call us when Prince Ren's army tried to invade Reidan? Do you know how absurd it was when I had to hear from the news that our territory was invaded by the enemy?”

“You were working hard hunting the vampires, so I didn't want to disturb you. In the first place, it was possible to resolve it with Lael alone.”

“You should call us if there is an incident! What if you were in danger?”

“...”

In the past, Grid would've responded casually, saying 'If I was, I would summon a knight.' But now Grid was different. He realized why Jishuka was angry and apologized.

“I'm sorry the actions that I chose made you dissatisfied.”

It wasn't because he thought they were useless, or because he didn't think of them as colleagues. It was pure goodwill. Grid apologized with gentle eyes and Jishuka couldn't say anything more.

‘It is becoming harder to deal with him.’

Jishuka couldn't help being conscious of Grid. Grid had a weak and stupid side, so sometimes he felt young. That wasn't the case anymore. Since becoming a father, Grid had been changing rapidly. He felt a strong sense of responsibility and his deficiencies were being erased one by one.

Jishuka liked this appearance even more.

‘He will be great by the time he reaches 30 years old.’

She wanted to see the mature Grid. As Jishuka felt mesmerized, Lael approached Grid. Then he randomly apologized.

“I'm sorry.”

“What is it all of a sudden?”

“Actually...”

Lael honestly confessed.

“When I saw you on the battlefield a while ago, I thought you were still lacking. But this time, I realized that my eyes were wrong. You won against Kraugel, the sky above the sky. In the future, I won't doubt your skills again.”

After the 1st National Competition, Lael had been with Grid for more than 10 months in real time. So far, Lael had never looked at Grid with ‘envy’ or ‘respect.’ But now it was different. The emotions in Lael’s eyes deepened.

“I, Lael, will stop following you just for your items. In the future, I will serve you with an honest and pure mind. This is the true oath of my soul that will penetrate the past and present.”

Grid and the Overgeared members got goosebumps at Lael’s words. Their hands and feet shrunk and they couldn’t think of anything else. Huroi was the only one thrilled by Lael’s oath.

Going back in time, to when Grid had just completed the Elfin Stone raid.

『 A non-NPC player was elected as the pope! In addition! A Japanese person! 』

Japan was overturned.

Damian. An exceptional person who rose to the 2nd ranked paladin, despite being a paladin of the Rebecca Church. One day, he suddenly disappeared from the rankings list, so there was a rumor that he’d obtained a hidden class. And he was an otaku.

One of Japan’s best Satisfy players was elected as pope of the Rebecca Church. The Japanese were filled with joy. They weren’t able to win a medal at the 1st Satisfy National Competition, but Japan cheered at the birth of a savior.

『 Damian! Congratulations on being elected pope! The Japanese people are very proud! 』

『 Thank you. 』

『 How hard was it for you to become a pope? The whole nation wants to know. What how did you overcome the trials and adversities to achieve something so great? 』

The power of the pope of the Rebecca Church was absolute. Even the kings of a few kingdoms had to bow to the pope. This was why the Japanese had high hopes. Damian would develop a lot of policies favouring the Japanese users, making a great contribution to Satisfy's development in Japan.

This changed once Damian started the interviews with various media outlets.

『 I only became the pope thanks to Grid. 』

『 The legendary blacksmith Grid? There was a big battle with Grid and the Red Knight on the day of the pope candidate speeches. Was this how he helped Damian? 』

『 It isn't just that. From beginning to end, I could only become pope thanks to Grid's help. 』

Grid's popularity was steadily rising.

In particular, since the release of the white-haired version of Grid, a large fandom had formed in Japan. It was enough to make him the protagonist of the 5th Korean wave. But as always, the Korean wave was a story that applied only to a small number of people.

Most of the Japanese people didn't care about the Korean wave. In such a situation, the Japanese hero Damian praised Grid exclusively, causing resentment. Grid was one of the main people who frustrated Japan in the National Competition, causing a backlash among the extreme right-wing people.

“Why is Damian attributing all his achievements towards Grid?”

“Doesn't he know how much Japan suffered because of Grid?”

“Grid is our nemesis! Not only did he destroy the Japanese rankers in the National Competition, he was also involved when the Sakura Guild attacked the Silver Knights Guild in the past!”

“What? Grid is completely the worst! Damian, why is he praising

that bastard? Is he a Zainichi (A Japanese word referring to Koreans who live in Japan)?”

“It’s possible! It makes no sense that a pure blood Japanese would be a traitor!”

The Japanese felt public outrage.

‘Damian is a Zainichi’ appeared on various SNS. A rumor that he ‘wanted to improve the image of Korea in Japan’ started to spread. It was the dirty masterpiece of the Japanese extreme right-wing forces.

But Damian didn’t care. He had always been mocked for being an otaku, so such accusations were familiar to him.

『 Rumors are raging about whether Damian is Korean or not. What do you think about this? 』

『 I am a pure blood Japanese. 』

『 However, Damian tends to portray Korea in a good manner by mentioning Grid in all interviews. There are many people who are questioning your intentions. 』

『 I have never portrayed Korea in a good manner. I just thanked Grid, and it was misinterpreted by some people. 』

『 In any case, it’s true that Damian’s image isn’t good for our country. In order to change your image and remove suspicions, why don’t you build a Rebecca Temple in the territories ruled by the Japanese? 』

『 Strict conditions must be met in order to build a Rebecca Temple in certain areas. A temple can’t be built just because we belong to the same country. 』

『 Then... Damian, do you have no intention of helping Japan after becoming pope? 』

『 Of course. What does being pope have to do with Japan? As a pope, I must always be neutral. 』

『 ...I see. Then can I ask about your first official plan of action as pope? 』

『 It is to build a temple of Goddess Rebecca in Reidan. 』

『 No, didn't you say that strict conditions had to be met to build a temple? Reidan's current population is only 20,000, so doesn't it fail to meet the conditions? You said you are neutral, but aren't you blatantly favoring Grid? 』

Fuji TV. It was one of Japanese's leading right-wing media outlet, with the announcer representing the extreme right-wing people. He conducted an interview with a very negative view on Damian's behavior.

If Damian was a common person, he would've been afraid of the influence and retaliation of the extreme right wing forces. But Damian was an otaku. An otaku's firm belief wasn't easy to bend.

『 I'm not showing favoritism to Grid, but repaying his grace. Grid is the person who saved me and the Rebecca Church! Goddess Rebecca has given me a divine message to repay his grace! Praise God Grid!! 』

『 ... 』

“Crazy bastard!”

The Japanese extreme right wing forces were furious. The Japanese had gained great power, but that person wouldn't help his own people, or convince the Koreans to help him. They started thinking up a terrible plan.

Chapter 356

What was the terrible plan that the Japanese right wing forces set up?

“We will kill Damian. Let’s show him the taste of fear and despair, so that he won’t talk about Grid again.”

“We will tame him and use him to thoroughly strengthen the forces of the Japanese guilds.”

“Let’s support the rankers who will participate in the next National Competition. If there are 10 Rebecca healers per ranker, who would be able to beat them in the National Competition?”

That’s right. In the name of patriotism, they were trying to use force to dominate someone else’s life. It was a complete human rights violation and a terrifying idea.

‘I want to step on Grid.’

That thought was on their minds. The right wing Japanese forces had no intention of touching Grid. The Seven Guilds didn’t have the power to threaten Grid, so they couldn’t even if they wanted to.

They were weak to the strong, and strong against the weak. Just like the mass protests against Korean and the small anti-Chinese protests, the Japanese extreme right wing forces chose the path they believed was wise.

Grid was the fundamental problem, but they turned away from him and aimed the arrow at the relatively weaker Damian. But they overlooked one thing.

Damian was never weak. He might’ve been acting as an informal ranker for nearly a year, but he was originally a high ranker. He was also the first person to obtain a unique hidden class. Now he had become the pope.

He was definitely one of the strongest people. However, when compared to Grid...

Lauel was always interested in international affairs.

Collecting a wide range of information while playing Satisfy was a basic skill, and knowing the issues of each country was a great help when it came to gathering information.

“Eh?”

It was early in the morning. Prior to accessing Satisfy, Lauel was looking at the overseas topics and was baffled when looking at the news from Japan.

[Pope Damian! He announced that he would build a Goddess Rebecca temple in Reidan!!]

“This person...!”

Lauel’s expression twisted. Didn’t he advise him several times that the cooperative relationship between Overgeared and the Rebecca Church should proceed discreetly?

In fact, during Damian’s campaign, Grid and Huroi had acted as carefully as possible. They tried to help Damian’s campaign while avoiding people’s attention. On the day of the pope speech candidates, they accidentally appeared on air, but there was no doubt that they were trying their best.

Now Damian was turning all their hard work to naught.

“Stop worshipping Grid!”

The more influential religions were, the less biased they should be. They had to maintain a neutral position and treat everyone equally. It was because certain powers might collude with others to weaken the power of the religion.

Lauel immediately connected to Satisfy and whispered to Damian.

–Why are you ignoring my advice? How many times have I told you that you must keep your help towards Grid and Overgeared a secret?

–It couldn't be helped. It's hard to maintain a neutral position forever because I'm receiving too much pressure inside and outside of the game. I had to make a choice.

–Inside the game? Apart from the Japanese extreme right wing groups, there is another force putting pressure on you?

–Yes, the Saharan Empire is trying to take the Rebecca Church as a state religion.

Lauel's expression stiffened.

The Saharan Empire, based on a nationalist ideology, was trying to make the largest religion on the continent its state religion? The aftermath would be enormous. It would be prohibited to serve Goddess Rebecca unless they were part of the empire.

The Saharan Empire was already the greatest power. There were a total of 17 nations on the continent, but it wasn't an exaggeration to say that all of them were under the rule of the empire.

‘The Saharan Empire...’

They grew arrogant, as there were no enemies in the world.

‘If I was going to hand the Rebecca Church over to you, I wouldn't have made Damian the pope.’

The cynical Lauel laid out a map of the West Continent. Then he examined several kingdoms that bordered the Saharan Empire.

Thorny Vine Forest.

It was one of the roads connected Reidan and the Saharan Empire, and was the place where the legend of Faker, the god of death, began.

“Isn’t this where the Ice Flower Guild was wiped out by Faker?”

“Do you believe that ridiculous rumour? The Ice Flower Guild is one of the strongest guilds, and part of the Seven Guilds. How could they be wiped out by Faker?”

“That’s right. Bondre alone would be able to take care of Faker.”

“Grid just spread an exaggerated rumor in order to increase the reputation of Overgeared. It’s just a bluff.”

Japan’s leading right wing guild, the 180 players of Sakura, were hiding in the forest. Their goal was Damian. Their first task was to kidnap and detain the traitor who was heading for Reidan.

“We can wait around here. We’ll make that traitor pay for betraying his country.”

“Building a temple in Grid’s damn territory, he must be a Zainichi.”

“Whoa whoa, suppress your killing intent. We can’t kill the person who will become our puppet.”

The Sakura Guild members gritted their teeth. After a while, they witnessed a long procession entering the forest.

“Happy-chan~ isn’t it difficult? Do you want me to do it?”

“Your Holiness, please maintain your dignity.”

“I don’t care about my dignity if it means ignoring girls who are having a hard time.”

“...”

“Now~ Happy-chan, come on. Yes? Are you shy? You are completely cute. I want to pat your head like this.”

“Kyaaak! Your Holiness! Don’t use too much strength!”

The Sakura Guild members frowned. Pope Damian was part of a procession with 200 young girls? They heard he was an otaku, but they didn’t know he was a lolicon as well.

“He’s enjoying this world properly after becoming pope.”

“Bringing his harem girls on a journey...!”

“Is he the emperor of the Lorie Empire?”

Kkirik!

Yoshimura, the master of the Sakura Guild, pulled back his bowstring. The bow of the person who was once the 2nd ranked archer was aimed exactly at Damian’s heart.

“First, eat this!”

Piing.

A quick shot was fired. Yoshimura might’ve fallen to 4th place on the archer rankings, but it was rare to see someone with such a good bow skill in the world. The arrow quickly broke through the gap in thorns and precisely struck at Damian’s heart...

“...This is?”

Yoshimura was astonished. The 200 beautiful girls in white clothing who were following Damian. The young girls aged from 10 to 15 years old instantly brought out spears, swords, and shields, and blocked Yoshimura’s arrow?

‘Reading the arrow’s position and even blocking it? An arrow shot by Yoshimura?’

‘These kids are freely swinging a blade bigger than their bodies?’

‘The speed at which they take their formation is like well-trained soldiers!’

The Sakura Guild members couldn’t believe the sight that was happening in front of them. They wondered how little girls could show such great talents and agile movements. It didn’t make sense.

“...”

Deep in the quiet forest.

The Sakura members’ mouths gaped open as they hid, while the

beautiful girls looked around the forest while holding weapons. Damian stood in the center and gave a meaningful smile.

“Trying to fight the Rebecca’s Daughters candidates, how foolish.”

The eyes of the Sakura Guild members shook.

‘Rebecca’s Daughters candidates!’

The Rebecca Church only chose girls who were born with divine ability and talents, secretly training them to be the strongest paladins who could handle the three divine artifacts. And the name of the strongest paladins were called ‘Rebecca’s Daughters.’

These girls were the candidates?

‘Shit! Aren’t the candidates secretly fostered in a secret temple of the Rebecca Church? Why are they accompanying Damian?’

‘These young girls are unbelievably strong...!’

The confused Sakura Guild members were about to turn back after realizing the situation, when...

“Goddess’ Eyes.”

Pahat!

A golden light concentrated on Damian’s fingertips and spread out all over the place.

[The pope receives Goddess Rebecca’s blessing.]

[Goddess Rebecca detects all living things within 300m of you. Undead and the demonkin will receive great damage.]

“There are exactly 180 people.”

Damian’s eyes sank coldly.

“I don’t want blood covering the fine hands of these girls. I will do it myself. Goddess’ Blessing.”

Pahat!

Pa pa pa pa pak!

It was truly spectacular. More than 200 green lights streaked through the dark forest, falling from the sky and hitting Damian and the girls.

[The Goddess' Blessing increases you and your party members' stats by 10% for 5 minutes, negates one strike and will create a shield that absorbs 8,000 damage.]

“Ack...!”

The Sakura Guild watching Damian frowned. It was due to the intensity of the green light that wrapped around Damian and the girls that made them shine. Damian gazed towards the location where most of them were gathered.

“Goddess' Wrath.”

Chiiiiiiing!

Two huge magic circles, around 3m in diameter, were quickly created behind Damian's back.

‘What's that?’

The Sakura Guild couldn't get a sense of Damian's actions. It was natural. Among the users, only Grid would recognize the pope's skills.

“Die.”

Damian's declaration was a signal.

Kuwaaaaaang!

It was like watching an anti-tank gun. Two huge rays were fired from the magic circles created behind Damian's back, moving in a straight line that swallowed everything in its path. Half of the forest was destroyed.

[Party member Gigs has suffered 14,100 damage!]

[Party member Kinji has suffered 15,500 damage!]

[Party member Rokman has suffered 14,990 damage!]

[Party member Yoshimura has suffered 12,100 damage!]

[Party member Orochi has suffered 9,900 damage!]

[Party member...]

[Party...]

...

...

“This is ridiculous!”

The faces of the Sakura Guild members turned white. It only took a few seconds to cast a large area skill that inflicted huge damage to dozens of guild members that were at least level 210? This was a complete scam!

“How...? How can a user be so strong? This is ridiculous! It’s unbalanced!”

Damian just laughed.

“The pope’s tenure is limited to one year, so shouldn’t I be able to exercise this much power? Your level is just too low.”

“Eek! We would be able to win if you weren’t the pope!”

“I know that I’m the pope, but you’re stupid.”

“I didn’t know a pope was so strong! Shit! Damn! If you were weak, we would be able to easily take care of you!”

Truly unscrupulous guys. Damian sighed and pulled out a sword. Then he threw off his white clothing, revealing golden armor. ‘I love Isabel-chan, Rin-chan and Luna-chan’ was beautifully engraved on the armor.

“I don’t need to use the pope’s power on you.”

Teong!

Damian rushed towards Yoshimura, the master of the Sakura

Guild. Yoshimura calmly fired an arrow, despite being surprised at the paladin's speed. It was a strong blow, but the arrow was offset by the shield of light around Damian.

“It's just this much.”

“...!”

Seokeok!

Great skills.

Damian showed a high level of swordsmanship that Yoshimura couldn't escape with his agility, leaving him wounded. It was far beyond the range that the Yoshimura Guild estimated for the first unique hidden class and the pope.

Damian might look silly because he was an otaku, but his ability was actually really great. However, when compared with Grid...

Chapter 357

All paladins had similar swordsmanship.

Every time they wielded the sword, they poured their whole heart into it, making it close to the concept of breaking the target. Due to this, the orbit was simple, and when the attack failed, it inevitably revealed a gap.

Yoshimura had a lot of experience and was aware of this fact. How could an archer with high agility struggle against a paladin? It was like that until now. For Yoshimura, paladins were merely solid targets. They wouldn't easily fall down, but they weren't a threat.

Damian was the exception.

Seokeok!

“Kuak!”

Every time Damian wielded his sword, Yoshimura's body became covered in wounds. Yoshimura couldn't avoid his attacks.

“You..! How can a paladin use such splendid swordsmanship? Is it because you're a hidden class and not a paladin anymore?”

It was an incorrect guess. As Goddess' Agent, Damian was still a paladin. However, it was a unique class. He was able to learn a higher Sword Mastery skill than general paladins, and that was the key to his high quality swordsmanship. Furthermore, Damian...

“I'm a paladin. A paladin with the strongest master.”

That's right.

Damian was a person taught by Piaro. He grew by leaps and bounds when he was farming under Piaro. It was thanks to a clear enlightenment, as well as the quest reward for ‘★ Hidden Quest★ Fun and Exciting Training!’

“Supreme Swordsmanship might be slower than other swordsmanship techniques and less varied, but it is the most

excellent one.”

“Why?”

“A good sword might be controlled with strength, while an excellent sword is controlled by the mind and heart. It can accelerate according to the speed of the mind, while making many changes like the heart.”

“...”

As a paladin, Damian couldn’t understand it. If this was reality, Damian wouldn’t have felt anything from Piaro’s teachings. But a game was different from reality.

[You have received the teachings of the sword by Piaro and awakened!]

[Accuracy is increased by 30% when wearing sword type weapons. This effect is applied separately from the Sword Mastery skill.]

In other words, it was an additional reward for the hidden quest. Damian was well behaved and built up a great deal of favor during the hidden quest, and was able to gain great strength thanks to it.

“The strongest teacher? What are you saying?”

“There’s no need for you to know.”

Puok!

“Kuaaack!”

“Master!”

Yoshimura was deeply stabbed in the side and eventually sat down. Orochi saw this and ran over aggressively.

“How dare you do this to Master!?”

The strongest person in the Sakura Guild, Orochi. He was the master of twin swordsmanship. He was particularly strong in PvP as a high ranking player, capable of dazzling the target with his

swordsmanship.

But he wasn't Damian's opponent. Damian scoffed as he easily defended against Orochi's sword with a shield.

"Even Reidan's farmer who likes potatoes will yawn against you."

Reidan's farmer who likes potatoes?

'Who is that?'

Did he mean the legendary farmer who caused an uproar in the world by smashing Hurent and 2,000 troops in a short amount of time? Orochi felt doubts.

Chaaeng!

Damian pushed at Orochi using his shield and then stabbed his chest.

"You aren't my opponent. You should at least be a temporary farmer in order to deal with me. Oh, I am still lacking compared to him."

Temporary farmer?

"Who is that?"

"I also don't know."

"...?"

From then on, a one-sided massacre took place. The Sakura Guild lacked a third advancement class, so they were totally overwhelmed by Damian, who was over level 300. Damian's basic defense was high and his healing was fraudulent, so it was difficult to kill him.

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that Damian's endurance in battle was the best. The Rebecca's Daughters candidates were also a problem. The Sakura Guild's hands and feet were tied up because they thoroughly assisted Damian.

“Shit! Shitt!”

Once their colleagues started dying, the Sakura Guild members became angry.

Yoshimura cried out, “Why? Why are you helping a Korean person!?” (TL: Once again, a Japanese word meaning Korean person that has negative connotations)

“Korean person? What an old-fashioned and racist remark. You should apologize.”

“What? You... Keook...!”

Damian no longer continued the conversation. He knew that the opponents weren't worth talking with, so he just silently killed the Sakura Guild members.

On this day.

The Sakura Guild suffered big damage. All the guild members died and lost experience and some items. It was a huge loss, making them unable to do anything big for a while.

Grid became certain of one thing after the spar with Kraugel. His goal of becoming the best wasn't a fanciful dream.

‘Geniuses... No, it's true that my talent is poo compared to the general public.’

He didn't deny it, since it was a reality he'd realized since his childhood.

‘But.’

Grid had a weapon that no one else had. It was the power of items. It wasn't the usual items, but the items which had collapsed the sky above the sky.

‘First, polish the weapons.’

In order to regular users to obtain items, they had to devote

themselves to raids or hunting. However, Grid was different. As a legendary blacksmith, he was able to produce ideal items directly.

‘But it isn’t easy.’

There was a limit on the performance of items. It was virtually impossible to make a 10 billion damage weapon that could kill a target unconditionally, or to be invincible by making a 10 billion defense armor.

‘It’s about creating ideal items within the limits.’

It couldn’t be done by staying in the smithy. Grid knew from experience. Then what did he have to do?

“...”

Reidan’s smithy.

Grid was locked in thought for a while.

“Expand my insights.”

Would it be possible to build up his current skills if he was alone like Kraugel, even if he was a genius? It wasn’t possible. Through repeated adventures, meeting new people and enemies, and learning and growing through them.

‘I should do that.’

There was a place that Grid decided to go.

‘Behen Archipelago.’

It was made up of 66 islands. Even Kraugel had only managed to reach the 30th island. By challenging it and experiencing new things, he could overcome his shortcomings and design more ideal items.

The determined Grid moved to the castle.

“Abu! Abuuuu!”

“Welcome back.”

Irene and Lord welcomed Grid. Irene’s affectionate gaze and Lord’s envious gaze were directed towards Grid.

‘I want to make them happy for the rest of my life.’

Satisfy was different from reality. Enemies were everywhere and his precious people could be in danger at any time. In order to completely protect them, Grid wanted to become stronger. Grid summoned Lael.

“Did you call?”

Lael, who was buried in a pile of papers in his office, came running wildly. Grid was thankful for his diligence, despite always being tired.

“I’m incompetent, so you’re experiencing a lot of hardships by taking on everything.”

“I wanted to do it. You don’t have to worry. Continue to rely on me.”

“Yes, I will believe in you and leave for a while.”

“...Huh?”

“I’m planning to go to a place called the Behen Archipelago. Please look after Reidan and my family while I’m not here. Ah, can I also take some of the potions produced by the alchemy facility?”

“Huh? Ah yes, of course.”

Lael was confused, but he didn’t ponder over Grid’s choices and actions. Grid had become more cautious since the spar with Kraugel, so Lael thoroughly trusted him. After that, Grid made love to Irene, said goodbye to Lord, and left for the Media Kingdom.

“Aba! Abubu! Abu!”

Lord held the ‘Baby’s Wooden Sword’ in his hands and cried out

as he looked at his father's distant back. But there was no one who could understand the baby's words. People thought that Lord was just saying goodbye to his father.

However, the truth was different.

A few days later. After some suffering, the pope procession succeeded in crossing the desert and finally arrived in Reidan. Damian's heart was overflowing with joy. He was happy because he could see Grid and Piaro, who had helped him a lot without blaming him for being an otaku.

But the touching reunion didn't occur easily.

"A murderer like you can't enter the city!"

The soldiers guarding Reidan's gates blocked Damian's way. It was unavoidable. Damian's name was bright red from killing the Sakura Guild.

"No, I'm the pope."

"Nonsense!"

"Why would the pope commit such butchery?"

"A murderer is trying to lie! Disgraceful person! Get out now!"

"..."

After a while, Damian was able to enter Reidan due to Lael. However, Grid wasn't there anymore.

There were countless players hoping to cross to the East Continent.

There were those who wanted to get ahead of everyone else, those who aimed for a reversal in a new land, etc. All types of people tried to reach the East Continent. The wealthy even invested an astronomical amount of money.

However, most of them failed to reach the East Continent. They

became stuck at the Dead Sea. Only a very small number of people succeeded. Out of two billion users, less than 1,000 succeeded in figuring out how to get to the East Continent.

They were the people who grasped the existence of Sage Sticks by clearing a lot of linked quests. However, fewer than 10 people managed to cross to the Eastern Continent.

Behen Archipelago. It was a difficult task to break through the 66 islands, which were like an instant dungeon.

“Sigh.”

After a long journey, Grid arrived at the Behen Archipelago and took a deep breath to calm himself down. Was he nervous because he remembered Kraugel saying that even famous high rankers had been eliminated at the first island?

No. Grid was actually filled with confidence. The reason for his deep breathing was to stop himself from becoming angry.

“Now, shall I get started?”

Grid readied himself and started to cross the bridge between the mainland and the first island. A notification window appeared at the end of the bridge.

[Do you want to enter the instant dungeon ‘Behen Archipelago’?]

“Yes.”

[The ‘Behen Archipelago’ is limited to one person and the escape method is unknown. Death is highly likely. Do you still want to enter?]

“Go.”

At the same time. Grid’s body was sucked into the gate.

“It’s been a long time since there was a challenger.”

The hidden sage, Sticks. He gazed into his magic ball and saw a

man with black hair. Sticks examined him closely and didn't feel inspired.

“Anyway, he will be eliminated.”

The first island dropped the challenger's stamina to the limit. Faced with the terrible limit, they would cause their own self-destruction. Over the past few decades, most challengers lost their lives at the first island.

Sticks was sure that the same thing would happen to this black-haired man. However, the result was different from what he expected.

“Heok! N-No, how...?”

Sticks was shocked. He looked like he saw a ghost. It was natural. The first island. The goal was to take advantage of the island terrain to hold out against the monsters that appeared ‘infinitely’ for 20 minutes.

They should reduce the area that the monsters could attack from by moving to the highlands or into narrow places. It was a common strategy, but most people didn't survive for 20 minutes even if they knew the strategy. There was a limit to their stamina.

However, the man with black hair used an unconventional method. He cleared the first island easily without using a strategy. After summoning four golden hands that each held a weapon, he waited for the monsters to appear and killed them. It was a method that destroyed common sense, making even the sage Sticks embarrassed.

Chapter 358

[You have entered the first island.]

The first island was much smaller than Grid expected. The area of one tenth of Yeouido Park. The structure was very simple. There were several rock piles, as well as white sand.

“There isn’t anything?”

Grid was looking around with confusion when he saw the notification window that popped up.

[A mission will be created.]

[First Island]

Survive for 20 minutes!

First Clear Reward: 1 Challenger Point.

[The mission will start 30 minutes from now.]

“Survive?”

This place was Behen Archipelago, where even high ranking users died. What terrible things would happen in the future that he needed to ‘survive?’ Ordinary people would be extremely nervous and uneasy.

But Grid was the person who broke the sky above the sky. This created a high pride, and he wasn’t easily upset. Grid was only focused on the compensation.

‘Challenger points? Is it something that only applies to certain areas?’

Reputation was used as the currency in the Reputation Store.

‘What can I buy with this?’

Grid was full of anticipation. He used Braham’s Boots and looked over the island from the sky. It was to grasp the situation before the mission started.

‘Magic circle?’

There were four large magic circles engraved on the island. What were they for? Another person would’ve been able to grasp it more quickly, but Grid just had the intelligence of an ordinary person and only came up with an idea after a while.

‘Are they places where monsters are created?’

Since it stated that he had to survive for 20 minutes, it meant he would be threatened for 20 minutes. Grid guessed that monsters would pour out of the circles as soon as the survival mission started.

But he wasn’t fully convinced. It was to leave his mind flexible to cope with unexpected situations.

“I have to prepare.”

There was a few minutes left until the start of the mission.

In order to secure the minimum of safety and prevent himself from wasting mana, Grid landed on some rocks. He summoned the God Hands and gave them the strongest weapons, before moving them to the different magic circles.

“Attack as soon as the enemy appears.”

The four God Hands swung their weapons as if in reply to Grid’s command. After a while.

[The first island’s mission has begun.]

Pak!

Pa pa pa pat!

A smile appeared on Grid’s face. He was delighted that his expectations were correct. That’s right. Monsters were created at the four magic circles.

Kieeeeek!

Kyaack!

The monsters that emerged from the magic circles were the creepy sellobu.

‘It has been a long time.’

Sellobus. They were a spider type monster with low defense and stamina, but high attack power and speed. The sellobus were so fast that humans couldn’t counter. They were ghastly monsters that slaughtered players all over the continent.

‘Only level 200.’

Now Grid could destroy the sellobus in one blow. But the God Hands were different. The God Hands only had 30% of Grid’s stats. In addition, his Sword Mastery was only beginner level 7. They had the most advanced weapons, but they couldn’t stop the sellobus instantly. It took them an average of three to four hits.

‘Too slow.’

The speed at which the sellobus were created was much faster than the speed of the God Hands’ hunting. Their numbers started to get out of control and they shot poisonous liquid at Grid.

“Kuk.”

As expected of an offensive monster, their damage was flawless. The cumulative damage was a burden on Grid.

‘It’s a waste of experience, but it can’t be helped.’

Grid used Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcended Link, to kill the sellobus around him, then pulled out his next method.

“Noe, Randy.”

“Snack time! Nyang!”

“Randy, Grid okay.”

Noe and Randy, who was in the form of Grid, appeared. Grid ordered the two of them.

“Support the God Hands in the east and north. I will support the

hands in the south and west.”

“Nyang!”

Noe replied energetically, moving his wings and heading east. On the other hand, Randy didn’t know where the north was. However, he soon moved quickly when Grid pointed. Thanks to them joining, the east and north God Hands could quickly kill the sellobus.

Grid also wasn’t idle. He reached out his hands to the left and right and fired the Magic Missiles, assisting the God Hands that were suffering under the sellobus. From this point on, numerous notification windows appeared in front of Grid.

[You have killed a sellobus.]

[612,000 experience has been distributed.]

[Your pet Noe has acquired 204,000 experience.]

[Your pet Randy has acquired 204,000 experience.]

[You have killed a sellobus.]

[612,000 experience has been distributed.]

[Your pet Noe...]

...

...

“Wow, this is a big hit.”

Grid was astonished. He killed almost four sellobus per second, so the speed of his experience gain was beyond imagination. It was around 10 times faster than the current best hunting ground, the vampire cities.

This wasn’t the end.

[The Sword Mastery of ‘God Hand’ has increased from beginner level 7 to beginner level 8.]

[The Sword Mastery of ‘God Hand’ has increased from beginner level 8 to beginner level 9.]

The Sword Mastery of the God Hands grew at a tremendous rate as they wielded their swords without a break. Grid trembled with something that was beyond joy. As the Sword Mastery level of the God Hands increased, the speed of the sellobu hunting became even faster, causing an equivalent rise in the speed of acquiring experience. Now it was 20 times faster than when hunting in the vampire cities.

[You have killed a sellobus.]

[You have killed a sellobus.]

[You have killed...]

...

...

[The level of Noe has risen!]

[The level of Randy has risen!]

[The level of Randy has risen!]

“Yes! This is honey! Amazing!”

Grid was so excited that he couldn’t help cheering. The first island that frustrated so many challengers...

The land of despair turned into a great hunting ground for Grid.

[You have cleared the first island.]

[You have acquired 1 challenger point for the mission success.]

[Challenger Point]

Can be used to purchase items from the Challenger Store that exists somewhere in the Behen Archipelago.

“Ah, too bad.”

Grid ended up hunting for 20 minutes. He gained an extra 15% experience.

“It would be nice if the mission was surviving for 20 days instead of 20 minutes... Or maybe 20 hours...”

Grid’s heart wanted to take advantage of the first island. He wanted to repeatedly clear the first island so that he could catch up with Kraugel’s level. But it was a stupid idea. There were still a lot of islands. Wasn’t it likely to have a better hunting ground later on?

‘In the first place, I need to escape from here before I can do it again, and I don’t know how to escape.’

Grid hadn’t yet fully grasped the system of the Behen Archipelago. He needed to be more careful. He disciplined his heart and stepped onto the newly created bridge. The gate to the second island was located at the end of the bridge.

[You have entered the second island.]

This island was at least 10 times larger than the first island. The scenery was also different. There was the sound of waterfalls from the lush jungle, as well as a small mountain at each end of the island. There were also lakes and caves.

“Huh? Treasure chest?”

Grid looked around and noticed one place. It was a towering rock wall just behind the starting point. There were 10 golden boxes shining brightly.

“What is this... No, is it a trap?”

Grid didn’t act carelessly, unlike the past, and notification windows appeared in front of him.

[A mission will be created.]

[Second Island]

Open the locked treasure chests!

There are 10 keys hidden throughout the island.

It is important to find as many keys as possible, as each box has a different key.

Time Limit: 3 days.

First Clear Reward: Every time you open a box, 1 Challenger Point.

* If two or more boxes can't be opened within the specified time, you will be expelled from the island.

[The mission will start 30 minutes from now.]

“This time, it involves searching.”

It seemed to be very difficult to find the keys if the time limit was three days.

‘Of course it's hard.’

The island was big and the terrain was too complicated. There were bushes, lakes, waterfalls, caves, and cliffs all over. He had to find a small key in this place? It was no different from finding a needle in the desert.

But Grid didn't show any signs of being troubled. He still had a bright smile on his face.

“The second island had the most dropouts.”

Sticks observed Grid through the magic ball. He didn't have much expectations.

It was true that the black-haired man broke through the first island in an extraordinary manner, but the difficulty of the second island was extremely high when compared with the first island.

“In order to break through the second island, you need the intelligence to bring together the different clues observed, without

missing a single one. But...”

The black haired man was sitting in front of the magic circle and just resting during the 30 minute preparation time before the mission began. He was wasting this time and not even looking for clues, so it was like the black haired man had already given up.

“I don’t have much expectation for him.”

Sticks was surprised when he looked at the magic ball. Why was he so surprised?

“Keok...! Keok keok.... N-No! Don’t tell me that person is a legendary thief?”

Sticks was bound to think so. The treasure boxes that couldn’t be opened unless it was the right key, the black haired man opened them with one key in his possession. It was a dexterity that could only be admired.

“T-The second island in just 10 seconds...!?”

It was an unprecedented record. It was the moment when Sticks, who was called a sage because he was wiser than anyone else, became a fool. On this day, Grid reached the ninth island. It also meant that Sticks was surprised a total of nine times.

Chapter 359

[You have cleared the ninth island.]

[You have acquired 24 challenger points for the mission success.]

‘I have a total of 102 points.’

Grid reached the ninth island at a fast pace and was still okay. There were no signs of exhaustion at all. It was natural. He didn’t get tired because it wasn’t hard for him.

“It’s easier than expected.”

To be honest, Grid felt deflated. But he didn’t become overconfident. Wasn’t the Behen Archipelago the place that caused difficulty for Kraugel?

‘The difficulty is likely to rise exponentially over the next few islands.

Grid thought this and controlled his heart. He didn’t know.

The endless monsters on the first island, the hidden keys on the second island, capturing the escaped fox mice on the third island, swallowing the raging fire on the fourth island, surviving the blizzard on the fifth island, passing through the poisonous sixth island, the seventh and eighth islands where the strong boss monsters appeared...

And the ninth island that he just cleared...

From a general point of view, they weren’t easy. Grid was the only person who felt like the hell islands were easy. Even Kraugel suffered on the first and second islands.

[Do you want to enter the 10th island?]

“Yes.”

Grid was sucked into the gate.

The 2nd National Competition was to be held in Paris in around two months.

Thanks to that, the employees of the S.A. Group were constantly busy. They ate rice and frequently worked overtime, so they couldn't stay healthy. They had to coordinate the details before the opening of the global festival.

“Hah, it's hard.”

Even Chairman Lim Cheolho, who was more passionate than anyone, was sick. As soon as he returned from Paris, he sat down in his massage chair at work.

“I'm too old. No matter how much I manage myself, I quickly become exhausted.”

Kkuok. Kkuok.

The massage chair worked on his shoulders and back, giving a very good effect. Chairman Lim Cheolho properly recovered from his fatigue and asked the supercomputer Morpheus.

“Did anything happen to them?”

Them. They were the five miracles, including Grid and Kraugel. They were people who repeatedly caused results that even Morpheus couldn't predict. Chairman Lim Cheolho watched the five of them with interest.

Before leaving for Paris, he asked Morpheus to monitor them. Morpheus reported with a mechanical voice.

[Kraugel and Grid confronted each other, while Agnus encountered Braham's soul. The other two are just raising their level.]

“Huh?”

Lim Cheolho doubted his ears. His focus wasn't on the part about Agnus and Braham. The meeting between the two of them was scheduled, so there was nothing special about it. On the other

hand, Kraugel and Grid were different.

“What did you say just now? Kraugel and Grid fought? Why?”

[Kraugel visited Reidan after acquiring the Sword Saint quest.]

“Hah...! He has the Sword Saint quest already!?”

Kraugel was really amazing. As a player, he was perfect without lacking anything. No, his perfection could be described as transcendental. That’s why even the supercomputer Morpheus couldn’t predict all his actions.

“He will safely become a sword saint.”

It would be easy for him to deal with the relatively weaker Grid.

Sword saint. The most powerful battle focused class. In the future, how much stronger would Kraugel become? Chairman Lim Cheolho’s expectations were amplified. Morpheus spoke unexpected words.

[Kraugel failed to obtain the sword saint class.]

“...?”

Lim Cheolho’s eyes widened with surprise.

“It can’t be... Surely he didn’t lose to Grid?”

Chairman Lim Cheolho knew better than anyone how great Grid’s power was. It wasn’t an exaggeration. Lim Cheolho evaluated Grid higher than Grid did himself. But Kraugel was different. In particular, he was an overwhelming presence in PvP. Apart from Agnus, there was no player who could win against Kraugel in a one-on-one match.

Morpheus explained to the confused Lim Cheolho.

[Kraugel was incomplete. The cooldown time of an important skill hadn’t recovered yet, and his equipment was damaged, so he didn’t wear all of them against Grid. As a result, Grid’s odds increased from 21.13% to 54.98%.]

“Grid’s odds were so high from the beginning?”

[I analyzed the skill tree, items possessed and accumulated battle data of both people, but I can’t be sure it is accurate. Kraugel has made my analysis meaningless 185 times and Grid 13 times.]

That was why they were called miraculous beings. A smile appeared on Lim Cheolho’s face and he laughed loudly.

‘Today is chicken and beer.’

Lim Cheolho decided to have chicken and beer while watching footage of the match between Kraugel and Grid. He was the one with the most assets in the world.

[You have entered the tenth island.]

It was a room rather than an island. The floor, walls, and ceiling were painted white, and the size of the empty room couldn’t be measured. It was hard to get a sense of the distance. Grid frowned as he looked around.

“What’s this?”

There were white pointed pillars rising from the ground. They were thin metal poles around 5cm wide and 2m long.

“There are hundreds... No, thousands?”

What was the identity of this pillars? A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[A mission will be created.]

[Tenth Island]

Avoid the lightning that will pour down like rain!

The lightning can’t be defended against by any means. You can only evade.

Mission Success Conditions: Reach the gate for the eleventh island.

First Clear Reward: 30 Challenger Points.

* You will instantly die if hit by a lightning strike.

[The mission will start 30 minutes from now.]

[The ceiling is opened.]

Kurururung.

Then a roar was heard from above. He looked up and saw the sky that was revealed by the opened ceiling. It was a sky full of dark clouds.

‘A lightning storm that can’t be defended against.’

The lightning storm that would cause instant death would come pouring down. Considering the speed of the lightning, it was a mission that couldn’t be cleared. Only people with excellent control abilities could. For example, people like Kraugel, Regas, and Faker.

“The difficulty is growing.”

Grid finally became nervous. As he was worrying about what to do, he became interested in the pillars that appeared everywhere.

‘They wouldn’t be here for no reason.’

Identifying the use of the pillars was a priority. Grid approached the pillar closest to him and used a skill.

“Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal.”

[The Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal skill has been used.]

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

Ttiring~

[Lightning Rod]

Durability: 1/20

A metal rod with a pointed end that attracts and absorbs lightning.

The durability is weak because it is severely damaged. It will immediately turn to ashes from one lightning strike.

Weight: 3

[A hidden function doesn't exist.]

[Your understanding of the Lightning Rod is now 100%.]

[The 'Lightning Rod' production method has been acquired.]

"Ah, a lightning rod. I have to use this to avoid the lightning."

Grid grasped the identity of the rods and looked more closely. The distance between lightning rods was around 15m on average. People had to properly utilize their dashing skills to use the lightning rod and avoid the lightning.

'Can I do it?'

Grid wasn't in a position to do it with his control skills. He worried for a while before coming up with an idea.

'It's really good that I made this.'

The item that Grid took from his inventory was the Portable Furnace that he created.

The number of players who had challenged the Behen Archipelago was exactly 990 so far. More than half of them were high rankers who dropped out at the first and second islands. Only 392 people reached the tenth island.

Of those 392 people, only 65 passed the tenth island. The degree of difficulty of the tenth island was incomparable.

"Heok... Heok..."

Sweat flowed down Sticks' jaw as he sat on the ground. The burden on his heart was very painful. He took a deep breath and

turned his gaze towards the magic ball again.

“He really won’t pass here.”

This person stimulated his bad heart, so Sticks couldn’t help giving him a bad evaluation. Sticks could clearly see that the black haired man had a strange ability, but the tenth island was a place where only people with divine control skills could pass.

‘It means he can no longer depend on artifacts.’

Could that man move 2,000 meters while avoiding lightning that fell three or four times per second? Sticks believed it was impossible. It wasn’t a baseless idea. Unfortunately, that black haired man didn’t seem to be able to perfectly control his excellent body.

“Ordinary movements will never... Huh?”

Sticks murmured with confusion. In the middle of the magic space, the man pulled out a portable furnace and started lighting it with the bellows?

“What is it this time?”

There was no ‘portable blast furnace’ in Sticks’ wisdom. A furnace couldn’t be easily handled unless the person was a blacksmith.

“In the first place...”

Why bring out a furnace in this situation?

‘Is he crazy?’

No, it was a problem because he wasn’t crazy. Sticks’ confusion increased as the black haired man raised the temperature of the furnace and started to smelt the iron ore.

“...Eh?”

Sticks had a large amount of knowledge as a sage. So he was forced to feel astonished.

“What? That smelting skill?”

The black haired man exerted a tremendous smelting skill that completely destroyed the concept of ‘smelting’ that existed in Sticks’ knowledge. The iron was instantly melted and purified.

“A legendary blacksmith...!”

He seemed like a magician when shooting magic, a warrior when wielding the sword, a person with a lot of artifacts, and a thief who could easily open solid locks. Now he was also like a blacksmith.

“What’s your identity?”

A question mark appeared over Sticks’ head.

Ttang! Ttang!

The mysterious man finished smelting the iron and started hammering it. Soon after that...

“Lightning rod?”

That’s right. A metal rod, similar to the lightning rods rising from the ground of the tenth island, was born in the hands of the black haired man. However, the size was significant. It was a huge 7m in length.

“...”

Sticks was no longer surprised. No, he tried not to be surprised. He was afraid that his heart pain would occur again.

Kururung! Kurururung.

Suddenly, a heavy rain of lightning started. The black haired man was safe. It was thanks to the floating golden hands that carried the large lightning rod. The man moved like a noble covered by the umbrella his retinue was holding as he moved through the island.

“Uh... Urghh...”

In the end, Sticks was surprised and he grabbed his chest as he

collapsed. It didn't match the appearance of the imposing Grid.

Chapter 360

The 31 year old Kim Doohyun.

Korea's top star had an outstanding appearance and a proven performance in Hollywood. Despite his busy schedule, he steadily played Satisfy and finally arrived at the desert city of Reidan.

“How exciting.”

Kim Doohyun, who only just reached level 197, ‘Nyangmong’ was deeply moved. It was hard to cross the scorching desert that contained powerful monsters.

‘If I was a normal class user, I would’ve never been able to make it through the desert.’

Nyangmong was a pet master. As a unique class, he possessed useful skills and it couldn’t be denied that he was a master of solo play.

An average person could have three pets, but he could have nine. He could even temporarily make monsters friendly, so the monsters in the desert might be strong, but they couldn’t block his way.

However, they were nothing in front of some farmers.

‘It is immensely large.’

Outside Reidan. Vast rice fields stretched out from the outer walls into the horizon.

‘Grid is the owner of this big city. A duke’s authority is beyond my imagination.’

Indeed, there was something admirable about someone who was the best in their field. He could feel how great Grid truly was.

‘He must’ve worked hard in order to climb up to his present place.’

Nyangmong had also undergone countless trials in order to become a top star. Therefore, he had a shallow idea of Grid's life. Grid might be younger than him, but it was respectable, regardless of age.

Step, step.

His footsteps were light as he walked through the rice fields. He hummed as he thought about soon being able to meet Noe. A farmer blocked his cheerful humming.

"Who are you?"

"...?"

Nyangmong was just walking along. He couldn't think of anything in his behavior that would've caused wariness. Then why was this person blocking the road? Nyangmong was confused by the farmer's question.

"I am called Nyangmong..."

The farmer closely observed Nyangmong. To be precise, he looked at the nine pets following Nyangmong. It was surprising that the various pets were showing absolute loyalty and affection towards Nyangmong.

"I covet your talent. The giant oaks can be used for farming."

"...?"

Farming? It was strange that a farmer would say that to someone passing by. That's right. Nyangmong didn't know about the crazy farmer of Reidan. He had a busy schedule and played Satisfy whenever he was free, so he couldn't watch TV.

"I'm not a farmer. Please open the path. I have to go to Reidan."

"You aren't permitted to enter Reidan without my permission."

"Why? Are you the owner of this land?"

"The owner of this land is Duke Grid."

“Then why should I get your permission?”

“It’s my heart.”

‘Is he crazy?’

Nyangmong seriously felt doubts. He felt like there was nothing good about the farmer in front of him. The farmer caught up to him while he was trying to run away.

After a while. Nyangmong and his lovely nine pets were brutally destroyed by the farmer. From Nyangmong’s standpoint, it was truly absurd and unreasonable.

–G-Grid, I finally arrived in Reidan. But I was caught by a mad farmer and forced to become a serf. Help me...

[The other person is in a place where they can’t receive whispers.]

–Ruby, help me...

[The other person isn’t connected to the game.]

“...”

“Follow me.”

It was the day when the professional cattle man was born in Reidan. As a unique class, his abilities were excellent. Reidan’s agriculture was becoming stronger day by day. Nyangmong also became stronger. He was still inadequate to join Overgeared, but he grew rapidly thanks to the ‘★Hidden Quest★ Fun and Exciting Training!’

[You have entered the 11th island.]

He disabled the lightning storm by making a huge lightning rod. Grid broke through the notorious tenth island in a smart manner, but he was still restless.

‘Other blacksmiths could’ve come up with the same idea as me.’

He wasn't special. He repeated that painful truth many times. But it was also encouraging. He had managed to think about a way to break through compared to the old days when he couldn't think of ideas by himself.

‘Yes, let's grow slowly.’

Grid's eyes filled with an emotion he didn't have in the past. It was a phenomenon where he became aware of his lack of talent and tried to become wiser.

‘Somehow, my head is clear.’

It was the moment when his way of thinking started to expand. Now Grid was evolving. It wasn't a cataclysmic thing. It was the fruit of his steady progress over the past two years as Pagma's Descendant.

Was this impossible? No, it was possible. Grid wasn't dull-witted. Every human was able to broaden their thoughts and knowledge through learning, experience, and self-reflection. Grid was the same.

“That reminds me.”

Was it because his thinking ability was higher than before? Grid had a new question.

‘What's on the last island?’

The reason why Grid visited the Behen Archipelago was to meet Sage Sticks, but the ultimate content of the archipelago wasn't Sticks. Sticks was located on the 25~29th islands. Not the last island.

In other words, what was on the 66th island and why did the Behen Archipelago call them ‘challengers?’ With the benefit of hindsight, he noticed the name ‘Challenger Point.’

“It's a question that can be resolved when I meet Sticks.”

It was foolish to waste his thoughts on meaningless things that

he couldn't figure out alone. Once he met Sticks, he would obtain the way to the East Continent as well as figure out what was on the 66th island. He should directly ask Sticks any questions he had.

A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[A mission will be created.]

[11th Island]

Defeat the lizardwoman!

First Clear Reward: 36 Challenger Points.

[The mission will start 30 minutes from now.]

Lizardwoman. The lizardwoman was the boss monster that lizardmen served, and her value was quite high. The reason was that she dropped the Pink Leather necessary for making the finest leather armor.

“Hrmm.”

Grid had a chance to raid the lizardwoman, which was difficult to see easily, but he didn't show much inspiration. Was it because he didn't know the value of pink leather? No, that wasn't it. Grid also knew about the value of the pink leather. He'd even dealt with it directly. Every time Faker asked Grid to make him an item, pink leather was needed.

The reason why Grid didn't show any inspiration was because based on previous experience, the monsters of the Behen Archipelago didn't drop any items. That's right. The monsters that emerged on the Behen Archipelago was merely a collection of experience.

It was disappointing, but Grid didn't mind. The reason he first visited the Behen Archipelago wasn't to obtain items, but to meet Sticks. He just had to move forward.

Grid used Fly and observed the location of the lizardmen village from the sky. It was a large village with 207 huts that could

accommodate a few lizardmen at once. Grid was able to roughly guess the number of lizardmen, and he continued to observe the village to point out the important areas.

‘There are three ponds.’

He calculated all the variables involved in hunting a powerful lizardwoman and a large number of lizardmen.

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

Grid moved hastily to take advantage of his 30 minute preparation time, taking out his blast furnace and smelting iron. He made a large iron plate that was over 20m in diameter. An ordinary blacksmith would need several hours to spread the iron so much. But Grid was a legendary blacksmith. He even had the four God Hands.

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid and the God Hands hammered at the iron plate. After a while, he completed three iron plates and moved to the lizardman’s village again. His timing was perfect as the notification window popped up.

[The mission has started!]

At the same time, lizardmen popped out of the 297 huts. There was close to 1,000 of them. Grid witnessed the sight and shouted.

“Noe, Randy! Help the God Hands cover the pond with these plates! I will cover you!”

“I understand, Grid.”

“Nyahahat! Master, believe in me!” Nyang!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcend flew towards the lizardmen on the path towards the pond. Some of the lizardmen hurriedly raised their shields to save their lives, but others were sliced apart.

Kieek!

Kyaack!

The screams of the lizardmen filled the village as blood splattered. But there were too many lizardmen. Grid didn't rest as he wielded his two greatswords, but the number of enemies didn't decrease.

Chaaeng!

The lizardmen narrowed the distance to Grid, who kept attacking.

Huuuuuuong!

The God Hands, Noe, and Randy finally blocked the three ponds with the iron plates.

Kik?

The lizardmen were amazed by the sound of iron plates falling. The ponds that amplified their strengths were hidden. That's right. The lizardmen were monsters who received stat bonuses from water.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship.”

Grid was reminded of this trait when observing the village, and covered all the ponds in the village with the iron plates.

“Transcended Link!”

Kyaack!

Kieeeeek!

The level of the lizardmen warriors living in the same village as the lizardwoman was quite high at 230. But they didn't receive any stat bonuses, making it hard to endure Grid's attacks. Their shields were also useless. Grid used his most powerful skills with the +8 Grid's Greatsword, before handing it to the God Hands.

Then he took out Iyarugt and cut at the lizardmen with Noe and

Randy.

Kyaaaak!

The lizardwoman grasped the situation and came out with a roar. She was quite strong as a level 300 field boss, but it was lacking compared to Hell Gao and Elfin Stone, and Grid was stronger than ever.

The 11th island was easily cleared and Grid continued up to the 20th island. However, the 20th island was different. Thousands of eyes floated in a huge circle in the sky like a sun, watching Grid. He couldn't help gulping at the sight.

Chapter 361

[You have entered the 20th island.]

“Heok... Heok...”

Grid’s complexion was haggard as he gasped for breath. It was natural. He’d spent a total of 45 hours and 19 minutes breaking through 19 islands. It meant more than 15 hours in real time. Connecting to virtual reality for 15 hours a day wasn’t easy. The physiological needs were a basic problem, and he also consumed a lot of mental and physical power.

‘Since the 11th island, I wasted a lot of time.’

The 11th to 19th islands were hunting or raid missions. It inevitably took a long time, causing Grid’s exhaustion to sharply rise.

‘I’d rather finish this off today.’

There was no time limit to the Behen Archipelago. There was no reason to endanger himself by being impatient. His level had risen to 306 and Grid was about to log out when he suddenly stopped.

‘What?’

A huge shadow from the sky started to darken the surface of the island. It seemed like night time.

“This...!”

Grid looked up and was shocked. A huge circle was hiding the sun. It was a circle made of tens of thousands of eyes.

“Ugh.”

Grid frowned with disgust. He had to swallow to push down his urge to vomit. The appearance of the circle was that bizarre. There were countless things like blood vessels on the surface that squirmed as the eyes blinked. The bloated eyeballs stimulated human fear and disgust to the limit.

What was this mission? The familiar notification window rose up as Grid ignored the eyes.

[A mission will be created.]

[20th Island]

Avoid the gaze of the hell moon!

First Clear Reward: 130 Challenger Points.

[The mission will start 30 minutes from now.]

‘Hell moon?’

The hell moon looked like this?

‘Perhaps.’

Grid had experience with visiting hell. The hell that he saw was nothing like the human world. It was hard to believe that such a terrible moon would appear.

‘But who knows? I went to hell during the day.’

It was disgusting to see. However, it was imperative to observe the target in order to understand the purpose of the mission. It happened when Grid was looking up at the hell moon.

[A helper fairy has appeared.]

A system that didn’t exist until after the 19th island was launched.

“Hello Challenger.”

Was it a height of 50cm? A little male fairy appeared in a burst of light and greeted him. His behavior and tone were extremely polite, but his expression was full of playfulness.

“Who are you?”

The fairy explained to the confused Grid.

“I am Bini, a fairy of love and justice, who has been asked by Sage Sticks to help the challengers.”

“Sticks asked you?”

“Yes, Sticks is anxiously waiting for a great challenger who can defeat the Behen Archipelago.”

“Hoping for...?”

Grid thought that the trials that existed on each island were Sticks’ work. He thought it was to prove the qualifications of ‘those who wanted to go to the East Continent.’ Now he realized he was mistaken.

“If it isn’t Sticks, who made all the trials for each island?”

“I don’t know. It was like this from the beginning.”

“What is on the last island?”

“I don’t know that either. You can ask Sticks if you meet him.”

“...I thought you were a helper fairy. You aren’t very helpful.”

“Nope, I’m sure that I will help. My role is to help the challengers overcome the trials.”

“Then why didn’t you appear earlier?”

“I can’t help the rabble! I only help the challengers who have reached the 20th island by themselves! So please pay attention to me from now on!”

Bini took out glasses and started to explain.

“In order to escape the 20th island, you have to avoid the hell moon’s gaze. There is a theory that the hell moon has 66,666 eyes. There is no place on this island where the hell moon’s eyes can’t reach.”

“Then how do I escape it?”

“Pretend that you aren’t a person.”

“What?”

Pretend that he wasn’t a person?

‘Wait.’

Grid was baffled by the ridiculous command when he recalled Blackening.

“What if I turn into a demon?”

“Wow, a challenger has the power of Blackening? Indeed, you’re someone who managed to get here! But unfortunately, that is wrong. It isn’t the right answer. The hell moon is hostile to all living creatures.”

“Then from the beginning, it’s creatures.”

“Challenger is a human, so I tried to explain it from your eye level. Hehet.”

“So how do I pretend to not be a creature?”

“Stop.”

“...?”

“The hell moon doesn’t recognize any stopped being as a creature. Just stop when the hell moon’s eyes are open. And exactly once every five seconds, you have to slowly move one step while all of the hell moon’s eyes are closed.”

‘Is it like Red Light Green Light?’

Grid was reminded of a familiar game as he looked over the island. Then he frowned. The size of the island was considerable. It seemed to be two or three times the size of Yeouido.

“Moving one step every five seconds... Where is my destination?”

Grid’s voice trembled as he asked.

Bini replied with a large grin, “To the other end of the island. The gate to the next island is there.”

“...”

If a person’s thinking power increased, would their personality change? That wasn’t the case. He might be developing, but this

expansion of thinking power didn't change his essential nature.

“Are you crazy?”

Grid eventually revealed his true nature as he grabbed the diaper Bini was wearing. Bini was very embarrassed because half of his butt was exposed.

“What are you doing!?”

Bini shivered as Grid's face came close to his.

“Your method of helping me is to tell me that moving one step every five seconds is the best way to make it past this island? Rather than giving me help, you are just making fun of me.”

He couldn't imagine how many days it would take to make it to the other end of the island using Bini's method. In the first place, it was doubtful if he could maintain his concentration and patience.

‘It's the worst if I have to stop when a monster is attacking.’

Bini hurriedly explained to the furious Grid.

“12 hours! In 12 hours, the sun will come up! Once the sun rises, the hell moon will hide itself!”

“I can only move one step every five seconds during the night, but I can act freely during the day?”

“That's right! Move during the day and fight with the hell moon at night! You only have to suffer for a few days! It will be difficult with sleep deprivation, but it's possible!”

‘The difficulty is too high.’

It was the moment he admired Kraugel, who reached the 30th island.

‘Wait... Could I use that?’

Grid released the diaper as he had a wonderful thought. The second item that he created after Failure. Could he take advantage of it?

“Does the hell moon rely on senses other than sight?”

“No. I have never heard of that.”

Sticks was probably watching right now...

Tears of shame came to Bini’s eyes as he answered.

“Is that so?”

A dark smile appeared on Grid’s face. He came up with a way to avoid the eyes of the hell moon. But now wasn’t the time. He needed time to rest, both physically and mentally.

“Log out.”

“Ah, so good.”

A restful night’s sleep felt good. Youngwoo stretched as he went out to the living room, where he saw Sehee.

“I got a call from Team Leader Do Minjun.

“Team Leader Do Minjun?”

She was a young elite of Saint Constructions. Saint Constructions. It was that best construction company that didn’t belong to any big corporations, and it was ranked 5th in South Korea. It was also the construction company responsible for the construction of Youngwoo’s 10 billion won building.

“What did Team Leader Do Minjun want?”

“It was an interim report about how the construction is going well. She told Oppa to come visit the site. It is the first time that a client hasn’t visited their own building.”

“Where can I find the time to go there? I’m too busy playing the game.”

“Shin Youngwoo, you are very trusting of people these days. In the old days, you would’ve thought they did a bad job since you can’t see them. You would’ve monitored the construction site 24

hours a day.”

“Isn’t Saint Constructions doing the work in my name? In addition, it was a company recommended by Yura. Well, I don’t care. Sehee, do you want to go with our parents?”

“Yes, understood.”

Originally, Sehee thought of her brother as an object to be cared for. But that had changed. Now she trusted and followed her brother. Her brother’s words and behavior were increasing.

Why did she trust her brother? Was it because her brother was earning a lot of money? Or because he was a celebrity? It wasn’t for such petty reasons. It was because Youngwoo’s nature itself had changed.

“Kraugel, isn’t he an unbelievably great guy when I searched on the Internet?”

“He isn’t just at the level of being great.”

“Aren’t you excited about winning over such a man?”

“There are no grounds for it. I probably would’ve lost if he and I fought under the same conditions.”

“...”

He was now equipped with humility? Sehee gave a bittersweet smile as she saw her brother’s deep eyes.

‘Why is he changing every day?’

Her brother was growing everyday, but Sehee didn’t feel good. It felt like her brother was becoming more and more distant. However, she was also proud.

“I’ll get dressed and have breakfast.”

“When will he come?”

Those blessed or cursed by the gods to not die. In other words,

Sticks was aware of the existence of users. He waited calmly after the black haired man suddenly disappeared from the 20th island.

Dok. Dok dok.

Sticks tapped his staff while watching the magic ball. His eyes deep inside the robe contained tension and irritation. The moment that the black haired man appeared again.

“Medicine. My medicine.”

He swallowed his medicine first to prepare for what would happen. It was a homemade medicine. He took a deep breath to maintain his composure, before turning his eyes to the magic ball again.

‘Can he even break through the 20th island?’

Honestly, the possibility was low. So far, there had only been one person to pass the 20th island. It meant the difficulty of the 20th island was extremely high. Extreme patience was needed in order to avoid the gaze of the hell moon. At the same time, they needed wisdom to prevent the raids of monsters.

‘Don’t be disappointed. Empty your mind.’

But why? His expectations kept growing. The black haired man, so far he had exceeded Sticks’ wisdom.

“Start!”

Gulp!

It happened when Sticks was looking at the red eyes of the hell moon and gulped.

“He’s gone!!”

It was a perfect invisibility that was incomparable to stealth techniques. The black haired man suddenly disappeared and avoided the gaze of the hell moon.

“This...! This isn’t invisibility magic!”

As expected from a sage. Sticks quickly figured out why the man couldn't be seen anymore. It made him even more surprised.

“Invisibility cloak...! A heritage of the altar of legends...!”

There were only two historic treasures left, so why did that man have it? There were no clues to that man's identity.

“Uh... Kuock...!”

It was the moment that the sage's wisdom became unclear.

Flop!

Sticks once again experienced a big shock, grabbing his chest and collapsing. He took the medicine prescribed by a professional pharmacist.

Chapter 362

[Hooded Zip Up]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 57/61 Defense: 10

* Movement speed will increase by 30%.

* Wind resistance will increase by 20%.

A cloak designed by a legendary blacksmith. However, the appearance is different from the normal look of a cloak.

Thanks to the sylphid scales being used as the material, affinity with wind and movement speed will increase. You can hide while wearing it, but the stealth will be turned off when an enemy is attacked.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 5

The biggest advantage was the duration of the Hooded Zip Up. His stealth was maintained just by wearing it. However, it didn't consume any mana because it wasn't magical invisibility. Unlike an assassin's stealth skill, it could be seen through. It had the disadvantage of being ineffective against those with sharp senses.

But this disadvantage didn't apply on the 20th island. The hell moon only depended on sight. Grid rushed forward with his movement buff, and the hell moon wasn't able to find him. Grid was able to easily break through the 20th island by avoiding the monsters scattered everywhere.

The Hooded Zip Up was the perfect counter for the 20th island.

[You have entered the 21st island.]

‘Amazing. It’s really amazing.’

Grid felt thrilled during the process of breaking through the 20th island. Was he admiring his own ability? No. Grid was admiring Kraugel. Kraugel might be a sword saint candidate, but in the end, he only had a normal class.

He didn't have access to all types of items like Grid, so how did he reach the 30th island? His skills were truly phenomenal.

'He isn't only strong in battle and hunting. Kraugel is an overwhelming monster in all respects.'

As he imagined the process that Kraugel used to pass the 20th island, Grid realized the weight of the of his nicknames.

"Challenger?"

Bini called out to the blank Grid. Grid quickly recovered and looked around. The foggy 21st island stretched out before him. He couldn't see ahead of him.

'I can't even see my hands.'

It was impossible to identify anything in front of him thanks to the thick fog. There was a sense of anxiety at not being able to see. Bini laughed at the anxious Grid.

"You are lucky to win the Fog Island. You can pass the 21st island for free."

"Fog Island?"

"It is an island with a store."

'A store...'

Grid thought about the challenger points.

"Are you talking about the Challenger Store?"

"Yes, it is a store where you can buy goods with challenger points."

"Store... In other words, the emergence of Fog Island is random?"

“That’s right. One extremely lucky person met the Fog Island on the 10th island. One unlucky person didn’t see it despite reaching the 30th island.”

‘That unlucky person is Kraugel.’

Oh my god, there was a person who actually had worse luck than Grid. Grid felt sympathy as he asked Bini.

“So, do you know where the store is located? I can’t see in front of me because of the fog.”

“It is anywhere you go. The store will naturally be waiting for you. It’s better to think in advance about what you will buy from the store. The store is only open for five minutes.”

“I don’t know what it sells.”

“Hehe, did you forget that I am the helper fairy? I have already figured out most of the goods sold in the store.”

“Ohu?”

This person seemed quite helpful.

Grid admired it as Bini put on his glasses again.

“There are four types of products sold at the store on Fog Island. There are teleportation scrolls to the East Continent, elixirs, various class change books, and skill books. The class change books range from normal to rare rated, while the skill books range from normal to unique rated.”

Grid’s eyes widened.

The items sold in the store were really great. They were rare things that couldn’t be bought with money.

“Among them, the item with the lowest value of the East Continent portal scroll. Maybe it’s sold because most of the challengers come here to find a way to move to the East Continent? But you can get it for free when you meet Sticks.”

“Kraugel... The person who reached the 30th island got the scroll from Sticks?”

“That’s right. But luckily for them, six challengers met the store before the 10th island and purchased the portal scroll. They didn’t even try to challenge the later islands. Cowards.”

‘It isn’t cowardly, but wise. There are seven users who have moved to the East Continent so far.’

Grid thought about it as he moved through the fog and encountered a carriage. It was a pumpkin shaped carriage that emitted a gentle and calm light.

“That is the Challenger Store.”

Grid received Bini’s guidance and approached the carriage. Various goods were on display in the carriage.

“Isn’t there a store owner?”

“No. It’s an unattended store.”

“Ah.”

If there was an owner, he would’ve been able to ask questions. Grid started to scan the products.

[East Continent Movement Portal Scroll]

You can go to the starting village of ‘Pangea’ on the East Continent.

Weight: 0.1

Price: 50 Challenger Points

[Elixir]

A medicine that increases a certain stat by 10 points.

Weight: 10

Price: 250 Challenger Points.

‘An elixir is so cheap!’

After clearing 20 islands, Grid had exactly 901 challenger points. It meant he could buy three elixirs that were worth millions of gold. He thought of the elixirs as cheap, but the reality was quite different.

The people fortunate enough to find the pumpkin carriage on the 10th island had an average of 150 points. In other words, from a general point of view, the elixirs weren't cheap at all. It wasn't a kindness to the other challengers of Behen Archipelago, except for Grid.

Grid took a look at the other goods.

[Lightning Swordsman Class Change Book]

Rating: Rare

You can change into a lightning swordsman.

Weight: 100

Price: 1,000 Challenger Points.

[Explosion Sorcerer Class Change Book]

Rating: Rare

You can change into a explosion sorcerer.

Weight: 100

Price: 1,000 Challenger Points.

“Hmmm.”

Rare rated hidden classes. A year ago, they would've sold for billions of won. Now the value of a rare class had been greatly reduced. People learned that there was a very small gap between 3rd advancement classes and rare rated classes.

Rare classes didn't go for a lot of money anymore.

‘Bini said that the classes only go up to rare rated.’

Grid was disappointed after checking the list of class change

books, then looked at the skill books.

[Dash to Turn the Tables]

Rating: Rare

Dashes to the target and deals damage proportional to the target's defense. They will be in a rigid state for 0.3 seconds.

Conditions of Use: None.

Price: 400 Challenger Points.

[Blazing Short Rain]

Rating: Epic

Causing a rain of fire for three seconds in the specified area. The damage dealt to the enemy is proportional to the caster's magic power and physical attack power.

Conditions of Use: None.

Price: 900 Challenger Points.

‘Pass.’

Most players coveted rare and epic rated skills. But Grid had legendary skills and wasn't interested. For Grid, they were just a waste of points. However, unique rated skills were different.

19th knight, Fulito. Like the skill book ‘Aura Festival’ that he dropped, all of his unique skills had an outstanding performance. Grid also desired them.

‘Aura Festival is rotting in my warehouse.’

Aura Festival was a lesser version of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcended Link. Grid kept it in storage because there was no reason for him to learn it. He waited for an opportunity to sell it at a high price.

“Eh?”

Grid's eyes widened as he closely looked at the skills list. The skill

he was looking at wasn't a hidden skill that had a rare, epic, or unique rating. It was a normal rated skill that attracted Grid's attention.

[Weapons Mastery]

Rating: Normal

Type: Passive

The Weapons Mastery skill.

Price: 6,000 Challenger Points.

'Weapons Mastery!'

Weapons Mastery. It was a skill that increase attack power and accuracy rate regardless of what type of weapon was used. Only a small number of combat specialized classes could obtain it, and it could be called the strongest weapon unique to a few classes.

However, this crazy store was selling the strongest weapon.

'I want it!'

Grid was filled with extreme greed. It was natural. Grid had the strongest passive skill that allowed him to use all weapons, so this was a ridiculous skill suited for him. His limitation was that he didn't have any mastery type skill.

Now he could overcome that limitation. It was natural that his greed was boiling. The problem was the price.

"Why is a normal skill so expensive?"

"Originally, passive skills are expensive. Among them, the Weapons Mastery skill is the most expensive."

"Shit."

The store would close soon. Grid checked the time limit and was irritated.

"If you miss this store now, does it mean I can't use it again?"

“No. As I said earlier, Fog Island randomly emerges. It might appear again in the future. But it isn’t certain.”

‘Then I will wait for next time.’

He had to clear all the items to get Weapons Mastery. The East Continent Portal Scroll was something he could get in the process of meeting Sticks. Grid decided to leave the store. Bini’s eyes glowed like lanterns as he looked at Grid.

“I was afraid that you would buy the portal scroll and leave, but you truly are the challenger who broke through to the 20th island.”

“It’s a waste to buy something when I can get it for free.”

Would he be able to collect 6,000 challenger points?

‘Even if I fail this time...’

He would get stronger and challenge it again. Grid was sucked into the gate.

[You have entered the 22nd island.]

“Come quickly.”

Grid was burning with enthusiasm. As soon as he entered the new island, he looked around the structure of the island as usual while waiting for Bini to explain.

Bini explained.

“Up to the 25th island, it’s a fight against time.”

Then a mission was created to prove these words.

[22nd Island]

Wipe out the monsters!

First Clear Reward: 162 Challenger Points.

“Okay, I see.”

Grid didn't delay. He immediately summoned the God Hands, Noe, and Randy and went to wipe out the island's monsters. Experience, skill proficiency, and challenger points piled up, causing Grid's will to burn.

Four days later. Grid killed thousands of monsters on the three islands and finally reached the 25th island.

Sticks was waiting for him.

"You... You are Pagma's Descendant... Even... Hell's strongest... Demonic beast... If it's you... Contaminated Hall of Fame... Arrived... Ugh! Kuk!"

"...?"

Sticks fell over while talking. Grid was nervous when he saw Sticks barely breathing in a scruffy robe.

'Something is strange.'

Grid knew how unlucky he was. The cruel reality spread out in front of him.

[A quest has been created.]

[Save Sticks!]

★ Hidden Quest ★

Sticks' illness has worsened after watching your surprising performance.

Fortunately, it can still be treated with medicine.

After learning the method to prepare the medicine from Sticks, take care of him!

Quest Acceptance Reward: 'Recipe: Elf's Miraculous Medicine' will be acquired.

Quest Reward: Affinity with Sticks will rise to the maximum.

Quest Failure: Sticks' Death.

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

“...No, why will he die if it can still be treated with medicine?”

He wasn't convinced, but it was a hidden quest. The reward seemed special and Sticks couldn't die. Grid thought as positively as possible and helped Sticks.

Sururuk.

Sticks' face was exposed as the hood fell off. He was a surprisingly young man covered in sweat. He was a beautiful man with pointed ears.

“Elf...?”

Grid had played Satisfy for nearly two years, but it was the first time he saw an elf. He was curious, but dissatisfaction filled Grid's face.

‘Normally, shouldn't it be a female elf?’

The first elf he met was a male? He had to nurse a man alone on an island with no one else! Once again, reality was relentless, unlike the movies and manhwa.

Chapter 363

The 25th island was quite small and shabby. It was around 10 pyeong wide, and there were palm trees all over. Grid looked Sticks down under the shade of a tree and prompted.

“Hey, if you want to live then tell me the elf’s recipe.”

“Ugh... Urgh...”

Sticks was sweating and breathing in an uncomfortable manner. His state was so serious that it was hard for him to speak. Grid hurriedly fed various potions to him, but they didn’t have any effect.

The helper fairy, Bini, trembled and made a fuss.

“Challenger! Please use your talents to save Sticks!”

What should he do? The Grid in the past would’ve been confused about what to do. But he had greatly developed after meeting Kraugel and challenging the Behen Archipelago. He thought of a means to overcome the situation using his expanded thinking ability.

“Believe in me and wait.”

Grid calmed Bini down and grabbed a sword.

[Great Lord’s Sword]

It was a rare sword given only to the dukes of each kingdom, and greatly increased the insight, dignity and leadership of the wearer. It was a superb artifact that allowed him to peek at the stats and skills of the target NPC through the Character Observation skill.

‘Sticks, if you want to live, give me a hint.’

[Character Observation has been used.]

Ttiring~

Name: Sticks

Age: 881 years old Gender: Male

Race: Elf Occupation: Sage

Title: Wise Star

* Benevolent and wise. Has extensive knowledge.

* Isolated for a long time from the world. His knowledge is outdated.

Level: 401

Strength: 403 (▼) Stamina: 880 (▼)

Agility: 1,201 (▼) Intelligence: 1,930 (▼)

Wisdom: 2876 (▼) Charm: 2,490

Skills: Archery (B), Social Sciences (B▼), Engineering (B▼), Medicine (B▼), Humanities (B▼), Art (S), Magic Studies (S), Natural Sciences (S▼), Elementary Science (S+), Learning (SS), Education (SS).

A high elf with a noble lineage.

Originally, he should have a lifespan that is close to an eternal life. But in the process of protecting the world tree, he received the anger of the gourmet dragon Raiders and got a disease.

* Currently in a state where his overall stats are declining.

The world tree existed in Elf Forest. In other words, Sticks was originally a person from Elf Forest. Why did he come to the Behen Archipelago? Grid thought about this and turned to stare at Bini.

“Why did Sticks come to the Behen Archipelago? Is it related to the disease from Raiders?”

“Yes, that’s right! His original purpose for coming here was to treat his disease!”

“Is there a medicine that grows only in this place?”

“I don’t know. After coming here, I only saw Sticks eating the

blue coconut... Ah!”

“It’s that.”

The means to treat the disease. Grid turned his gaze towards the palm trees. The blue coconuts filled his field of view. Grid had the God Hands gather the coconuts and brought them to Sticks.

“Can you calm down if you eat this?”

Sticks saw the blue coconuts and barely managed to open his mouth.

“That... It if’s with the leaves of the world tree...”

“Mix them together?”

Sticks nodded. Grid cut the coconut shells while asking Bini.

“What are the leaves of the world tree?”

“I’ll find them!”

Piece by piece. Bini searched inside Sticks’ robe. After a while, he pulled out some green leaves and handed them to Grid.

[Leaves of the World Tree (6) have been acquired.]

[Leaves of the World Tree]

Leaves that periodically fall from the world tree that defends nature. They don’t dry out even after hundreds of years.

Weight: 0.1

“How many should I mix in?”

Sticks raised one finger at Grid’s question. Grid put one leaf into the coconut and mixed it well. Then something interesting happened. The transparent liquid inside the coconut turned emerald.

[You have succeeded in preparing the ‘Elf Miraculous Medicine’!]

[Recipe: Elf Miraculous Medicine has been acquired!]

[Elf Miraculous Medicine]

Recovers from all abnormal states immediately.

The effects are exceptional, but the recipe is extremely simple. Anyone can make it.

Grid was astonished.

‘Recovers from all abnormal states immediately!’

It was truly a great medicine. The Overgeared members wouldn’t have had such a hard time during the Elfin Stone raid if they had this.

‘But the question is how to secure a lot of leaves of the world tree and blue coconuts.’

Gulp gulp.

Was this like a person who had been thirsty for 10 years finally getting water? While Grid was thinking, Sticks was consuming the medicine. A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[The first aid for Sticks is successful!]

[An elf will never forget your grace. Sticks sees you as a savior and will show your great affection in the future!]

“Heok... Heok... Thank you. Thanks to you, I was able to overcome a big crisis.”

Sticks got up and respectfully bowed.

“I am the high elf, Sticks. Can I ask for my benefactor’s name?”

Sticks’s beauty was more brilliant than before after his color was restored. Despite being male, he was beautiful enough to compare to Yura and Jishuka.

“Grid.”

Grid answered briefly and Sticks asked again.

“Are you Pagma’s Descendant?”

“That’s right. How did you know?”

Sticks pulled out a transparent magic orb.

“I observed you through this and realized it along the way. Powerful swordsmanship, the ability to possess and utilize all types of artifacts. Also showing great blacksmithing... There’s only one person who comes to mind after all this is added up, Pagma.”

Grid nodded and asked a question.

“What is the Contaminated Hall of Fame?”

“It refers to the current Behen Archipelago. The original name of the Behen Archipelago was the Hall of Fame.”

“The Hall of Fame?”

“A sacred place that celebrates the feats of legends...”

Stick’s golden eyes shone like jewels as he looked at Grid.

“It’s a place of succession where the power left by the former legends are transferred to the current legends. It’s fate that you came to this place.”

“What?”

It was an unexpected and shocking answer. A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[A legendary class quest ‘Hall of Fame’ has been created.]

[The legendary class quest ‘Hall of Fame’ has changed to ‘★Hidden Quest★ Contaminated Hall of Fame.’]

The Overgeared members ranging from the former Tzedakah Guild members, Yura, Huroi, and Peak Sword. They were growing rapidly. They repeatedly hunted in the vampire cities, causing their levels to rise and the rankings to shake every day.

In particular, the vampire rings were a huge help. Unlike Grid, who steadily enjoyed the effect of Doran’s Ring and the Holy Light Armor, recovery items were desperately needed by ordinary users.

“Let’s move onto the next city.”

The 10th city. Two months ago, Grid had encountered Braham’s soul. The Overgeared members were no longer interested in a place where strong bosses didn’t appear. They wanted stronger enemies for even faster growth.

“Didn’t My Lord say not to widen the area because we might encounter a vampire called Marie Rose?”

“What if we don’t encounter Marie Rose, but an Elfin stone level boss? We don’t have God Grid this time.”

Huroi and Peak Sword were cautious and wanted to listen to Grid’s words. But who were Yura and the Tzedakah Guild members? They were people who always dreamed about reaching the top. Their basic ideals were very high.

“Meeting a strong enemy is also an experience.”

“So what if we die? It’s better to find good hunting grounds, even if we have to sacrifice ourselves, rather than become stagnant. Adventuring is the foundation of growth.”

“And we have enough power to raid a Elfin Stone level boss.”

The Overgeared members were growing. It was because they witnessed Grid mowing down Kraugel. They praised Kraugel as the sky above the sky and regarded him as an insurmountable wall. Thus, they felt shame after Grid broke that wall.

Why should they set limits on themselves? Why shouldn’t they experience setbacks?

“It’s time for a new challenge.”

“Don’t worry too much if we meet a vampire stronger than Elfin Stone. This time, I’m with you.”

Jishuka and Yura were sympathetic to those with the radical thoughts. The situation was like this, so Huroi and Peak Sword couldn’t say anything more.

On this day.

The vampire expedition led by Yura and Jishuka entered the 9th city.

It had been 97 years.

Sticks, who came to the Behen Archipelago to collect the blue coconuts, was astonished. He admired the islands with beautiful scenery that were a monument to admire previous legends, as well as the sanctuaries with a mysterious atmosphere.

Then it was transformed by someone and filled with trials.

“In order for the current legends to become true legends, they need to inherit the forces left behind by the former legends. However, all types of trials interfered with the legends entering, so I have to sacrifice myself.”

He waited for a hero, in order to tell them the importance of the Behen Archipelago and cleansing it together. Sticks waited and dreamt about that day.

[You have entered the 29th island.]

[This is a save point. Do you want to save your position?]

[You have been registered. When you enter the Behen Archipelago later on, you will start from the 29th island.]

Grid moved on while listening to Sticks' long story. He smiled as he passed through the 29th island.

“I will do my best so that your efforts aren't in vain.”

Grid coveted many skills that Sticks had, especially the Learning and Education skills. What if he let Sticks educate the talents in Reidan, as well as his son? In short, it was the best. That's right. Grid was determined to obtain Sticks. Thus, he tried to show off his best side as much as possible.

“Believe in me.”

Grid confidently said as he stepped into the gate for the 30th island.

At that moment.

[You have entered the 30th island.]

[Your level has dropped to level 1.]

“... Eh?”

Grid’s eyes widened.

“This is the reason why I couldn’t break through here.”

Sticks belatedly sighed.

“There is a very powerful curse. I can’t draw out all my strength.”

“...”

Grid frowned.

Chapter 364

According to Sticks, the Behen Archipelago was a beautiful and holy place until 200 years ago. It was praised as a sanctuary where former legends passed on their power to current legends. But that was a story of the past.

Now the Behen Archipelago was transformed into a field of trials with all types of dangers. Who caused this? Sticks didn't know, despite his age. He vaguely guessed that he would find the answer if he reached the last island.

"I must find the answer. If the succession doesn't function properly, the legends of the current day won't be able to exercise their full strength."

"What does that have to do with you?"

Sticks wasn't a legend. He wouldn't lose anything if the Hall of Fame failed to function.

"I don't know why you sacrificed 97 years because you want to purify this place. But I am thankful from my position."

Sticks smiled gently and explained his reason.

"The legends need their strength to protect the order of this world."

"The order of this world?"

It was cloudy, but Grid got a rough feeling.

"You're doing this for everyone?"

"Yes."

"It's a noble mission."

It wasn't a mockery. His son Lord, his beloved Irene, Khan, Piaro, Jude, Rabbit, and everyone else. Grid was aware of the precious world they lived in. He didn't know the specifics, but

Sticks was sacrificing himself to protect the world.

“I will repay you for your hard work. Believe in me.”

Grid confidently said as he stepped into the gate for the 30th island. Then he was shocked.

[You have entered the 30th island.]

[Your level has dropped to level 1.]

“E-Eh?”

Grid doubted his eyes. His level had dropped to one? His cognitive ability couldn't figure this out.

‘What is this?’

Sticks sighed and said to the confused Grid.

“Has your body changed? This is the reason why I couldn't break through here. There is a very powerful curse, so I can't draw out all my strength.”

“...”

No, wasn't it too much for a curse to bring him back to level one? Sticks explained to Grid.

“It reproduces the nightmare of the challenger.”

The 30th island, Nightmare.

“This island reproduces the greatest trial that the challenger has already experienced. In my case, I was confronted with Reiders in front of the world tree. My power was suppressed to what it used to be and I couldn't run away from Reiders. I can never break through the 30th island. I hope that the trials you experienced in the past aren't too heavy.”

“...?”

A question mark appeared above Grid's head as he listened to Sticks.

‘Wasn’t the greatest trial when I was looking for Pagma’s Rare Book?’

His level and situation at that time should be reproduced, so why was he level one? What big ordeal could he experience at level one?

“...Ah.”

Grid looked around at the scenery of the island and frowned. The scene reproduced by the 30th island. He belatedly realized that it was the beginner area around the fortified city of Patrian.

‘I was killed dozens of times by the rabbits and bears.’

It was the moment when the black history he sealed off for his self-defense emerged again.

“Piaro intervened.”

The showdown between the 1st ranked Kraugel and legendary class Grid. Chairman Lim Cheolho watched the recorded video from beginning to end and was convinced by the results.

“But surely... I didn’t know that Kraugel would challenge Piaro.”

Kraugel’s pride and challenging spirit was higher than predicted, as he chose the hard way by challenging the strongest. Lim Cheolho emptied a beer can and laughed.

“I never imagined that Piaro would grow to that extent.”

It wasn’t enough to create a new legendary class, which was different from the nine legendary classes that were inherited. Piaro’s current appearance was contradictory to the original plan. ‘Originally, he was a key character prepared for the Empress Marie, Episode 3 storyline, as well as the people’s alliance storyline.’

Grid was amazing, finding a character filled with hatred and vengeance and making him walk a new path.

‘Making an NPC his subordinate and actively utilizing him...’

Satisfy was a game with a large degree of freedom. He didn’t know if Grid did this on purpose from beginning to end.

“Um.”

Chairman Lim Cheolho emptied his third can of beer and rose from his seat. It was to get a new can of beer out of the fridge. At that moment.

[Quest SH100B7 has been triggered.]

“...!”

Chairman Lim Cheolho’s eyes widened as he heard Morpheus’ words.

“By whom?”

In fact, it was a nonsensical question. Quest SH100B7. It was a quest activated when a legendary class user reached the 25th island of the Contaminated Heben Archipelago. At this point, there were only two legendary classes.

Grid and Yura. But Yura’s level was still too low.

[Grid.]

“Kuooh, of course.”

Lim Cheolho was sad. Grid’s current self couldn’t clear the Contaminated Behen Archipelago quest.

“It is relatively easy to reach the 25th island using items...”

But from the 30th island, a higher level of control was required. Most of the items wouldn’t be applied, so Grid was at a disadvantage.

“It might be possible if Grid maintains his current growth and challenges it again in half a year. At present, isn’t the quest clearance rate close to zero?”

Morpheus replied with an answer that surprised Lim Cheolho.

[Grid has a 88.19% of clearing the SH100B7 quest. The difficulty of his trials is very low.]

“...”

Lim Cheolho ordered one more chicken. He was planning to monitor Grid in real time.

[30th Island]

The place and situation where you had the most deaths is 100% recreated.

Overcome the trial and jump past your previous self!

Mission Clear Condition: Gain three levels.

First Clear Reward: 500 Challenger Points.

[The mission will start 30 minutes from now.]

‘The space where I suffered the most deaths...’

Thus, the space reproduced was the novice area of Patrian. It was a reminder of how incompetent Grid was when he first started playing the virtual reality game.

Hop hop.

Bark bark. Bark bark bark!

There were rabbits in the forest, deer at the lake shore, and dogs playing with children. Sticks nervously observed the scenery of the peaceful forest and tilted his head.

“Why was this chosen as a trial?”

Grid was too embarrassed to explain to Sticks. It was too unfortunate to see that these rabbits and deer were comparable to a terrible dragon like Reiders. Therefore, Grid remained silent as he opened his status window.

Name: Grid

Class: Beginner

Health: 123 Mana: 15

Strength: 6 Stamina: 7

Agility: 4 Intelligence: 5

Skills Possessed: None

“...”

The situation was recreated 100%, so even his class and titles were reset. He was armed with equipment for beginners. Most of his hard earned items were disabled.

Sticks kept making a fuss.

“Where is this place? It’s so common that it’s difficult to tell. Is there a huge monster at the end of this forest? An ordeal given to Pagma’s Descendant... Heok, don’t tell me you met a dragon? This... It’s said that the difficulty of the 30th island has increased in proportion to the challenger’s ability.”

“...”

Grid didn’t say anything. He ignored Sticks, walking out towards the rabbits grazing.

‘I will get revenge.’

He hadn’t been able to adapt to virtual reality games yet. He couldn’t move his fingers or toes at all, and his arms and legs moved separately from what he wanted.

‘The white rabbit who killed me with its front teeth, the black rabbit who slapped me with its hind legs, the grey rabbit that headbutted me to death!’

He would completely wash away his disgrace and write a new history!

Buuong~

Grid firmed up his heart and wielded his sword. The wooden

sword flew at a very slow speed. It was a level that the hopping rabbits could avoid.

“Kuk.”

Just a few minutes ago, Grid had 2,800 strength and 1,800 agility. It was difficult to adapt after it decreased to 6 and 4 points respectively. It was like regressing from a healthy adult to a newborn baby.

Grid was embarrassed by the slow attack as the rabbit ran up to him. In the past, the grey rabbit had given Grid hell by hitting him a few times. But now its strikes couldn't hit Grid.

Deftly.

Grid used the footwork of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link, to move to the left and evade the grey rabbit. They were skilled movements that an ordinary level 1 user wouldn't be able to show. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that it was like a level 60 user. It was enough to be listed in the Guinness Book of Records for movements that a level 1 beginner could show.

“Okay!”

Grid marvelled at his own ability. However, there was no time to rest. The rabbit started to realize that its attack was in vain and called its kin for a pincer attack.

“This...!”

Grid's face tensed for the first time. In the past, he would've allowed the rabbits' pincer attack. But now Grid was different.

“I...!”

Teong!

Grid showed the highest concentration as he blocked the white rabbit's long, pointed front teeth with a wooden sword. At the same time, he aimed his fist.

Peeok!

The white rabbit was in tears after being hit hard. The eyes of the black rabbit shone. The black rabbit's kick aimed at Grid's chest, who avoided it.

‘This ridiculous guy.’

Grid scoffed and aimed his wooden sword.

Ppak!

Jjik!

The black rabbit's head was hit hard and it collapsed. Grid kicked it and roared.

“I am a legend!!!”

Currently, Grid's performance was higher than his stats.

In no time, he had fully adapted to his 6 strength and 4 agility, and could freely manipulate his body to strike at the rabbit with the wooden sword.

He was the legend who killed several strong bosses, such as the Yatan Servants, Pope Drevigo, the Great Demon Hell Gao, Vampire Earl Elfin Stone, and who had experience fighting the legendary Piaro and 1st ranked Kraugel.

Peeok! Peok peok! Peeeeok!

[You have defeated a white rabbit.]

[5 experience has been acquired.]

[You have defeated a black rabbit.]

[5 experience has been acquired.]

...

...

Grid's fighting style became more sophisticated the more he fought. He beat the rabbits with a skill that was hard to believe for a level 1 user. But Sticks wasn't inspired as he watched from the

side.

At the same time, in Reidan.

“Abubu! Abuoo~!”

Lord, armed with the ‘Baby Wooden Sword’ made by his father Grid, was hunting a ‘desert rabbit’ that was twice as powerful as a normal rabbit. Lord caught the rabbit while crawling around on all fours. It was enough to raise the admiration of Piaro, who once dreamt of being a sword saint.

‘The young lord has an excellent talent in swordsmanship.’

Perhaps, the ultimate genius wasn’t Kraugel, as Piaro thought.

Chapter 365

Peok peok!

Peok peok peok!

The battle between Grid and the rabbits was coming to an end. He squeezed out his last remaining power to prevent the rabbits from attacking, evading and then succeeding in a counterattack to win.

Jjik!

Kuuong!

“Hahat!”

The rabbits made X-shaped eyes and died. Grid saw them and felt like a 10 year slump had disappeared. He had been killed by rabbits more than a dozen times in the past! He was glad to be able to erase that terrible black history that he didn't want to think about again. His mind was lightened and pleasure filled his body.

He felt rejuvenated.

“Kuahahahat!”

Grid laughed with joy. Of course, he paid special attention to his image as lord of Reidan and master of Overgeared. He tried to laugh in as dignified a manner as possible. Sticks' face was confused as he watched Grid.

‘One of the nine legends, Pagma's Descendant is fighting with rabbits?’

It couldn't be. Sticks denied reality and urged Grid.

“Grid, stop joking and start now.”

This seemed like a peaceful forest, but there would certainly be a fearsome monster at the end.

‘I encountered a gourmet dragon... What if Grid encounters a

light dragon or dark dragon?’

He wouldn’t be deceived by Grid who was harassing ‘innocent’ rabbits. There was a high possibility that a rare dragon existed in this forest. In a short while, Grid would fight against the dragon.

The moment Sticks tried to maintain his tension.

Fla~sh!

A flash of light fell onto Grid’s body, who was holding a wooden sword above a rabbit. It was the symbol of a level up. Sticks saw it and faced reality.

“D-Don’t tell me... Does this mean hunting rabbits was really your biggest ordeal?”

No, what was this? Sticks couldn’t understand it at all.

“Hum hum.”

Grid turned away from the confused Sticks. He was embarrassed and had nothing to say. He just checked the notification window that appeared.

[Your level has risen.]

[10 stat points have been acquired.]

‘Okay.’

The lower the level, the lower the power of the stats. The basics stats were so low that it was easy to feel strong with a new investment of stat points.

‘First of all, increase agility to 10.’

The rest would be invested in strength. It was the ideal stat distribution to increase the speed of hunting for novice beginners.

[Your agility has risen.]

[Your agility has risen.]

...

[Your strength has risen.]

[Your strength...]

...

Gaining three levels was the condition to clearing the 30th island. Grid invested his stat points without any delay.

‘Next is the deer.’

He faced the threat that were the thirsty deer at the lake shore.

Sneak sneak.

Grid approached the deer as sneakily as possible. Originally, the deer were difficult for level 2 beginners. The deer’s physical strength and attack power was at least three times higher than rabbits.

But who was Grid?

‘I am a legend!’

Grid was filled with courage as he hunted the deer. He paid attention to the deer’s kick, keeping a distance favorable to him before striking the deer with the sword.

The 30th island. The worst gateway that caused a challenger’s despair by 100% reproducing their worst trial...

It was the moment when 1st ranked Kraugel’s place of frustration was turned into a basic training field for Grid.

[You have succeeded in the mission.]

[500 challenger points have been acquired.]

[Your level has returned to normal.]

Grid, who returned to the level 306 Pagma’s Descendant from the level 3 beginner, was impressed.

‘My body feels great.’

His body was light and boiling with power. He stretched out his hand and a sharp wave burst out. He jumped slightly and reached an explosive height. He had perfect and delicate control over each of his 10 fingers.

This was the flesh of a legend, compared to a level 3 beginner.

‘I was unaware that my body has grown to this extent.’

In other words, it meant he hadn’t been using his body properly.

‘Moving forward, I have to pay more attention to it.’

Grid contemplated on his past self. He was growing in real time. Sticks wasn’t aware of this and asked with a loud voice.

“...Are you really Pagma’s Descendant?”

It was a question full of distrust. Grid’s appearance was shocking as he struggled with the rabbits and deers. In the end, Grid couldn’t ignore him any longer and spoke honestly.

“I am dull-witted. I was always inferior to others, and went through trials that others wouldn’t have experienced. Does that mean I shouldn’t be a legend?”

Pride was in Grid’s eyes. It was pride in himself. Sticks felt his confidence and shook his head.

“No, that isn’t it. I don’t have any doubts.”

A dull-witted person was born again as a legend. That was even better than the genius legends. It meant he tried harder than anyone else.

“Maybe I respect you more.”

Sticks smiled and spoke in a straightforward manner. Grid smiled in response and walked to the gate of the 31st island.

[You have entered the 31st island.]

The 31st island was uncharted territory for Sticks. He was

surprised to see the scene stretched out in front of him.

“City...?”

That’s right. The 31st island was a city. Hundreds of buildings were lined in four rows, and the streets were crowded with carriages and people. ‘Where is this place? Why is a city recreated?’ Grid’s voice was heard as Sticks tried to reason it out.

“This is the fortified city of Patrian.”

He couldn’t forget the city that he stayed in for one year, from level 1 to level 80.

“But why was this recreated? From what I recalled, I died less than 10 times in the city.”

“Huh? You died so many times within a city? Did you commit a crime that deserved the death penalty?”

“No way, that’s impossible. I was just walking on the streets when I was hit by a wagon, died from a flowerpot dropped from the third floor, or was caught and killed by hoodlums.”

“Your luck isn’t ordinary.”

As the two people talked, several notification windows popped up. Thanks to this, Grid knew what needed to be done here.

[Your level has dropped to level 23.]

[A mission will be created.]

[31st Island]

The place and situation of the quest that you failed the most number of times has been 100% created.

Overcome the trial and jump past your previous self!

Mission Clear Conditions: Succeed in the quest that you failed in the past.

First Clear Reward: 600 Challenger Points.

First Clear Reward 2: The rewards you obtain with the quest.

[The mission will start 30 minutes from now.]

“The quest I failed the most times?”

It was difficult to pinpoint what quest he failed the most number of times. A golden exclamation point appeared on one side as Grid tried to recall the memory. It was a quest window.

[Participate in the Reserve Forces Training]

Level of Difficulty: Regular quest.

Patrian is a fortified city built for the purpose of controlling the Gauss Kingdom.

Players who belong to Patrian are obliged to do a certain amount of training as part of the reserve forces.

Train under the instructor at the training ground.

Quest Clear Condition: Get a passing grade for each training course.

Quest Reward: Depends on the passing rank.

“Ah, this quest.”

It was a quest that repeated once a month. They would be trapped in the barracks if they refused to do it. It was an obligatory quest that users belonging to Patrian had to perform. Of course, Grid also participated in the full time training.

However, there was a problem.

‘I never got a passing score...’

He didn’t know how many times he failed. It couldn’t be helped. The significance of the military training was to raise usable soldiers. It was natural for Patrian to endeavor to nurture reservists to a level that could be used. The problem was that Grid didn’t respond to Patrian’s efforts.

‘The training was too difficult.’

Patrian's reserve army training was largely divided into weapons training, formation building training, and squad training, which was very difficult.

‘There were many people besides me who didn't receive a passing mark.’

In fact, there were less than 10 people, but Grid's memories showed that there were hundreds of them.

Name: Grid

Class: Warrior

Level: 23

Health: 1,161 Mana: 45

Strength: 187 Stamina: 40

Agility: 22 Intelligence: 15

Skills Possessed:

Beginner Sword Mastery Lv. 2, Beginner Armor Mastery Lv.2, Charge Lv. 1, Full Swing Lv. 1.

“The stats distribution is too ignorant.”

The balance of stats was too bad. He wanted to curse his level 23 self.

‘It's all about strength except for a little bit of stamina.’

His agility and intelligence was stagnant as the basic ability of a warrior. His attack speed and evasion were the lowest, and he didn't have the mana to use skills. Using the Charge or Full Swing skill once would deplete all his mana.

The items he had:

[Blunt Greatsword]

Attack Power: 32~71

Attack Speed: -3%

[Old Skull Helmet]

Defense: 2

[Old Orc Armor]

Defense: 13

[Old Goblin Shoes]

Defense: 2

‘The items are also messed up... No, isn’t it better to have set items from one type of monster?’

How had he been playing the game in the past?

‘This is why I only reached level 80 despite playing the game for a whole year... No, I only got to level 79.’

He could only sigh. In his current state, it was doubtful if he could clear the quest.

‘I just need to focus on the training and it will be good.’

It was a matter of technical training and sparring. He could handle the sword at a good level and was also decent with the spear due to Pon. Therefore, he was only worried about archery. He didn’t have Bow Mastery and his agility was the lowest, so he wondered if he could hit the target with a single arrow.

‘I am also worried about not being able to use skills properly during the spar.’

Sticks looked at Grid’s anxious expression and became nervous.

“Is the difficulty of this trial so high? Don’t tell me...! This time it is a dragon...!”

He was suffering under a curse from a dragon, so his dragon trauma was quite strong.

“Don’t worry. You won’t meet a dragon when you are with me.”

Grid reassured Sticks and took a deep breath.

‘Now believe in me.’

Since becoming Pagma’s Descendant, he went against many enemies that ordinary users couldn’t overcome alone. Now he would overcome his past self.

“Let’s go.”

Grid braced himself and entered the training camp. The instructor saw him and shouted.

“There you are, Blue Falcon! You’re late again! Hurry up, hurry, you bastard who is weaker than a dog!”

“...!”

Blue Falcon! (https://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/blue_falcon) It was an embarrassing nickname that he had erased from his memories. Grid’s face distorted like a demon as he stared at the instructor. The castle’s training instructor. The old man who ignored him and harassed him to death!

‘I might’ve had no experience at that time...!’

But not anymore.

‘I will make shock appear on your face!’

Grid’s determination was boiling up.

Chapter 366

Grid was well aware of the importance of drills as a former member of the South Korean army.

It was to quickly and easily control the army, for order and unity, to reduce the number of incidents, and to instill a sense of purpose. Drills were the most basic and crucial virtue of the army.

“The biggest reason why an army operates effectively is due to the formations. Imagine a large group of people. What if the shield troops were in the rear and the archers were in the vanguard? Isn’t that just rubbish?”

The higher the level of training, the faster the speed of the formation. The faster the speed that a formation was formed, the higher the probability was of winning the war. Grid smiled as he watched the instructor explain why drills were so important.

‘In the past, I wasn’t able to concentrate.’

The reserves were brought to the training ground and given theoretical education. What type of game was this? In the past, Grid had grumbled and couldn’t concentrate on learning.

“Hey, Blue Falcon.”

Instructor Kaesul glared at Grid.

“Why is it that you doze off every time I am educating you?”

Patrian was a fortified city, so the military training was very strict. Of course, this also applied to players.

“Is my education useless? Have you already mastered this?”

The instructor shouted angrily.

“Stand up!”

Grid stood up. He knew it was wrong to laugh at the instructor, and absolute obedience was necessary to receive a passing score.

“Attention! Parade rest! Align right!”

Grid followed the simple command while the instructor smiled.

“I will teach you to smile while I’m talking.”

After that, the instructor forced Grid to follow all types of actions. He tried to make it confusing and complex by making Grid move to the front, back, and right side, then he would punish Grid when he got it wrong. However...

Cheek!

Cheek cheek cheek cheek!

‘Wow.’

Instructor Kaesul was puzzled when Grid didn’t hesitate when following the orders.

Blue Falcon, Grid. He never received a passing grade in any training and was inferior to the other troops, so how could he follow this? Despite his weak stamina, he performed the commands perfectly without losing concentration.

There was something even more surprising.

‘Did his eyes always look like this?’

Grid was famous with Instructor Kaeul and the assistants. He was dumb, not motivated, weak, and had eyes like rotten fish. Now Grid wasn’t stupid, was full of desire, and concentrated enough to overcome his weak stamina.

The rotten fish eyes? They were sharp and keen, like there was a reversal. Some people would shrink back when facing it.

“...Hum hum.”

When would this inferior soldier collapse? Instructor Kaesul kept giving commands and eventually gave up. He cleared his throat and spoke while avoiding Grid’s gaze.

“You have mastered these drills. How hard did you practice? Go

back to your spot.”

“Yes!”

Grid responded vigorously and rejoined the ranks. Honestly, he didn't feel good. As the duke of a kingdom, he was being insulted by a trainer and tested on an extreme level? It was shameful. But this wasn't a situation to hold onto his pride.

‘Right now, I'm only a level 23 warrior.’

Yes, this was currently the past. He had to conform to this situation in order to pass the 31st island.

“I will conduct the test from now on!”

After around three hours of training, the test was started. The result was amazing. Blue Falcon Grid was ranked number one in the test. Compared to the other reservists, he maintained his concentration and performed the drills of the instructor completely and thoroughly.

‘Did he eat something wrong?’

The instructor and assistants were bewildered.

Camp building exercises. It was about climbing up a mountain behind the training ground and making a shelter.

“It's just shovelling.”

“How hard is it to dig a pit?”

The reservists holding one shovel thought it was easy. However, Grid knew the significance of building a camp. It was to provide cover from enemy attacks and to protect their teammates.

‘It isn't just digging a pit. It needs to have defensive power.’

Grid judged and looked carefully at the mountain. Then he found a place where there were vines and bushes between two trees. He approached it and started digging. The other reservists laughed at

him.

‘The trees and bushes will interfere with the digging action.’

‘It will take a while to dig a pit.’

‘Noob, no wonder why he’s being ignored by the instructor.’

He would receive the lowest points. The reservists made fun of Grid and started digging at the ground. Their digging pace was incredible. It was obvious that they wanted to finish this tiresome training.

On the other hand, Grid’s digging speed was slow.

‘Digging too quickly is exhausting.’

Grid had served in the Korean army for more than a year, so he was used to labor. For Grid, digging was one of his few specialties.

‘Digging works the heart and muscles because it leans on the upper body.’

If he didn’t want to collapse from tiredness, it was more effective to do it slowly and steadily.

Puk!

His right hand grasped the handle while his left hand grasped the bottom portion of the shovel. His speed was very slow compared to others, but that only lasted for a short period of time. The speed at which Grid dug the ground was three times faster than the others. The others became exhausted while Grid maintained his pace.

“Hah... Overcoming low stamina with know-how.”

The instructor and assistants observing the reservists couldn’t keep their eyes off Grid. Grid’s digging skill was the best. It was enough to remind them of a professional digger. It was natural that Grid would take the first place in the camp building test.

‘Good.’

Grid’s face brightened as he erased a few pathetic memories from

the past. His high pride after fighting with Kraugel became more robust.

Weapons testing.

The reservists, who learned the basic skills of handling spears, swords, and bows, stood in front of a scarecrow.

Instructor Kaesul shouted, "First is the spear!"

At the same time.

Blue, red, and green dots covered the bodies of the scarecrows in front of the reservists. The blue dots were the size of a 500 yen coin, while the red and green dots were like billiard balls.

"Over the next three minutes, the three types of dots will emerge alternately. You will get one point when striking the blue dot, 5 points for the red dot, and 10 points for the green dot. You will pass if you get at least 50 points in three minutes."

In the past, this was a test that Grid had never succeeded in.

The dots with the three colors flashed too quickly before disappearing, and there was no regularity. In the past, Grid couldn't exert much control over the spear and wasn't able to gain 50 points in three minutes.

Now it was different.

Cheek!

Grid moved his right foot back and wielded the spear. He'd hunted with the strongest spearman Pon, and got a look at the spear techniques and movements.

More than anything, the current Grid...

'I am a person who understands the divine spear.'

Once he understood the structure of a weapon, he naturally realized how to use it.

Flash!

Grid's eyes saw the signal in front of him.

Beeeek-!

“...!”

The instructors, assistants and even reservists were surprised by the sound and turned their attention to Grid. Grid had stabbed precisely at the blue dot on the scarecrow. Everyone who saw it were shocked beyond admiration, but Grid wasn't satisfied.

‘Indeed, my agility is too low.’

The speed of the spear was slow and it wasn't very precise. He tried to aim at the center of the blue dot, but it deviated to the left. Grid was complaining when he suddenly realized.

‘Kraugel wouldn't complain like me.’

He would overcome the ordeal, no matter how bad his condition.

‘Yes, I don't have the time for regrets.’

He concentrated harder and tried to use the spear to the best of his ability.

Peeeeeeong!

The spear let out a sound again as it struck. The instructor couldn't close his mouth when he saw that Grid once again hit the blue spot.

‘No, what's up with him today?’

He knew the Blue Falcon. He seemed like a completely different person.

Diririri-

After a while, Grid's scarecrow scoreboard achieved 100 points.

“What...?”

The instructor turned pale. 100 points in 1 minute and 23

seconds. Grid set a record that even the most experienced knight apprentices couldn't beat. The instructor couldn't tell if this was a dream or reality.

A notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[You have set a new record in Patrian's reserve forces training Spear Test!]

[The rare skill 'Spear Shot' has been acquired as a hidden reward.]

[Spear Shot Lv.1]

Throws a spear that deals 600% physical damage to the target. The enemy will fall down.

* You must reclaim the spear in the thrown window. If you fail to retrieve it within 30 seconds, you will lose ownership of the spear.

Mana Consumption: 150

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 minute

"Wow."

Grid was astonished by the completely unexpected benefit.

It was a hassle to recover the thrown spear, but compared to Pagma's Swordsmanship, the skill cooldown time was very short and the damage was also good. In addition, it was a medium range skill that would be useful in many ways.

'This... Will I be able to get rare skills in the sword test and archery test?'

Grid's motivation grew even more.

Chapter 367

‘It isn’t bad to have one spear.’

Spear Shot.

It was a skill that used the concept of ‘throwing the spear,’ so it was somewhat tricky for general warriors to use. The slightest slip meant they could lose their weapon. But Grid was different. There were many ways for him to retrieve the thrown spear using the God Hands. He was confident that he could use Spear Shot properly.

“The test has finished!”

While Grid was feeling satisfied with his new skill, all of the reservists ended their test. The average score of the reservists was 50 points, and it took a full three minutes. It was a level that was barely above the cut line. There were four people who failed.

Grid’s score of 100 points in 1 minute and 23 seconds became even more outstanding.

“Hrmm... Next is the swordsmanship test.”

Instructor Kaesul was still stunned. The sudden change and growth of Blue Falcon Grid was unbelievable, even when he saw it directly with his own eyes. While Instructor Kaesul was feeling confused, Grid and the reservists followed the assistants. Each of them stood in front of a new scarecrow.

The scarecrows had solid lines on them.

The instructor explained.

“If you cut along the solid red line, you will get 5 points. If you stab it, you will lose 5 points. Stabbing the green dot will earn you 5 points, cutting it will lose you 5 points. Stabbing the blue line will earn you 10 points, cutting it will lose you 10 points. You will pass if you get 50 points in three minutes.”

It was a bit more complicated compared to the spearmanship test. Grid was lacking in the past and had barely gained any points from the three colored solid lines. In particular, the weapon that Grid normally used was a greatsword, and it wasn't effective when it came to stabbing. This was the biggest cause of his low score.

However, after becoming Pagma's Descendant, Grid had used Kill hundreds of times. Now he could stab with a greatsword. The continuously intersecting solid lines and dots? Compared to Piaro and Kraugel's movements, they were trivial enough to make him yawn.

"G-Grid passed...!"

100 points in 39 seconds. Grid was like one with the sword as he obtained this score. Instructor Kaesul and the assistants' mouths gaped open at the sight.

'He has the makings of a knight!'

'He was just acting as a Blue Falcon until now!'

They didn't know why he was acting. Anyway, they had to admit it. Grid had the best qualities. On the other hand, Grid wasn't feeling inspired at all. He had fought against countless strong enemies, so striking a scarecrow was just boring.

[You have set a new record in Patrian's reserve forces training Swordsmanship Test!]

[The rare skill 'Continuous Stab' has been acquired.]

[Continuous Stab Lv. 1]

Quickly stab the target 5 times.

Every stab that hits will deal 100%, 120%, 150%, 190%, and 240% of your attack power respectively.

Mana Consumption: 300

Skill Cooldown Time: 3 minutes.

It was a multiple hits skill. It could be defended against or avoided, but it was useful against sluggish enemies, as it was a type of skill that contained explosive power.

‘Yes, it’s weaker than Kill.’

It was a good substitute skill for when Kill was on cooldown.

‘Good.’

In the past, he felt like it was hell. Now he was getting great rewards from the reservist training, so he wanted to dance with joy.

Shoot!

Grid and the reservists stood side by side with a target 10m in front of them. The archery test was about to begin.

‘This test is to get 50 points with 10 arrows.’

The target was divided into 10 points, 8 points, 6 points, 4 points and 2 points. Tension filled Grid’s face.

‘In the past, I couldn’t even hit the target with one arrow.’

To be honest, he wasn’t very confident. In the absence of Bow Mastery, the hit rate of the arrows was proportional to agility.

‘But.’

He had watched Jishuka shoot for more than a year. He’d made hundreds of bows for Jishuka and the soldiers of Reidan.

‘I’m not a complete newbie to archery.’

Believe in himself.

‘10 meters. It is only 10 meters away. I can focus enough.’

Every time he made a bow and tested the performance, the target distance was 100 meters. Grid took a deep breath and watched the center of the round target. He was aiming for 10 points.

‘I will be sure to acquire a rare skill!’

He felt hope as the distance to the target was too short. He could do it if he concentrated.

“Hmm?”

Grid was trying to reproduce Jishuka’s posture when he frowned. It was because the quality of the training arrows for the test was very low.

‘Did beginner level 3 or lower blacksmiths make this?’

The shaft was twisted and the weight balance was off.

‘Anyway, the reservist training environment is disappointing in reality and the game.’

The shaft should be leveled and the balance between the arrowhead and shaft adjusted. The weight of the arrowheads should also be balanced. An unbalanced arrow wouldn’t fly far, no matter how hard they were shot.

‘A material with a heavy weight can cover it to some extent, but this arrow is made from the worst material.’

The legendary blacksmith, Grid. As Pagma’s Descendant, he had made over 100,000 arrows. He might’ve lost the Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship skill, but his eye for arrows hadn’t disappeared.

‘I can win, even without the power of items.’

Determination flashed in Grid’s eyes.

“Grid, what is it?”

Instructor Kaesul’s attitude towards Grid had toned down. He didn’t call Grid ‘Blue Falcon’ or curse at him. Grid unabashedly demanded, “The arrows I’ve received are in a very bad state. Can I have a look at the ones in your hands?”

“What?”

Instructor Kaesul was very embarrassed.

“Look. The structure of the arrow is so simple that anyone can easily make it, but it doesn’t just depend on the arrow when being fired. A novice who doesn’t know anything touching them, of course the arrows will be bad. If the arrows are a problem, I will give you new arrows.”

Instructor Kaesul gave a signal. Then an assistant brought new arrows to Grid. But the state of the arrows were just as bad.

‘It might be different if I had the Bow Mastery skill.’

Grid was determined and asked again.

“Let me handle the arrows myself.”

“Geez, he isn’t a blacksmith.”

“It seems he’s become arrogant just because he gained some skills.”

The assistants complained. They were dissatisfied with Grid, who was slowing down their schedule. However, the response of Instructor Kaesul was surprisingly favorable.

“I understand. If you can, then try it.”

The reason why Instructor Kaesul felt contempt towards Grid before wasn’t just because he was incompetent. Grid didn’t try to overcome his incompetence and had an attitude of hating everything.

Now Grid was overflowing with enthusiasm. The instructor didn’t want to pour cold water on that positive change.

“Thank you.”

Grid left the group of reservists. While the other reservists did the test, Grid started to repair the arrows.

‘I would prefer to cut the shaft thinly and make it flatter.’

Grid currently had 0 dexterity. He wasn’t able to exert his full

ability just by relying on experience and theory alone.

‘I could break the shaft. Forget my greed and focus on the balance.’

Grid picked up a stone that was three times smaller than the arrowhead. Then he tore a few branches and tied it to the back of the arrowhead.

‘Good.’

The arrows, which were so light they couldn’t go against wind resistance, now had a moderate weight. Grid smiled with delight and pulled some of the feathers behind the shaft. It was an extreme measure to balance the left and right side of the shaft.

‘It’s crude, but better than before.’

A notification window popped up as Grid tried to improve the curve of the shaft.

[The options of the ‘Reserve Troops’ Arrow’ has changed.]

[Reserve Troops’ Arrow]

Attack Power: 1~2 Accuracy: +2

Someone saw what was wrong with the arrow and fixed it.

The workmanship is poor, but the performance of the arrows has improved. It will fly quite far when fired well.

Weight: 0.01

“Now it purely depends on my abilities.”

Grid spoke to an assistant and took deep breaths on the shooting range.

Kkirik!

He remained tense, but there was no hesitation in his actions. The bowstring was drawn back.

‘Remember when I test the performance of my bows.’

He followed the posture of an expert archer. It was a posture he had seen from Jishuka since the days of the Malacus raid. He would be able to hit a target 10 meters away.

‘Now!’

Grid stopped breathing and aimed the arrow tip. At that moment, the arrow burst out with a cheerful sound and flew away. It fell in a parabola and succeeded in penetrating the target. It was 6 points. He was aiming for the center, but it deviated to the right.

‘Then.’

Grid aimed more to the left of the first shot. But he failed to read the wind direction in his rush. The direction of the wind changed and the arrows fell down. It was another 6 points. His opportunity to acquire a rare skill was flying away.

The Grid in the past would’ve cursed with irritation.

But.

‘It’s still okay.’

Grid was calm. The reservist training included sparring, so the level of the participants needed to be similar. In other words, the power of the 50 reservists currently participating in the training were around level 20 like Grid. It would be difficult for them to hit the targets with all 10 arrows.

‘The record will be for the level 20 reservists in the past. It’s still possible.’

He couldn’t give up. This time, Grid raised his concentration to the maximum, read the wind direction, and fired the arrow.

Puok!

10 points. There was no difficulty after he got it once.

Puk puk puk!

Grid completely grabbed the feeling and got 10 points eight times

in a row. The result.

“Grid has 92 points!”

[You have set a new record in Patrian’s reserve forces training Archery Test!]

Chapter 368

“G-Grid has 92 points!?”

[You have set a new record in Patrian’s reserve forces training Archery Test!]

[Your understanding of archery, the bow, and arrows is higher than your ability.]

[An ability correction will be applied to the hidden compensation.]

[The normal skill ‘Bow Mastery’ has been acquired.]

[Bow Mastery]

Beginner: Lv.1

You can handle all types of bows.

When equipped with a bow, attack power and hit rate will increase by 4%, and the probability of a critical hit will increase in proportion to agility.

Current Critical Hit Probability Increase: 0%.

‘Bow Mastery!’

An archer had been described many times as a class that exerted a unique physical attack power. The reason? It was thanks to the Bow Mastery skill. Bow Mastery had the highest attack and accuracy rate of all masteries, and was the source of an archer’s power.

‘I never thought I would get Bow Mastery.’

Grid was strong at a distance because he had Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcend, and Transcended Link, as well as Magic Missile. But that was a story when he had enough mana. The skill cooldown time was also a problem.

‘On the other hand, a bow guarantees steady attacks if there are

enough arrows.'

Grid referred to Piaro's stats distribution when increasing his agility. For him, Bow Mastery was a very good passive skill.

'If I can get Weapons Mastery as well...'

The foundation for further strengthening would be completed. Grid's body shivered as he thought about it.

The stats of the level 23 Grid were a mess, but the level of the reserve troops participating in the training were only level 20. Grid was at the top of the rankings and won in the sparring. He completely overpowered his opponent.

"The top graduate, Grid!"

Clap clap clap!

The training graduation ceremony. Instructor Kaesul called out his name and the assistants and reservists clapped. Grid had shown enough during the training to be respected by everyone.

'Not Pagma's Descendant...'

'Shin Youngwoo' was the one acknowledged. He was beyond thrilled by his own growth. Grid smiled and walked up to the stage. Then...

[You have taken the top position in the training of Patrian's reserve forces!]

[You have obtained the first prize 'Senior Reserve Forces Citation'.]

[Senior Reserve Forces Citation]

You have become the role model for the Patrian reservists.

I want to thank you for your enthusiasm during training.

-Earl Ashur-

“???”

Surely that wasn't it? Grid was expecting more from the compensation, so confusion filled his face. Instructor Kaesul smiled at him and said.

“It is an honor to receive a citation from Earl Ashur, lord of Patrian, and a great magician of the continent. It is an heirloom that can be passed on to your descendants.”

“This nonsense... There isn't a separate compensation?”

The moment that Grid asked this question.

[Mission success!]

[You have cleared the 31st island.]

[You have acquired 600 challenger points for the mission success.]

[Your level has returned to normal.]

[The skills Spear Shot, Continuous Stab, and Bow Mastery have been acquired.]

Shaaaaah-

The fortified city of Patrien, Instructor Kaesul, the assistants, and the reservists. The perfect reproduction of the 31st island scattered like a mirage. Grid was left alone. He changed his mind about tearing up Earl Ashur's citation and throwing it away.

“...It isn't bad to keep it as a memento.”

It was the first award he received in his life. His personal feelings towards Earl Ashur had already been resolved to a certain extent, so Grid placed the citation on one side of his inventory.

Reidan went through a big change while Grid was away.

First of all, the monsters around the yellow mithril mine dried up. It was thanks to the great success of the knights who raised

their level in Winston and returned. Reidan was now able to extract the yellow mithril in earnest. The yellow mithril caused a remarkable growth in the alchemy technology of Reidan, thanks to the fairy dust. It finally reached a level where alchemy could be combined with blacksmithing.

Secondly, the magical talents of the 'Ul Clan' that Grid rescued from the empire had blossomed from the steady education. Reidan now had 930 magicians. Among them was Princess Hwarin of the Ul Clan, whose ability was unrivalled. The unique rated passive skill, 'party's magic power increased by 30%' was a treasure for the magicians.

Thirdly, the farming area of Reidan extended to the Altes Mountains. This would increase food production by three times.

Lauel was confused, 'There is a limited number of farmers, so how has Piaro developed agriculture to this degree? Surely he didn't do all that work alone?'

Lauel wasn't yet aware that Aura Master Hurent and Pet Master Nyangmong were being held by Piaro.

Fourthly, a Rebecca Temple started to be built under Pope Damian's authority. The Rebecca Temple would give a big blessing to the city and foster healers, so the population of Reidan would increase dramatically.

Fifthly, the Rebecca's Daughters candidates brought by Damian were incorporated into Reidan. Piaro trained them to become the best farmers in the future. No, they were going to be the paladin unit.

Lauel was worried about the fifth point.

"Is this too excessive?"

Rebecca's Daughters were the absolute force of the Rebecca Church. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that without Rebecca's Daughters, there would be no Rebecca Church. The Rebecca

Church wouldn't be convinced by Damian's compassion for the candidates.

"You might get kicked out of the pope position before you can finish your term. Your tenure needs to last in order to help Grid."

The power of the pope was mighty. It was best to aim for remaining pope for the rest of his life. However, Damian might lose his position just because of a few girls. Lauel felt like he was stupid.

But Damian was stubborn.

"The reason I became pope was because I hoped a second Isabel, Rin and Luna wouldn't be born. You can't imagine it. The pain of the young girls who are stuck in a facility, undergoing constant brainwashing and hard training... Being used as a weapon for all their lives, it isn't possible for me to tell you how harsh it is."

"Hrmm."

Lauel was someone who would use and slaughter players to achieve his goal. He couldn't understand Damian, who empathized with NPCs. But he tried to understand. Grid was close to NPCs like Irene, and had a child called Lord.

Lauel had a duty to take into account Damian's heart.

"...To be honest, I still don't understand you and Grid. However, I respect it. I will find a way to solidify your position that will be shaken by this incident."

Damian's nervous face relaxed.

"Thank you!"

'Contact with the vampire cities has been disconnected and the work I have to worry about is growing.' Lauel's dark circles thickened.

All the islands in the 30's reproduced the challenger's past trials.

Situations where the challenger died a lot or failed a quest many times appeared sequentially. The rankers were armed with excellent talents and skills. For those who didn't play an easy game, the islands in the 30's were a disaster.

But Grid was different. The trials that Grid suffered in the past, he could now easily overcome.

[You have entered the 40th island.]

[This is a save point. Do you want to save your position?]

[You have been registered. When you enter the Behen Archipelago later on, you will start from the 40th island.]

“That is amazing. It's really wonderful.”

Sticks kept praising Grid. He wasn't able to overcome his trials, and he was impressed by the fact that Grid grew in real time.

“What's the big deal about catching orcs and goblins?”

Grid responded with a smile and checked the time.

‘I should rest for a while.’

A total of one month had passed since he entered the Behen Archipelago. It took longer than expected, so Grid needed to manage his stamina. After six hours of game connection, he adjusted his condition by logging out, eating, and exercising.

‘The harvest that I obtained from the islands in the 30's is great.’

Apart from Spear Shot, Continuous Strike, and Bow Mastery, he gained 7 strength and stamina, as well as 5 agility and intelligence.

The rewards earned from the quest were cumulative, demonstrating the effect of two elixirs. What were the rewards waiting for him on the remaining islands?

Behen Archipelago. There was no place more appropriate for growth.

‘It would be good to use it as a training place for the guild members before it is cleansed.’

The Tzedakah Guild, Yura, and Peak Sword were skilled enough to reach the 20th island. If they could collect a few elixirs with the challenger points, Overgeared would become even stronger.

Ttiring~

Shin Youngwoo was thinking about this when a message arrived on his phone.

–A mail has arrived.

‘Is it the periodic report from Lauel?’

Youngwoo stopped running and opened the mail.

The third week of September.

The alchemy facility has successfully studied yellow mithril, producing fairy dust.

* As soon as Grid returns, be prepared to try a fusion of alchemy and blacksmithing techniques.

A magic unit has been constructed around Princess Hwarin of the Ul Clan.

Piaro has expanded the farming area.

...

...

...

It is now the 24th day of Satisfy time since the vampire expedition entered the 9th city.
I have lost touch with them.

“...!”

Youngwoo’s expression hardened as he read the contents of the mail. Marie Rose. The name of a transcendent being penetrated his mind.

‘It can’t be...!’

Youngwoo rushed back along the jogging course he had just run. He was breathing roughly, but didn’t easily collapse.

Chapter 369

Most gamers liked to dream, but they became frustrated by their talent and environmental limitations, causing them to abandon their dreams.

From a general point of view, Grid was also like this. However, Grid obtained an opportunity after hard work. He had been trying his best ever since becoming Pagma's Descendant.

He wanted to escape his poverty, wanted to show off, and then wanted to overcome his inferiority. Now he didn't want to lose what he had obtained, and also to protect his precious ones. His aspirations were refined in a more upright direction.

He couldn't sit still while his colleagues were at risk.

"Login."

Behen Archipelago, the 40th island.

Sticks was drinking a blue coconut.

"Why did you come back so soon this time?"

Grid cut right to the point.

"Instant dun... No, can you forcefully enter a place where access is limited, like the Behen Archipelago?"

No. Anyone would give that answer. But Grid was full of hope. Sticks. He was called a sage because he accumulated more knowledge and wisdom than others. Indeed, Sticks met Grid's expectations.

"There is one way. But it is likely to fail and I can only try it twice a year."

"Can you give it a try for me?"

"...Can I ask about the situation?"

Grid was his benefactor and had infinite appeal. But Sticks couldn't blindly help without knowing the situation.

"There are people who I want to protect."

Grid gave a clear and brief explanation. His eyes were deep, warm and bright. Sticks didn't inquire anymore after hearing the explanation.

"First, let's get out of here."

Sticks got up from his seat. The purification of the Contaminated Behen Archipelago? It was better for Grid to solve his problem first before returning. Grid would be able to concentrate more.

The members of the vampire expedition were as followed. Pon, Regas, Faker, Jishuka, Yura, Huroi, Peak Sword, Vantner, Toban, Zednos, Ibellin, and Toon. They were the elites of Overgeared.

Since raiding Elfin Stone and growing from the 10th vampire city, they were filled with confidence. With the exception of Marie Rose, who Grid told them to be careful of, they were convinced that there weren't any vampires they couldn't raid.

Now they greatly regretted challenging the 9th city.

"Dammit, I'm lost at this age."

The 9th city was a castle. The castle was several times larger than Reidan, the second largest city in the Eternal Kingdom. Traps were set up everywhere, the corridors were like labyrinths, and the Overgeared members unintentionally became scattered.

"Ka~kung."

Pon and Vantner were separated from the group. They were moving between a forest of pillars when a playful woman's voice was heard from behind them. The surprised Pon and Vantner swung their weapons, but they only hurt the pillars and felt a pain from their wrists.

“Oh! This nasty woman!”

Vantner’s bald head turned red. He was like an octopus, so Pon burst out laughing. Vantner’s head became even redder.

"This situation isn't funny!"

“You should look in the mirror. It’s impossible not to laugh.”

“This bastard!”

Vantner and Pon were still at odds. It happened when the agitated Vantner was going to grab Pon’s collar.

"If you're bored, then play with me."

The playful voice of a woman was heard from the ceiling instead of behind a pillar. Pon was still being held by the collar, but stabbed upwards with his spear. Vantner let go and grabbed his axe.

They leapt towards the vampire baron, Ran.

Puuok!

The sharp fingernails moved with high agility and scratched the chests of the two men.

“Kuk...!”

“Oh!”

Pon and Vantner’s faces became irritated at their failed counterattack.

"Huhuhut~ silly Brothers."

Ran hid herself in the darkness and taunted them, causing Vantner to grumble.

“Wouldn’t Faker be a match for that woman?”

“I agree. If Faker was here, then we would be able to easily catch that woman instead of suffering like this.”

"That's what I wanted to say!"

The two of them couldn't work together and the number of wounds gradually increased. Ran's laughter echoed in the darkness.

"Do you think this body will be hurt by that small dagger?"

A large hall on the first floor of the castle. Faker had fallen into a trap and was fighting a vampire alone. Like his name, Mountain held an unusually large weapon and was covered with armor. The body of the vampire baron was as big as his name. He was at least 3m tall.

'Amazing.'

His throwing skill wasn't enough to get past the defense. Rare tension appeared on Faker's face.

"This is the worst."

A corridor to the north of the castle's first floor. Jishuka and Zednos was isolated in the middle of it without any cover. There were vampire soldiers coming from both sides of the corridor.

"We can't let them get here."

"I know."

Jishuka was an archer and Zednos was a magician. They were vulnerable when it came to close combat. They shot arrows and magic to the other side of the hall to prevent vampires from approaching...

"Damn humans!"

The number of angry vampires didn't show signs of diminishing. Zednos saw that they were gradually narrowing the distance and clicked his tongue.

"The average level is 20 levels higher than the vampires of the

10th city?”

“...I agree.”

The two people felt desperate.

“Is everybody safe?”

Regas, Huroi, Peak Sword, Toban, Ibellin, and Toon. They were at the forefront of the party and was move towards the 2nd floor when they activated the ‘Teleportation Trap.’ It was impossible for them to confirm if the colleagues left on the 1st floor were safe.

“I can’t see their health and location.”

“I think they are in danger.”

“No, Regas. This is why I told you to let Faker go first. Why were you in the front when you don’t have a searching ability?”

“...I’m sorry. I was so motivated that I moved ahead.”

“Let’s go down to the 1st floor instead of blaming anyone.”

Peak Sword. He used to be the guild master of the Silver Knights Guild. When he was serious, he showed a high leadership and judgment ability. The others were well aware of this fact and followed Peak Sword without saying anything.

However, there were people blocking the path to the 1st floor. They were three vampire barons.

“...This place is great.”

In the 10th city, one or two vampire barons emerged as intermediate bosses. However, the 9th city contained an absurd number of vampire barons.

“Draw Sword, Annihilate.”

Sakak-!

Peak Sword initiated the battle.

Demon Slayer, Yura. Her level was 247. The level that the general public took two years to obtain was achieved in just seven months. It was the result of the know-how from her 5th place ranking, a legendary class, and the best hunting ground that was the vampire cities.

The present Yura was strong enough to compare with the main powers of Overgeared. However, her level wasn't enough to deal with a vampire viscount alone.

"Is this your limit?"

A viscount was far stronger than the vampire barons. The viscount, Tiramet, looked down at the kneeling Yura. He was overflowing with magic power and his infinite physical strength made him arrogant.

"I was a bit nervous about the dirty bullets you shoot, but it isn't interesting. A Demon Slayer is just this much."

Yura asked Tiramet, who had spoken in a ridiculing tone.

"You know about a Demon Slayer?"

"It's impossible for me to not know."

Tiramet raised his silver hair. Then he revealed a deep wound on his forehead.

"I was wounded by that guy."

His killing intent rose. Tiramet's hostility exploded as he thought about the past.

"Woman who inherited that power. Today I will thoroughly step on you."

Peeng!

Like most vampires, Tiramet was good at magic and physical fighting. He used a style of fighting that weakened the enemy with

magic and then ended it with physical attacks.

“I won’t be hit by the same thing again.”

Yura cancelled the magic by shooting a purification bullet and immediately opened the distance. She narrowly avoided a flying kick and fired a bullet again.

Tatang!

It hit. The bullet accurately hit between Tiramet’s eyes. It was a great marksmanship. However, Yura’s complexion was still pale. She was only level 247, so she couldn’t deal a big blow to a named level 360 boss.

“Kuk...! Girl!”

A Demon Slayer’s attack was a deadly poison to demonkin. No matter the level difference, Tiramet felt a great deal of pain, so his anger soared into the sky.

Peeng! Peeng!

Kwaang!

Every time he waved his hand, black magic power struck to constrict Yura’s behavior.

"I’ll break you!"

A smile broke out on Tiramet’s face because he was confident in his combat abilities. His kick flew out like lightning and aimed accurately at Yura’s face.

Peeok!

A sound rang out. Tiramet was convinced it was the sound of fragile human bones being broken.

"Kukuk...! Huh?"

Tiramet stopped laughing while imagining brains pouring out of the dying human. He felt doubts.

‘What is this?’

Where did the golden shield that appeared in front of his leg come from?

‘What is this damn girl...!?’

The moment that Tiramet backed away.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

A storm of blue-black energy blades flew and covered Tiramet. Tiramet reflexively used a defense spell and was astonished.

‘Strong...!’

It was a level of damage that couldn’t be defended against. Tiramet’s body became wounded as he moved backwards.

“What bastard?”

Immediately after the storm of blades finished, the outraged Tiramet tried to counterattack. He was about to use magic when he stopped. Four golden hands came flying over and bound his arms and legs!

“What is this...?”

Tiramet struggled to shake off the golden hands. But this wasn't an easy task. He had the advantage in power, but the dexterity of the fingers meant he couldn’t easily get rid of them. At that moment, a gap was revealed for a few seconds.

Someone was flying above Tiramet’s head. It was a black haired human.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

It was Grid.

“Linked Kill.”

Chapter 370

Elfin Stone, master of the 13th city, was an earl, while the master of cities in the 10s were viscounts. Yura was well aware of the strength of a viscount type vampire.

‘At least five of the elites of Overgeared must be present to raid them.’

It might be possible if she completed all her class quests and went over level 300, but she couldn’t do it alone right now. Yura judged this and focused on survival. She fought defensively in order to buy as much time as possible for her scattered colleagues to return.

But Tiramet’s combat power was too destructive. He was stronger than the other viscounts she had met.

‘He met a former Demon Slayer and survived.’

It was clearly a unique event, meaning...

‘Named boss!’

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

“Ah.”

Yura avoided the bleeding magic, but her range of actions was constrained. Soon after, she was faced with a kick flying at her.

‘I can’t avoid it.’

She would lose at least a third of her health. The key was to not allow any linked attacks. Yura calculated the angle and deliberately moved her body. The moment she was hit, she would be blown back to the rear pillar and planned to use that gap to regain her posture.

At that moment.

Syuk~

Chaaeng!

A shining golden shield came flying and protected Yura from Tiramet's kick.

“...!”

Yura's normally always calm eyes widened. She knew who the owner of this golden shield was.

‘Grid!’

Why was he here when he should be in the Behen Archipelago? How did he enter, and why did he only show up in important moments to help her?

‘I will keep depending on you if this happens.’

Even Yura's sad expression was beautiful.

The True Blood vampires were divided into two types.

There were the nine children born directly by Shizo Beriache, and those made using their blood. Viscount Tiramet was a direct descendant. He was at least three times stronger than the usual made vampire viscounts, so it was right to call him a quasi-earl.

He was being threatened by a human? It didn't make sense. Unless his opponent had the title of a legend!

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Linked Kill.”

Puk.

Puk puk puk!

“Kuaaaaak!”

Tiramet's body was pierced five times by a blue-black energy blade, causing him to scream terribly. The black haired human who suddenly appeared, his attack power was devastating.

“You!”

The angry Tiramet waved his hand, causing his magic power to move. It was the manifestation of transfusion magic that hit all targets and took away their health.

‘A non-targeted skill.’

The black haired man, Grid’s, eyes changed. He withdrew the greatsword that was inserted into Tiramet’s chest, while using the footwork of Link to avoid the blood magic. It was a remarkable accomplishment, considering the timing and speed of the magic. Of course, the aid of the Slaughterer’s Eye Patch was also great.

“You rat bastard!”

Tiramet shouted as his health went down and he punched out. But Grid’s skill deployment was quicker, since he was already completing the footsteps of Link.

“Link.”

A little while ago, Grid had stabbed Tiramet’s chest rather than his head. The head would receive more damage, but he wasn’t able to hit the enemy’s head with 100% accuracy with his current skills.

On the other hand, Link was different. The range of the slashes was much wider than a stabbing attack.

“This will hurt.”

Pit!

Pipipipipit!

"Kuaaaaak!"

At the same time as Grid’s proclamation, Tiramet’s face was mangled. Tiramet was shaken by the terrible pain and pulled out a trump card.

“Blood Tornado!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Magic power moved around Tiramet like a whirlwind. Grid’s

body was swept into the air by it.

“I’ll kill you!”

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Five blood missiles flew towards Grid.

“God Hands!”

Syuok! Syuok!

Two golden hands came flying at Grid’s call. They spread open their palms and blocked the Blood Missile, but stiffened. The three remaining Blood Missiles hit Grid’s head and chest.

Pepepepeng!

“Cough!”

There was an explosion and Grid coughed up blood. Tiramet confirmed it and laughed with excitement.

“Kuhahat! You’re quite strong, but you’re still human! There’s a large physical difference between you and I! A human body is like dry leaves, while the body of a True Blood vampire is like steel!”

This was true, but Tiramet was also hurt by his wounds. The damage from the human destroyed common sense and half his health was consumed.

'But!'

He had vampire magic. Tiramet smiled and aimed magic at both Grid and Yura.

"My body is a stone."

“...!”

Tiramet’s eyes widened. The human received three Blood Missiles and was far from death!

"Why is a human so durable...?"

"Magic Missile."

Jiing.

Peeng!

"Cough!"

Magic Missile (Enhanced) Lv. 2. The legendary spell, which had become more powerful in the Behen Archipelago, accurately penetrated Tiramet's heart. Tiramet thought it was ludicrous.

'I was hit by a Magic Missile?'

Why was a magician so tough? No, why did he use a sword so well if he was a magician? Tiramet was feeling astonished when Grid appeared above him, drinking a health potion.

Chaaeng!

The blue-black greatsword struck like a lightning bolt! The momentum was great, but it was easily caught by Tiramet's left hand.

"This body won't be caught by the same pattern!"

Tirament stretched out his right hand. He grabbed Grid's neck and pushed him into a pillar.

"Blood Burn!"

Peeng!

Grid's body was pushed into the pillar and swept away by the explosion of blood.

"Grid!"

Yura's face paled. No matter how good his items, stats, and class, she was worried that Grid wouldn't be safe from this attack. She had forgotten for a moment. Grid was someone who fought against Kraugel.

"Already making me use Doran's ring."

Grid's appearance was moderately fine. But his expression wasn't good.

'I still have a long way to go.'

Kraugel wouldn't have been caught by the neck when the attack was blocked.

'He would've aimed for the head with the first Linked Kill.'

Was Grid frustrated after knowing he was lacking so much, despite going to the Behen Archipelago? No. Just like Kraugel and Yura, Grid was now aiming to be the best. He couldn't be so easily frustrated.

"Let's start properly."

"This guy keeps on speaking nonsense... Hah?"

Tiramet, who was laughing with a relaxed expression, hurriedly moved from his position. Two golden hands appeared in the air. The hands could fly on their own through the air with weapons?

'Artifacts that can be used for both offense and defense, and move by themselves...! It is big!'

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

The God Hands' Sword Mastery level had grown from the beginner to intermediate level. It was the result of Grid repeatedly using them in the Behen Archipelago. They wielded the Ideal Dagger, the Doppelganger's Greatsword, and fired Magic Missiles to tie up Tiramet's feet for a while.

But it wasn't enough to drive Tiramet to the defensive.

"What can you do with such shameful artifacts?"

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!

Tiramet grasped the trajectory of the two God Hands, avoided them and reached for Grid.

"Die!"

Peeng!

He fired Blood Fire, which dealt both fire damage proportional to his health. Grid faced the heat and revealed his power for the first time.

“Blackening.”

[Your black magic power has increased.]

[You don’t have any black magic power. It will be replaced with demonic power.]

[While Blackening is activated, your species will change to half-demon.]

[As a half demon, your maximum health is reduced by 50%. Your attack power, magic power, and agility will increase by 20% each.]

[All attacks will be converted to the black magic attribute.]

“Quick Movements.”

[The skill attached to the Ideal Dagger equipped to the God Hand has now been activated.]

[Your evasion rate is increased by 30% and your agility is doubled for 1 minute.]

“Blacksmith's Rage.”

[Attack power will increase by 25% and attack speed will increase by 40% for 35 seconds.]

Then...

[The items have successfully combined!]

[The combination time of Failure and Iyarugt will last 2 minutes.]

The reason that Grid only used two God Hands during the battle wasn’t to make fun of Tiramet. He recognized and appreciated Tiramet’s strength, so he had used the Item Combination skill with two God Hands just before entering battle.

Clink!

The two God Hands flew here and gave Grid a new weapon. Based on his increased agility, Grid evaded the Blood Fire and gave orders to each God Hand.

"Open. Magic Missile."

Syu syu syu syu syuk!

Pepepepeng!

The hands scattered all over the place fired a Magic Missile at Tiramet, making it difficult for Tiramet to avoid.

"This technique... Heok?"

Tiramet cried out as he deployed Blood Shields to defend against the Magic Missiles. The black haired man, who was hard to define as a human anymore, was coming closer?

"Fling Blood!"

"Continuous Stab!"

Puok!

Jjejeong! Puk!

Chaaeng! Jjejeong!

Tiramet wasn't ordinary. Using the Fling Blood skill, he was able to boost his stats and defend against three of Grid's five attacks. Grid judged that he was unable to achieve five combos in this situation and used Blood Cry.

Kakiing.

"Kuk... No, that's Elfin Stone's!"

Tiramet's eyes widened. Grid saw an opportunity and chopped at Tiramet's shoulder with Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle. From here, Iyarugt's power activated properly.

[The 3rd combo has been achieved!]

[The damage done to the target will increase by 200% for 1 second.]

“Kill.”

[Critical!]

“Urgh...”

Tiramet’s face wrinkled as he was affected. Yet he tried to fight back, proving his strength. It wasn’t comparable to Elfin Stone, but Tiramet far exceeded the weakened Hell Gao. Grid was expecting Tiramet’s counterattack.

“Revolve.”

The counterattack came on cue. It was the moment when Grid’s aim was completed.

[The 5th combo has been achieved!]

[The target’s sense of reason has collapsed for 0.3 seconds.]

[The skill ‘Hell Sword’ can be linked.]

The skill must be activated within 0.3 seconds. Now Grid could strike at the right timing.

“Hell Sword.”

Chapter 371

Hell Sword.

It was a conditional activation skill attached to Iyarugt, and the power was great. It was comparable to the legendary skill, Pagma's Swordsmanship. If he analyzed it in detail, it overwhelmed the power of Kill Lv. 4.

[Hell Sword]

Inflicts 2,400% physical attack power to the target.

Every time the target is hit, an addition 100% damage will be dealt.

Mana Consumption: 1,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 15 minutes.

Chiiiiing!

Iyarugt was combined with Failure.

Pachik!

Pachichik!

Black sparks rose around Iyarugt. A crescent shaped line was drawn. It was a bisection.

Sakak-!

“...!”

Tiramet was slashed from the crown of the head to the crotch. A total of 24 black rays gathered around him, making him unable to scream. Grid moved and controlled everything.

‘One.’

Peng!

‘Two.’

Pepeng!

‘Three.’

Peeng!

He manipulated the direction by moving his fingers. Of the 24 rays, only three managed to hit Tiramet. The remaining 21 ceased to exist after the one second time limit.

‘It’s too hard.’

He couldn’t adapt to the continuous command input. It was complicated and the time was too short. It wasn’t something he could adapt to after one or two times.

‘If I knew, I would’ve gone to the game room more often when I was young...’

He wasted his time sitting at a desk and studying. In the corner of Grid’s field of view, the notification windows were being updated sequentially.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 1,229,112 damage to the target.]

[Health has been absorbed due to the option effect of Iyarugt’s Ring.]

[You have dealt 17,071 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 17,071 damage to the target.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 51,213 damage to the target.]

[The duration of Blacksmith's Rage is over.]

After Hell Sword, he followed it with the combo of Transcended Link, Linked Kill, Link, Kill, Pinnacle, and Revolve. He even used Item Combination and Blackening. At this point, Grid was betting on Tiramet’s end.

‘He shouldn’t still be alive.’

He used all his strength against Tiramet from the beginning. He only had 33 mana left after using his strongest skills in succession. What if Tiramet survived? Grid would be forced on the defensive until the mana potions and skills cooldown ended.

But that wouldn't happen.

'Hell Gao with one fire stone obtained wouldn't be able to withstand this combo...'

"What?"

Grid's expression stiffened.

'Why isn't he dead?'

He didn't receive any messages about Tiramet's death, or the experience and items obtained. Grid stayed alert.

"...Ahh, yes, yes. This is why Elfin Stone suffered."

Tiramet opened his mouth while his health gauge was completely exhausted.

"It's because his body is weak, unlike me."

'What?'

Grid was baffled about why this guy didn't die. Tiramet's body was torn like a rag, but magic power rose around him like a rag.

"Among my siblings, I am weak in magic. Unlike my other siblings, I can't use magic effectively. But instead..."

"...!"

Grid's eyes widened. It was because the black magic power around Tiramet completely restored his body.

"I have the ability to focus my magic power on regeneration. It's the perfect immortality."

Tiramet laughed, revealing pointed teeth.

"Now, let's start again."

Cheok!

Tiramet took a fighting stance. He was like a skillful martial artist. Yes, it was a form that was reminiscent of Regas. It reflected the will to not be caught by surprise anymore.

"For reference, I become stronger every time I half die and revive."

Peeeong!

Tiramet moved one foot and swung his fist, causing magic power and wind pressure to explode at the same time. It was a combination of magic damage and physical damage.

‘This is a viscount?’

Apart from the tremendous attack power, his speed was also faster. Grid called the God Hands and took an active defense. It would be enough until the mana potions and skills cooldown ended.

But Tiramet’s stats were significantly higher than before. It was difficult for Grid, who couldn’t use a single skill.

Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!

As the number of Tiramet’s kicks and punches increased, the intervals at which the God Hands stiffened became shorter. Grid realized that the God Hands would soon be neutralized.

‘It is bad for me.’

In the case of Elfin Stone who used Blood Field, he was skilled in CC and magic, but his physical ability itself wasn’t special. Elfin Stone was unable to exert a great deal of force against Grid, who could neutralize CC and a few spells. Tiramet was the opposite case. He was a difficult opponent for Grid to take advantage of, since he depended on physical skills.

‘In the first place, his revival ability is ridiculous.’

Grid was foolish to use the strongest skill combo to end it

quickly. If he hadn't grown, he would've fallen into disarray and chaos.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

As Grid looked worse, Tiramet's momentum rose. The speed at which he wielded his fists and feet gradually rose. Grid tried to block but there was no escape.

"I'm not a viscount because I'm weaker than Elfin Stone. I just don't want to be annoyed by the responsibilities."

Taack!

Grid started relying on the Divine Shield.

Tiramet used the shield as a springboard and spun like a drill as he fell. The magic power concentrated on his toes caused a tornado, causing the area to be affected by the aftermath of the intense aura.

'It's no use.'

Grid judged and took evasive action, but it was impossible to escape from Tiramet. It was because the duration of Quick Movements was over.

"Hahahahat! Yes, you humans are best suited to being on the ground!"

Tiramet's feet crushed Grid's shoulders.

Kwaaaaang!

"Kuaaaaak!"

Grid let out a terrible scream. Tiramet grabbed Grid's head and whispered in a grim voice.

"I will break you from now on."

Chaaeng!

Tiremet's knee struck Grid's face.

Jjang!

The second blow.

Jjejejeok!

Three blows in a row.

Yura screamed as blood scattered from Grid's head.

"Grid!"

[Mana has been consumed to refine the 'Extinction Bullet'.]

[Your magic gun doesn't support rifle mode. There is a very high probability of a misfire.]

[The Extinction Bullet has failed to launch properly.]

[The durability of the Emilfa Magic Gun has fallen by 95. It might be destroyed.]

[Mana has been consumed to use the 'Vindictive Sword'.]

[Your magic gun doesn't support bayonet mode. There is a very high probability that Vindictive Sword won't manifest.]

[Vindictive Sword has failed to be activated.]

[The durability of the Emilfa Magic Sword has fallen to 0 and it has been destroyed!]

[Destroyed items can't be recovered!]

Demon Slayer Yura was still unable to exert her full strength. Was it because she failed to complete her class quest? That's right. Was it because her stats hadn't gone through the third awakening? That was also right.

But the most important reason was that her magic weapon was only level 180. A magic engineering gun. For convenience, the magic gun was a weapon that could only be produced at an

alchemist's facility.

In fact, magic guns produced by the alchemy facilities were merely unfinished products. Human alchemists only grasped the approximately working principles of a magic gun, but they didn't yet understand the exact structure. The true magic guns that supported pistol mode, rifle mode, and bayonet mode could only be made by dwarves.

However, Yura was blocked from proceeding with her class quest and was unable to enter the dwarf city of Talima.

“Grid...!”

The only man who stirred her heart. Yura felt grief about not being able to do anything, despite him being trampled on. Yura's chest ached.

‘Why are you doing this for me?’

Why did he have to sacrifice himself? She felt sorry for Grid and hated her own helplessness.

‘I have to save him somehow.’

She tried to use her strongest skills, only for her weapon to be destroyed. Yura urgently armed herself with her secondary weapon, the level 120 Rianfa Magic Gun, and rushed to Tiramet. She felt gratitude and guilt to Grid, as well as her own pride. The combination of emotions linked together to make her behave that way.

"You have forgotten your opponent...!"

Stop! Yura shouted at Tiramet and pointed the muzzle, only to stop. It was because she heard Grid's voice.

“Relax. I'm okay.”

“...Grid?”

The voice was too good for a dying person caught by Tiramet. His voice came from a strange location. Tiramet jumped with surprise.

"A fake?"

That's right. The Grid beaten up by Tiramet was Randy, not the real body. Grid fell from above Tiramet's head. It was the moment when Randy's new skill, after achieving level 200 in the Behen Archipelago, 'Change position with the copied target' was used to great effect.

"These people swapped...!"

"Kill!"

Puok!

"Kuaaaaak!"

Tiramet cried out with pain after Iyarugt's head was pierced. However, it was too much to say that Grid would win. Grid was still lacking mana and the cooldown of other skills hadn't come back in full.

Furthermore.

'What if I pour everything into it and he doesn't die?'

It was the worst. Then it would really be over.

'There is the possibility that the boss can't be defeated until certain conditions are met.'

Grid suggested to Yura.

"Let's run away."

But Yura's opinion was different. She felt relief when she realized that Grid was safe, and regained her cool head. She figured out a way to kill Tiramet with her brains.

"There is a wound where he was hit by a former Demon Slayer."

Why didn't the wound heal despite her overwhelming regenerative power? The answer was likely to be in the class called Demon Slayer.

"Maybe I'm the only one who can kill him."

It was a rational judgment. Someone clapped at her judgment. It was Sticks. He was watching the battle from outside the area and he grinned at Yura.

"It's the correct conclusion."

"You...?"

It was the first time that Yura had seen an elf. She was confused for a while and realized.

"Grid, did you manage to come here with his help?"

Grid nodded.

"That's right. The hidden sage, Sticks."

Sticks handed a small box to Yura.

"This is the gun that Alex used in his youth."

Alex. A former Demon Slayer and a man who was a close friend of Sticks. Grid, who was barely maintaining his composure, snapped out.

"You don't have any items that Pagma used in his youth?"

"No, I wasn't close to Pagma."

Sticks replied firmly. Grid thought it was unfair.

Damian, who had been staying in Reidan for a month.

He was having a lot of fun. Was he watching the construction process of the temple? That was secondary.

Lord Steim. It was a lot of fun to play with Grid's son.

"You already understand the principles to manifesting divine power. Lord isn't just a genius, but a super genius."

"Bubu!"

Lord nodded proudly as a warm ray of light poured out from his fingertips. It was a feeble light, but considering that he had only be

training for a month, Lord really was a genius. He understood whatever was taught, so Damian felt a sense of fulfillment.

“You can use divine power to protect your friends and easily deal with demonkin. For example, the vampires.”

Damian was intent on teaching Lord.

Kasim and the Silver Dragons assassins hiding in the darkness were guarding Lord's back.

Chapter 372

"You deceived me."

Randy, who copied Grid's appearance, was beaten to death. Tiramet nervously threw down the slime-like creature.

[Doppelganger Randy's health has fallen to 0.]

[Randy is forced to return to the pet inventory. You can't summon it for the next 24 hours.]

"You will pay with your lives."

Kwajak!

Tiramet broke the ground as he leapt. The speed at which he reached Grid's group, only Grid could react and cope. Yura was too low in level and Sticks' eyesight was low.

Chaaeng!

Grid blocked Tiramet's fists with the combined Failure and Iyarugt and was pushed back two steps. Grid had a unique strength stat among users, yet he was pushed back by the force.

Pakak!

Tiramet tilted her upper body and swung his fist at Grid's temple.

[You have suffered 9,975 damage.]

"Kuk...!"

Ku tang tang tang!

Grid groaned as his body threw back against a wall. Tiramet's basic attack was very difficult to deal with because it combined magic damage and physical damage, and also had changing features.

'This isn't good.'

Grid was filled with extreme tension. In the past, he might've fallen into a panic. However, it was a good opportunity for the current Grid to face strong opposition.

'Kraugel, you could've beaten this guy.'

Grid wanted to prove that he was one step closer to Kraugel. Grid rose with this thought. Then he immediately rushed towards Tiramet. Despite being wounded, his momentum didn't die.

"You bastard!"

Tiramet yelled as he received a nasty cut from Grid's Greatsword. It wasn't that he couldn't avoid it, but that he didn't. Tiramet grasped Grid's face with a large hand. The moment his fangs shone in a threatening manner.

"Magic Missile."

Peeng!

A white flash aimed accurately between Tiramet's two eyes, while the God Hands grabbed the shaking Tiramet. At the same time, blood rose from Tiramet's neck. Tiramet got a headache.

'How is he maintaining his concentration?'

His first attacks were in vain and now he was overwhelmed in battle, so why didn't he feel despair? This person had a different mentality from ordinary humans.

'So far, all the humans have felt despair and frustration after realizing that I'm an immortal being.'

Tiramet didn't like it. Tiramet's eyes shone red as he used magic to drive Grid on the defensive. Meanwhile, Yura was trying to grasp the function of the item.

[Alex's Magic Engineering Gun]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 215/215

* Pistol Mode

Attack Power: 419

Mana Purification Rate: +30%

* Rifle Mode

Attack Power: 914

Mana Purification Rate: -20%

Firing Speed: -50%

* Bayonet Mode

Attack Power: 705

Attack Speed: +10%

Stabbing Attack: +30%

* It is only possible to change modes once every 5 seconds.

A magic weapon made by the dwarven craftsman Milepeu, who taught Pagma before he became a legend.

Contains the essence of dwarf technology.

Conditions of Use: Demon Slayer

‘It’s great.’

The magic guns used by Yura only supported pistol mode. In addition, it was lacking when it came to attack power, and didn’t have the option to increase the speed at which mana was purified into bullets.

Sticks smiled as she checked Alex’s magic gun and shook.

“I have watched you closely. This gun can bring out your true strength.”

Yura had a question.

“Why are you giving me this gun without any conditions? Today is the first time we’ve met.”

"You are Grid's colleague."

Originally, a Demon Slayer had to visit the Behen Archipelago and reach the 25th island to obtain Alex's magic gun. It was a type of hidden quest. However, Yura skipped the intermediate process and got a reward just because she was Grid's colleague.

'It was you.'

Chaaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

Grid was having a bloody fight with Tiramet. Yura's eyes further deepened as she looked at him.

'He is a man like a fishnet.'

She couldn't escape from him. She never imagined that she would be so dependent on someone. Yura aimed at Tiramet's head and made a subtle smile.

Wiing-click.

[Alex's gun will switch to rifle mode.]

The blue barrel stretched out and Yura's mana was transferred into the gun.

"Extinction."

Peeng!

"...!"

Sticks' eyes shone as he watched Yura from the side. It was because the speed at which she refined mana into a bullet reminded him of Alex. Of course, he wouldn't be surprised if she was faster.

Kwa kwang!

"Kuaack!"

Tiramet's face half exploded while he was busy dealing with Grid

and the God Hands. Blood and flesh dripped down and his skull was revealed. It was an accurate shooting skill and great power.

Tiramet struggled with the pain. His hate-filled eyes gazed at Yura and Grid didn't miss this opportunity.

“Linked Kill.”

Puok!

Grid's greatsword accurately hit Tiramet's half-face. Tiramet couldn't even scream.

Puk puk puk!

Grid's greatsword kept targeting Tiramet's face. Unfortunately, two of them missed, but four strikes were successful. A critical popped up all four times, and the effect of the Holy Light Gloves was activated three times.

Grid had the momentum.

“Link!”

[Link has risen to level 6.]

[The power of Link will rise.]

Pit!

Pipipipipit!

Chaeeeeeng!

Tiramet was amazed. Despite the deadly injury, most of the swift sword strikes were blocked with both arms. But now his opponent wasn't just Grid. Focusing on Grid once again revealed a gap to Yura.

“Vindictive Sword.”

Shaaaah!

She used Extinction Bullet to approach Tiramet and then used an aura sword attack. The white flash in a straight line once again

caused great damage to Tiramet.

Grid was amazed.

‘It is very strong.’

Demon Slayer. It was a great demonstration of the passive and active skills that dealt additional damage to the demonkin. Yura’s level, stats and items were far below Grid’s, but she dealt 1.5 times more damage to Tiramet.

“Ugh!”

Tiramet was confused. It was absurd that one of Beriache’s nine direct descendants was on the defensive from two humans. It was a shock that was comparable to when he met Alex, 150 years ago.

‘First retreat...’

Pahat!

Tiramet’s body scattered into smoke as he forgot about his pride. He planned to retreat, but Grid and Yura didn’t allow him to.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave.”

[Wave has risen to level 5.]

[The power of Wave will rise.]

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Waves spread in all directions, slowing down Tiramet’s speed.

“Light of the End.”

Pepepeng!

Yura caused a golden explosion that shook the space.

“This... W-what is this...? Kuaaaaak!”

The overwhelming regenerative power of Tiramet was neutralized by the Demon Slayer. Tiramet started to disappear without recovering from his fatal injuries. His screams echoed in the area as he faded away.

[Vampire Viscount Tiramet is forced to sleep after exhausting all his powers.]

[1,325,810,470 experience has been acquired.]

[Tiremet's Belt has been acquired.]

[Tiremet's Shoulderguards has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Tiremet's strength is engraved on the Rune of Darkness.]

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Tiramet's Shoulderguards]

Rating: Unique

Defense: 95 Health: +3,000

* There is a low chance of nullifying physical attacks.

It is the favourite shoulderguards of the vampire viscount, Tiramet. Gives the wearer a high survival capacity.

User Restriction: Level 320 or higher.

Weight: 190

[Tiramet's Belt]

Rating: Epic (Growth)

* Reduce damage received by 10%.

* Stamina +100.

A belt that contains the unique magic power of Vampire Viscount Tiramet.

Weight: 13

[This item has a hidden function.]

[The information about Tiramet's Belt has been updated.]

* If this belt grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summon Vampire Viscount Tiramet.

‘Hah...’

Elfin Stone’s ring could summon Elfin Stone and Tiramet’s Belt could summon Tiramet. Assuming that all items with the unique mana was like this, it seemed that summoning the vampires would make them his subordinates.

‘It is a big hit.’

The thought of having big bosses like Elfin Stone and Tiramet as subordinates in the future was electrifying. Yura approached Grid and reached out.

“...Please.”

"Yes, of course."

She wanted the items to be distributed. Grid interpreted it that way and handed Tiramet’s Belt to Yura.

‘It is a bit disappointing.’

He wouldn’t have been able to raid Tiramet without Yura’s help. In addition, Yura’s growth was Overgeared’s growth, so it was natural and reasonable to distribute the items to her. But Yura didn’t take Tiramet’s belt.

"Not the items."

"...Then what?"

Grid felt puzzled, while Yura blushed and avoided his gaze.

"Hold my hand. As a token for my efforts."

Yura asked shyly. Grid was bewildered, but he shook her hand vigorously.

Sticks shook his head.

"Mama! Ma!"

Lord's sense of balance increased day by day and he started walking a week ago. He didn't fall until he reached his mother Irene. Irene was thrilled and hugged Lord.

"My son, you are the spitting image of your great father."

"Wow."

Ruby, who was staring at Lord from the side, was embarrassed. Her brother was someone who wore diapers until he was 5 years old. It was ridiculous that he would be compared to the super genius Lord.

But sometimes it was good for the truth to be buried. Ruby remained silent.

Chapter 373

'I haven't grown enough.'

Grid's total health in his blackened state was slightly less than 30,000. Tiramet could kill him in just 3~4 hits. But Grid had endured it. The attacks with a relatively easy orbit were directly blocked and avoided, while he relied on the God Hands and Randy for the attacks that were difficult to cope with.

Grid's self-evaluation of his control and ability to use items.

'There's still a long way to go.'

He wasn't satisfied. It was a fact that the enemies he would face in the future would continue to be strong.

'Is there a definitive way to become stronger? No matter how much control I develop, it's impossible to not get hit at all during a battle.'

What if he made an item that received hits?

'A simple example is a damage reflective item.'

Or, 'Armor with a black hole? I will drag the enemies that hit me to another dimension.' It was fun to imagine fanciful things. For Grid, imagination was a type of power.

Why?

'I have the Item Creation skill.'

There were many items in Satisfy that had functions that Grid didn't know yet. Grid's imagination meant he had infinite possibilities. Grid believed in his own potential and grasped the Rune of Darkness.

[Rune of Darkness]

Bound Item

It is permanently preserved in your inventory. Trading,

dropping, or destroying it is impossible.

-Usage Effect: Demonic power state will rise in exchange for its use.

* Normal attacks and skill attacks will deal an addition 20% dark damage.

Unique Lasting Effect: When dealing with named demonkin and demons, you can absorb unique attributes.

* Tiramet's Power: If your health drops below 10%, health will be restored to 30% in an instant. Cooldown Time: 12 hours.

‘My survivability is getting higher.’

Grid observed the Rune of Darkness and came up with one idea.

‘It would be ideal to be a pure tanker.’

There were many damage dealers in Overgeared, but few tankers. The only tankers to be relied on were Vantner and Toban.

‘If I become a tanker, the synergy with the guild will explode...’

He imagined himself armed with heavy armor and shields. Then he frowned.

‘...Then Pagma's Swordsmanship will be useless.’

Grid was someone with the strongest attack skills. It was a waste of talent to turn into a pure tanker. But when he thought about it more, it wasn't the case.

‘No, can't I swap between items?’

What if he had an offensive set and defensive set that could be swapped if necessary?

‘It would be easier to cope with a sudden situation like the Tiramet raid.’

The appearance of the concentrating Grid was mature and gentle. Yura's gem-like eyes were wet as she watched him.

"It's dirty."

"It's been a long time."

The east side of the first floor of the castle, where towering pillars spread out like a forest. The irritation of Pon and Vantner were soaring. They were angry at the tricks of Ran, the vampire baron who attacked through the darkness and the pillars.

"The terrain is too much of a disadvantage. I would rather break it all down."

Crunch.

Pon greatly twisted the arm holding the spear. His muscles swelled up as he gathered his strength.

"Crasher Spear."

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It destroyed everything in its path. It was a powerful attack that would even make the allies afraid. The spear cut from top to bottom, causing the towers to collapse. Then the shadow hiding behind the pillars came into view.

Vantner didn't miss this opportunity.

"Sun Guard!"

Fla~sh!

Vantner's shield shone like the sun and drove away the darkness. The light rays were so bright that it was reminiscent of a nightclub. Ran no longer had a place to hide and fired magic bullets at the two people.

"It isn't a big deal!"

The magic was laughable compared to Elfin Stone. Vantner blocked the magic bullets with his shield, while Pon flew through the dust and tried to aim his spear... But Vantner ran ahead and

interfered with Pon's path.

Kung!

“You damn pig!”

Pon staggered as he was hit by Vantner's massive body. Vantner also cried out.

“You idiot! There is a path in front of you. Why run towards me?”

“Why do I need to explain each reason individually? You ignorant bastard.”

Pon and Vantner growled at each other. Thanks to this, Ran passed the crisis and was able to escape through the pillars in the rear that hadn't yet collapsed.

‘I'm glad that their teamwork is a mess.’

Ran thought with relief and fired magic from behind a pillar.

Jiing.

Peng!

The red flash broke the ceiling and the falling debris restrained Pon and Vantner's actions. Ran moved back through the darkness and aimed sharp nails at Pon's neck.

Puok!

The blood red nails pierced a hole in Pon's neck.

“Puhaha! You were hit!”

Vantner laughed and taunted Pon. The journey of the two people was long and harsh.

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[A hidden function doesn't exist.]

Grid appraised Alex's gun. He was somewhat disappointed with the results and moved quickly with Yura, Sticks, and Bini.

"Over there is the closest."

Sticks borrowed the power of the earth and wind elementals to figure out where a battle was occurring. He also allowed Grid to enter the vampire city, so he was helpful in many ways.

'But he didn't give me an item...'

Yura got Alex's gun for free. Grid couldn't help feeling a bit jealous.

"... Eh?"

Grid moved through the door that Sticks indicated and made an absurd expression. It was the same for Yura who followed behind him. The reason?

"You useless octopus head!"

"I would've died earlier if I wasn't a tanker!"

"If you weren't there, the vampire baron would be killed!"

"..."

There was evidence of destruction through the room. There were still dozens of pillars left and Pon and Vantner were fighting each other. It was in front of the enemy.

"Hohohohut!"

"Kuk!"

"How rotten!"

Because they were grabbing each other's collars, Pon and Vantner weren't free. The two men allowed the female vampire to attack and retreat behind the pillars, causing Grid to feel anger.

"I won't say anything about the personal relationship between

the two of you. But...”

Step, step.

Grid moved and used Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Restraint. Ran, who was flying to the new target Grid like a moth to the fire, stopped in the air.

‘What?’

Ran’s body started sweating as Grid activated Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Pinnacle, then followed up with Kill.

"Kyaaak!"

Ran let out a terrible scream and rushed towards Pon and Vantner. She was released from Restraint and attempted to hide in the darkness, but Yura didn’t allow it.

"Purification Bullet."

Tatatang! Tang tang!

The bullets made from blue mana turned Ran’s body into a beehive.

“Linked Kill.”

Puok!

Puk puk puk!

Grid neatly finished it off.

[Vampire Baron Ran has been destroyed.]

[525,810,470 experience has been acquired.]

[Two Blessed Weapon Enhancement Stones have been acquired.]

[Seven weapon enhancement stones have been acquired.]

[Skillbook: Dark Fairy Tale has been acquired.]

Swaaah.

Blood poured out and a black smoke rose. In the meantime, Grid

sent a very sharp and intimidating look towards Pon and Vantner.

"In the future, fight in the appropriate time and place. Think about the pain that your colleagues are going through while you unnecessarily waste time here."

It wasn't an exaggeration. Grid ran here from the Behen Archipelago for his colleagues. He couldn't stand Pon and Vantner, who ignored their colleagues because of personal feelings.

"...I'm sorry."

"I will be careful in the future."

Pon and Vantner bowed and apologized. They understood the reason why Grid was angry and acknowledged their mistakes, and were also aware of Grid as their leader. Grid reached out to the two people who couldn't lift their heads. Was it an offer to shake hands so that they weren't too discouraged? Pon and Vantner interpreted Grid's gesture in this way.

"Lend me a spear."

"...?"

Grid made an unpredictable demand.

A large hall on the first floor of the castle. Faker was struggling in a place where chandeliers hung like ornaments.

Kuuong!

The vampire baron, Mountain. He wore unusually heavy armor and used a heavy weapon for a vampire. The ground shook every time he moved, threatening Faker's sense of balance.

Chaaeng!

Faker, whose posture collapsed and was slow to react, blocked the mace with his dagger. Faker used the recoil that occurred when the weapons collided to float in the air like a feather, while

Mountain reached out a hand.

“Blood Binding.”

Kwarururung!

Blood chains rose up and surrounded Faker’s body. But it was merely Faker’s clone.

Peeng!

The chains exploded and the remnants of Faker’s clone filled the air.

Suuk.

Faker took advantage of the swiftness of his class and appeared behind Mountain. He swung at Mountain’s thick neck. Faker aimed precisely at the gap in the armor joints.

Puk!

Puk puk!

As the number of hits increase, the damage built up. The blow, that caused a deadly blow to Elfin Stone, pierced Mountain’s neck in succession. No emotions appeared in Faker’s eyes as blood soaked his face.

“You rat bastard..!”

Mountain shook from the shock and released magic power in every direction. Thanks to that, Faker flew back. A large axe flew at him as he tried to regain his balance in the air.

‘I have to allow this.’

If he used ‘Flash’ here, his mana and skills linkage would become twisted. It happened when Faker was preparing for the shock.

“Spear Shot.”

Kurururu!

Peeng!

A silver-white spear flew from the entrance and penetrated Mountain's head. Thanks to that, Faker was able to avoid the large axe whose orbit was changed, and he moved his face towards the entrance.

"Thank you, Pon... Grid?"

He never imagined that Grid would be the person who saved him. Grid waved at Faker, who had a rare look of shock in his eyes.

"To be driven on the defensive, isn't this too bad?"

Faker was someone who was often beside Grid. He was reminded of this and shrugged at Grid.

"...But with you, I can be extraordinary."

It was a signal.

"These damn humans!"

Mountain's aggro shifted to Grid and Grid handled it as always. Thanks to him blocking Mountain, Faker could move like he had wings on his back. Once Vantner and Yura stepped in, Mountain quickly became scarred.

"My spear. My spear..."

Pon was busy reclaiming his spear.

Chapter 374

[Vampire Baron Mountain has been destroyed.]

[211,555,002 experience has been acquired.]

[Three Blessed Armor Enhancement Stones have been acquired.]

[Nine armor enhancement stones have been acquired.]

[Skillbook: Skin Enhancement has been acquired.]

A vampire baron. A semi-boss grade monster that could be raided in 10~15 minutes when five of the Overgeared elites were gathered together. But once the power of Grid and Yura were added, the raid speed was shortened by at least three times.

“Catching a semi-boss monster in 5 minutes...”

“...”

The power of Grid and Yura was so good that it made Pon, Vantner, and Faker lose their words. They knew from the beginning that Grid had the trinity of stats, items, and class, but Yura’s growth was astonishing and dazzling.

“It’s the power of my class and items.”

Yura explained briefly and clearly. She was also becoming overgeared.

A corridor to the north on the castle’s first floor. Jishuka and Zednos were isolated in the middle with enemies on both sides. It was the aftermath of the teleportation trap that Regas stepped on.

“Multi Shot.”

“Wind Wave.”

Jishuka blocked the vampires in the right corridor, while Zednos blocked the ones in the left corridor. Arrows and magic poured out and slowed down the vampires’ momentum. But of course, there

was a limit. The number of vampires was endless, so Jishuka and Zednos' mana gradually depleted.

“The respawn speed is ridiculous.”

"We're really isolated in the worst place."

Their stamina fell to a dangerous level. Jishuka and Zednos were covered with sweat and breathing roughly.

Peeng!

Pepeng!

The vampires took advantage of it with their magic. One of the blood shots flew through the gap and hit Jishuka's shoulder.

“Jishuka!”

Jishuka's form collapsed as she was loading a new arrow, Zednos was shocked and dozens of vampires approached the two.

“Wind Cutter! Wind Missile!”

Zednos started to go on a rampage. He only thought about protecting Jishuka, so he cast magic without considering his mana. Thanks to that, they could pass the immediate crisis.

[You have no mana.]

[Your mana potion cooldown time hasn't returned.]

“This...!”

Zednos' face turned white. Then Jishuka's voice was heard.

"Bow down."

Zednos didn't delay. He thoroughly trusted Jishuka and immediately followed her words.

“Phoenix Arrow.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

A giant fire bird flew over Zednos' head and turned one of the corridors into fire. Over 50 vampires were swept away and Jishuka

urged.

“Use this gap to escape.”

Zednos didn't easily move.

“What are you doing?”

“What? I'm buying time while you run away.”

Jishuka stood up to secure Zednos' retreat. Despite her noticeable slowed speed after Phoenix Arrow, she stood up to the vampires approaching from the other corridor. The arrows fired from her hand precisely penetrated the vampires.

The mithril arrows and silver arrows dealt additional damage to the vampires, but Jishuka was already exhausted. The vampires were shot in the head, but continued to move forward to hit Jishuka.

“J-Jishuka.”

Why aren't you leaving? Shouldn't you go and join our colleagues?”

“...I understand.”

Jishuka had opened a path, but it was unknown when new vampires would appear. Zednos didn't want Jishuka's sacrifice to be in vain and was about to leave.

“Jishuka, avoid it.”

Sururuk.

Between Jishuka and Zednos. Someone suddenly appeared in a place where nothing had been present. It was Grid who was wearing a white hooded zip up.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcended Link.”

Pepepepeng!

As the blue-black energy blades shot out, dozens of vampires in the corridor facing Jishuka disappeared. New vampires appeared

straight afterwards, but the respawn rate couldn't hold up against the overwhelming attack power of Grid.

“Grid!”

Jishuka, who was saved by Grid at the moment of crisis, felt thrilled and hugged Grid. Her sweaty skin and something big gave a huge stimulus to Grid.

‘Ga... Ganadaramabasa...’

It was a soft and supple feeling. Grid's nose was affected by the excitement. Yura, who belatedly arrived, witnessed his appearance and looked down at her chest.

‘I'm not small either.’

It was significantly larger than the average size of Korean women, but Grid's taste was too unrealistic.

Regas had an overwhelming combat sense, Peak Sword had a sword that was hard to read and cope with, Toon could transform into all types of beasts and demonstrated effective combat power, Ibellin's talents weren't fully developed yet, but he was recognized as a genius by Piaro, Toban was the 1st ranked paladin that acted as a poison to vampires, and Huroi was the 1st ranked orator.

This combination showed the strongest combat power. Regas and Toon acted behind Huroi and Toban, who attracted the enemy's gaze. Peak Sword and Ibellin struck through any gaps, so the three vampire barons didn't last long.

[A strength elixir has been acquired.]

“Wow.”

“Wow, amazing.”

It had been two months since Overgeared started exploring the vampire cities. They had hunted tens of thousands of vampires so far, but not one elixir had dropped. The party were thrilled by the

unexpected benefit and then realized.

"There's no time to be idle. Let's go save our colleagues."

The vampire expedition was strong. But without Toban and Huroi, the stability of the party would fall. Peak Sword knew this point and urged the party. At this moment...

"How have you been?"

Grid. Their boss came.

"Damn Regas, I had to suffer because of you."

"Please never go in front again."

"...I'm sorry."

Pon and Vantner scolded Regas. Regas' behavior put his colleagues at risk, so he was deserving of criticism.

"I will be careful about becoming too excited."

Regas regretted his mistake and showed repentance. Pon and Vantner closed their mouths with satisfaction, and Jishuka asked Grid.

"How did you get here?"

A vampire city's entrance was blocked after someone entered. It meant it was impossible to enter the city while the dungeon raid was going on.

Grid explained, "This is his power."

Everybody looked at Sticks. Elves, the noble race that was called the incarnation of beauty and who fought for the pace of the world. Among them, the well known high elf Sticks introduced himself to everyone.

"Hello, I am Sticks. I owe Grid my life."

'Another named NPC...'

Grid's network expanded every day, causing the Overgeared members to feel surprised. It was an unique ability to become friendly with named NPCs. Grid suggested to the excited and happy guild members.

"Let's leave here. If we borrow Sticks' power, we can escape from this place."

"What?"

The Overgeared members were alarmed.

"Grid, is it okay to leave when we can capture this place?"

"The 1st floor has been cleared, so why do we have to run away?"

Some of the party members weren't convinced.

"I'm in favor at Grid's suggestion. There are many baron grade vampires on the 1st floor. In the worst case scenario, the 2nd floor might be filled with viscounts."

"The 1st floor's boss was a viscount called Tiramet. It is likely that marquis grade vampires will emerge on the 2nd and 3rd floor."

"In the worst case, Marie Rose might appear and I don't think we can go against her with our strength."

There were some members who agreed with Grid. It was those who had fallen into danger and needed to be rescued by Grid. In this bad atmosphere, Grid gave them a meaningful smile.

"Let's do special training."

"Special training?"

"There is a place called the Behen Archipelago. The entry is limited to one person, but since it's an instant dungeon, you can enter separately and proceed at the same time."

What was the Behen Archipelago and what could they get from there? Grid started to explain what he had experienced. The faces

of the Overgeared members turned rosy as they listened to the story.

The Sword Grave.

Hundreds of thousands of weapons were embedded in the hill, and it was known as the place where the legendary blacksmith Pagma spent his last years. But Agnus' reason for finding it was unrelated to Pagma.

The legendary magician Braham. It was to secure his body.

"I don't know."

He heard that there was an ice wall somewhere in the Sword Grave, and Braham's body was sealed there. But despite searching for nearly a month, Agnus couldn't find any ice walls.

"At that time, I should've secured the soul."

One month ago. Agnus had encountered Braham's soul here, but missed it. He still trembled when he thought about that time.

"I didn't think his soul could use magic."

Takak.

Takak takak!

As Agnus leaned back against a greatsword, hundreds of his summoned skeletons were thoroughly searching the hill. They touched the swords embedded in the hill, searched the ground and tried to find Braham's body. However, finding the body was impossible.

"...I can't stay here forever."

Fortunately, there were a lot of monsters in the vicinity so his level up speed didn't lag behind. But due to staying in one place for one month, his various quests didn't progress. In the end, Agnus confirmed the Rune of Death.

[Rune of Death]

Bound Item

It is permanently preserved in your inventory. Trading, dropping or destroying it is impossible.

-Usage Effect: Increases the abilities of your summons in exchange for some leadership stats.

* There is a 20% increase in the stats of all summons.

Unique Lasting Effect: When you take the body of a named person or monster and make it your own, you can absorb their unique characteristics.

* Blue Knight's Faith: Creates a shield that absorbs 10,000 damage. Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

* Bentao's Talisman: Exchange your health with the target's health. Cooldown Time: 12 hours.

* Tarant's Swordsmanship: The Advanced Sword Mastery skill is created. You can use 'Bloodless' when wearing a sword type weapon. It is a unique and lasting effect.

* Mumud's Knowledge: Magic casting speed will increase by 15%. Mana regeneration rate will increase by 30%. It is a unique and lasting effect.

If it went as originally planned, Braham's trait should also belong to the Rune of Death.

'I wanted a legendary lich.'

Agnus sent a whisper to Veradin.

-Where is the nest of the great demon, Furfu?

Time was equal to everyone. As Grid and the Overgeared Guild were growing, the other players were equally growing.

Chapter 375

The influence of the 1st National Competition was enormous. The average worldwide ratings surpassed 63%, overwhelming the audience of existing competitions like the Olympics and the World Cup.

It was a natural phenomenon. The number of people who played Satisfy or engaged in Satisfy related businesses was in the billions.

"I read an article about the economic effects of the National Competition."

S.A. Group's director of operations, Yoon Sangmin. He was directly facing Shin Youngwoo, one of the busiest people in the world.

"The S.A. Group really appreciates the possibility of developing the National Competition. We want to broaden the influence of the National Competition every year, and have decided to make a biggest investment."

Cafe XX in Geumcheon-gu.

Shin Youngwoo drank coffee while listening to the story and Yoon Sangmin smiled confidently at him.

"We will be offering unparalleled benefits to the participants of the National Competition compared to last year."

In other words.

"You want to convince me, Shin Youngwoo, to participate in the 2nd National Competition." Youngwoo opened his mouth for the first time. "Please persuade me."

He finally showed some interest. Yoon Sangmin was relieved and started the briefing.

"It's simple. We will increase the value of each medal."

The value of the medals wasn't high in the 1st National

Competition. The governments just paid the medalists a prize money.

"But from the 2nd National Competition onwards, the S.A. Group will also give a reward. We will give special items to the medalists."

"What is the performance of the items?"

Grid didn't have high expectations. He thought it would be an epic~ unique rated accessory. But Yoon Sangmin's reply was unbelievable.

"Since Pagma's Descendant is in the blacksmith category... You will be able to acquire the god mineral adamantium. The more high value medals you get, the more adamantium you can obtain."

"!!!!"

Grid's eyes widened. Adamantium! As the best mineral in the world, it didn't have a will, but its performance was comparable to pavranium. Adamantium was also the material of the Holy Light Set, which Pagma had produced in the past.

'I'm not sure how to obtain it.'

As long as he could secure adamantium, he would be able to design more diverse and powerful items. It was a reward that he couldn't miss. Yoon Sangmin watched Shin Youngwoo shake and gave a meaningful smile.

'A small provocation is needed.'

Yoon Sangmin had been observing Shin Youngwoo for almost a year. He knew how to handle Shin Youngwoo.

"Of course, gaining medals won't be an easy task. The 2nd National Competition is a lot different from the 1st National Competition. It is virtually impossible for South Korea, a country weak in Satisfy, to aim for a medal."

" ... "

Shin Youngwoo's eyes turned cold.

Himself, Yura, and Peak Sword. The strongest members of Overgeared were gathered in South Korea, yet it was still classified as weak? He couldn't tolerate it. Rather than patriotism, his self-esteem as leader of Overgeared was stimulated.

The Shin Youngwoo of the past would've declared that he would participate in the 2nd National Competition right now. But.

'There is a reason why I didn't put my name on the participants list until the last moment.'

In the 1st National Competition, Shin Youngwoo won three gold medals and placed South Korea third in the overall rankings. The world was paying attention to what he would do in the 2nd National Competition. In other words, Shin Youngwoo was a 'symbol' of the National Competition.

'Laue! gave me advice.'

Ask to be treated as a symbol. South Korea and the S.A. Group would do their best to contact him, so please stand firmly.

"Director Yoon, let's clean this up."

"...?"

Shin Youngwoo's expression and tone were completely calm, unlike what he expected. Yoon Sangmin felt surprised, but he was a talented person who became a big business executive at a young age. He didn't reveal his psychological state.

"Speak."

Director Yoon Sangmin said with a smile.

"Give permission for the Overgeared Guild to do the opening for the National Competition."

Shin Youngwoo made a ridiculous demand. He wanted them to hand over the opening of the event, which would be watched by billions of people, to specific users? This was going too far! If Shin

Youngwoo was an ordinary ranker, Yoon Sangmin would've scoffed and left.

But Shin Youngwoo was a person whose personality and intelligence developed through Satisfy. Shin Youngwoo was a good example of Satisfy, so Yoon Sangmin listened to him.

"What's the reason for your absurd request?"

"Guild promotion."

"Huh? Guild promotion?"

He was going to use the opening that billions of people would watch in order to promote the guild?

"Doesn't Overgeared already have a reputation as one of the best guilds? I don't think you need marketing."

"The issue is that we are one of the best guilds. Overgeared should be a unique and exclusive guild."

Right now, Shin Youngwoo was representing Lael's opinion. In Satisfy, the ultimate content was to have a kingdom.

In the first place, Overgeared was an organization designed to make Youngwoo king. In order to build and defend a kingdom, they needed to have strong national power. And in order to advance, they needed to prevent the invasion of foreign powers.

There were many forces beside the seven guilds that could threaten them. The opening of the National Competition was a means to show off the majesty of Overgeared and to deter the ambitions of others.

Lael was hovering around Youngwoo's head. Was this being too serious towards a game? This question was funny. Satisfy was a huge 'cash' game. If he set up a kingdom, he could accumulate wealth beyond imagination. It was natural to be serious.

'Soccer players and basketball players, sports which are less popular than Satisfy, are earning hundreds of billions of won a

year.'

It was reasonable for Satisfy players to sit on a pile of money.

The opening of the 2nd National Competition was to provide a spectacular sight.

Against the backdrop of Paris, France, seven players representing each country formed a group and acted out a specific situation. The overwhelming CG and story stimulated the people of the world, while the world's best rock band celebrated their 30th anniversary by singing the opening song.

The opening that S.A. Group's marketing team planned. It was cancelled.

S.A. Group's executives. Several dozens executives gathered together with Chairman Lim Cheolho.

"The opening that Grid proposed isn't bad."

"In the first place, the opening that our marketing team produced was vague when it came to the order of appearance for each country."

It was because the venue was Paris, so the French team should be the opening. However, the United States was ranked 1st in the 1st National Competition.

"The order of the appearance of Grid, who won three gold medals with his own strength, was also vague."

However, Grid's opening was different. Rather than emphasizing the nationality of the National Competition, the focus was on individual traits and Grid could clearly be called the symbol of the National Competition.

Of course, the intentions were impure. Of the 224 National Competition participants, 43 of them belonged to Overgeared. Those people would do the opening with Grid. It was like a

promotional video for Overgeared.

There was resistance.

“There are already rumors that our group is supporting the Korean rankers like Grid and Yura. This will just give the media around the world an excuse to latch onto.”

“The purpose of the National Competition is to turn Satisfy into a sport. The aim is to encourage the people of each country to immerse themselves in the game while cheering on their teams. We should focus on the countries, rather than individuals.”

There was a debate. But it eventually tilted to one side. It was due to Yoon Sangmin's remark.

“Grid has declared that he won't participate in the National Competition unless he's given the right to direct the opening.”

He played a dominant role in the 1st National Competition and later on in Satisfy, the main character who constantly raised a topic. If the best star of Satisfy didn't participate in the National Competition, it was inevitable that the popularity would drop.

"It's a problem that we can afford. Whether or not Grid participates in the National Competition, the average audience rating is likely to be no different from last year.”

Nevertheless, there was a separate reason for Yoon Sangmin and some executives to stick to Grid.

“But the story changes with Kraugel.”

The 1st ranked Kraugel. His popularity was higher than Grid, and he had the title of sky above the sky. His fans were at the level of fanatics. Unfortunately, he never once made a public appearance.

However.

“If Grid competes in the National Competition, Kraugel will also participate.”

Humans with the word ‘best’ attached to them had something in

common. Their pride was huge. Kraugel wanted to face Grid on the world stage of the National Competition.

“If Kraugel participates in the National Competition, the power of the 2nd National Competition will overwhelm the first one.”

“...”

There wasn't a single executive who denied Yoon Sangmin's words.

It was decided.

『 The 2nd National Competition will take place in 43 days! Kraugel, Grid, Zibal, and Chris will be participating, as well as many more countries than the 1st National Competition'... 』

『 A total of 32 countries are participating in the 2nd National Competition, and the events are open to the public. Compared with the 1st National Competition... 』

『 Today, when the 2nd National Competition is 42 days away, the opening video was released through the Internet and worldwide broadcasters! 』

『 The opening video, which is causing hot repercussions through the public, is well received because it expresses the characteristics of each player representing the countries. But at the same time, it is also being criticized. 』

『 The title is called the National Competition, yet it is more focused on the participants than the countries. But... 』

『 This brilliant video that lasts 4 minutes and 31 seconds is enough to make everyone's heart beat faster. 』

♪-

It started with the thrilling performance of the rock band, which had been popular for 30 years.

Syuong~

A red meteor flew across the dark blue sky.

Peeng!

The camera shook with distant explosions.

Ssik.

A black haired and white skinned man filled the screen. It was Grid's Blackening state. The camera rapidly rotated around him, revealing the members of Overgeared. The viewers cheered as Yura and Jishuka, dressed more beautifully than ever, appeared behind Grid's shoulders.

After that, it showed players from various countries, including Zibal and Chris. Before they knew it, the camera reached someone staring up at the red comet. The man had a neat beauty that couldn't be believed, the sky above the sky, Kraugel.

The lone Kraugel and Grid, with 42 colleagues, exchanged a glance.

Chapter 376

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

A haze spread around Grid’s body and there was a faint light as he started a sword dance. The first legendary class in Satisfy demonstrated absolute dominance.

“Transcended Link.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

20 red-black energy blades filled with strength flooded towards Kraugel. The sight caused the billions of people watching the video to hold their breath.

Sururuk.

Kraugel avoided them with minimal movements, neared Grid, and his white sword moved in a curved line.

Chaaeng!

Grid defended like he was waiting for it. The camera shook as the two swords hit each other. Then it changed to a black and white screen with 2XX3.10.27 on it. It was the opening video that announced the date and time of the 2nd National Competition.

-Great.

-It’s cool, really cool.

-The opening of a game should taste like this.

-Something is bubbling up inside me. It’s much cooler than the Demon Hero movies.

-Everybody has different tastes ^^ . I prefer the Demon Hero movies.

The public’s interest in the opening video of the 2nd National Competition was hot. Among them, the Korean people were enthusiastic about the existence of Yura and Peak Sword.

-Yura and Peak Sword are in position with the Overgeared members.

-When did they join Overgeared?

-There is continuous breaking news.

-Wow... I never imagined that Yura and Peak Sword would join Overgeared. Grid's forces seem truly unique.

-It is likely that there are eight main guilds in Satisfy now, not seven. The existing seven guilds and Overgeared.

-Isn't Peak Sword the master of the Silver Knights? Did the Silver knights merge with Overgeared?

-It's likely.

-We can think of Overgeared as a Korean guild. Their master is Korean and most of the guild members are Korean.

-Kya ! Do you know Overgeared?

-Hah... Yura and Jishuka are really pretty. I will have no other wishes in my life if I can meet them once once.

-No, it's absurd to get both of them —— Choose one of the two——

-He's even a couple in the game with Irene. Ah, I'm so envious.

-People can get everything if they are successful in their field. I will try my best when it comes to writing comments on the Internet as well. ^^

-Then I guess I only have Satisfy from now on. I will be like Grid and buy an 800 million won car.

-I've been only playing Satisfy since it opened, but I'm still level 250 ㄹㄹㄹ. I can't be Grid.

-Fun. The users with levels above 250 should comment here.

The dignity of Grid and Overgeared were clearly communicated to the Korean people. It was Lael's intention. However, contrary

to Lauel's intentions, the people of other countries were concentrating on something else.

-Wow... Kraugel will participate in the competition.

-Yes. I thought he would stick to the mysterious concept for the rest of his life.

-It isn't a mysterious concept. He just focuses on levelling up to the end.

-I wonder why Kraugel is participating in the tournament?

-Of course, he must covet the prizes.

-Now that Grid's reputation is growing to a level that can threaten him, his pride means he has come to show the difference in skill.

-Indeed... Kraugel is in a different class.

-What are you saying — Grid has shown many times what he can achieve, their classes are too different.

-What nonsense. Don't you see how easily Kraugel avoided Grid's skill? Kraugel is a wall. I don't mean to ignore Grid, but Kraugel is too great.

-What are you saying? How do you know Kraugel managed to avoid Grid's skill? You can't distinguish between reality and directing.

-You don't believe Kraugel's skills? In the old days, rankers shot videos of Kraugel hunting and his control ability exceeded common sense. Search on Mytube.

-Ah, that video... It had over a billion hits.

"Shit."

Lauel's face distorted as he confirmed the public's reaction. Public interest was focused on Grid and Kraugel, not Grid and Overgeared, so his initial intention to maximize the existence of

Overgeared was broken. He was upset.

‘It is because of Kraugel.’

He wondered why the S.A. Group listened to their request, but it was because there was this motivation behind it.

‘This is bad.’

The opening was a secondary problem. Lael planned to impress the public with the Overgeared Guild by having the members win a medal in each event. Now he might miss it due to the variable called Kraugel.

‘Considering Kraugel’s inclinations, he is likely to participate in PvP, raid, and the siege.’

The gold medals in the three most popular events in the National Competition were very valuable. However, as long as Kraugel existed, it was realistic for the Overgeared members to give up on the gold medal.

‘...No, not if it’s Grid.’

According to Grid, the reason he could win against Kraugel was because Kraugel wasn’t in a perfect condition. But Lael believed.

‘The sky isn’t untouchable.’

Snow, rain, thunder, and typhoons would pour down, but the sky wouldn’t fall. Lael knew that Kraugel shouldn’t have been knocked down, even if he was in an imperfect condition. Grid being able to break down the sky, it wasn’t a coincidence or a miracle...

‘It is skills.’

Kwack!

Lael clenched his fists and started to write a letter to someone. He was someone who always tried to change the worst crisis into an opportunity.

‘Genius at fighting’ Hao.

The millions of Chinese people were thrilled and enthusiastic when he expressed his intention to participate in the 2nd National Competition, since he didn’t participate in the first one. They expected to see China ranked first in the National Competition.

However, Hao was different.

‘...Kraugel.’

His only object of reverence.

‘I didn’t think you would participate in this tournament.’

Hao’s expression was already tense and sweat was trickling down.

‘Can I play an active role against Kraugel?’

No. Hao was sure of it. He would never be able to reach the faraway sky that was Kraugel. Then a homing pigeon flew towards him. The sender was Lauel. The chief of staff of Overgeared wrote the letter.

[You didn’t accept my friend request, so I can’t send you a whisper. Thus, I had to send a letter.

You are the first person to not accept the best of the 10 Rookies and the brains of Overgeared’s request.

This provocative attitude stimulated the other soul in my heart...]

Omitted.

Hao quickly skimmed down the nonsense and found the main point.

[Do you remember the promise that you made in the past? If my lord, Grid, breaks down the sky and becomes a new sky, you will spread your wings and fly into Grid’s arms.]

" ... "

Hao distinctly remembered it. The seven guilds failed to invade Reidan because they were crushed by farmers, and Hao was forced to retreat. Hao received an offer to serve Grid in exchange for his life.

At that time, Hao said that the only thing to hold a dragon was a sky, and of course, that sky was Kraugel. Grid would break Kraugel?

"It's impossible."

Kwajak!

Hao crumpled up the letter. He acknowledged Grid's skills. Grid had appropriate control and exceptional items. The current Grid was one of the top rankers. But he was nothing compared to Kraugel.

'Someone who can't overcome me won't be able to beat Kraugel.'

The more he thought about it, the more absurd it was. Hao's chest burned hot when he thought about Kraugel.

'It would be good to make them understand their target.'

Overgeared Guild. He would let them know that the world was very narrow. Hao's golden eyes became determined to prove it.

Grid and the Overgeared members escaped from the 9th vampire city with the help of Sage Sticks. They had a busy day with various media interviews and filming the opening video of the National Competition. Now they gathered in Reidan after a long time.

"Ba! Baba!"

"Heok."

Lord toddled forward and greeted them. Grid was moved to tears by the appearance of his big son.

“Is he calling me papa? Didn't you hear?”

It was exciting for Grid, but the other Overgeared members didn't show much reaction. It was because...

“Ba! Bababa!”

Lord used the same title for all the Overgeared members, not just Grid!

“Heok... Surely you haven't forgotten your dad after not meeting for so long?”

Grid turned blue with shock. Lord turned his gaze away from the one who couldn't hide his sadness and smiled meaningfully. Kasim watched him in the darkness and shook.

‘A little baby is already teasing an adult...’

“What?”

Grid shared the joy of a reunion with Irene and left the bedroom. He observed the sleeping Lord with the Great Lord's Sword and was astonished.

Name: Lord Steim

Age: 0 years Gender: Male

Occupation: Young Nobleman

Title: Grid's Son

* The son of a legendary blacksmith. He has inherited most of his father's abilities.

Title: Genius of the Continent

* A genius that represents one continent. He overwhelms national geniuses, and his level and abilities will rise 60% faster than normal. In addition, he can acquire skills in a wide range of fields.

However, there is a limit to the level and abilities that can be raised until he is 15 years old.

Title: One who Will Become a Legend

A person who will leave his name in history. There is an 80% chance of being immune to all status effects and illnesses. When attacked, if his health falls to 1 point, he will enter the immortal state for 2.5 seconds.

Level: 3

Strength: 40 Stamina: 45

Agility: 54 Intelligence: 47

Dexterity: 90 Charm: 100

Dignity: 17 Insight: 80

Skills: Beginner Blacksmith Skill (F), Beginner Weapons Mastery (C), Daluka's Methods (A+) Discerning Eyes (S), Overwhelming Charm (S), Lantier's Method (SS), Famous and Legendary Pedigree (SS).

His mother is the successor of a noble family in the Eternal Kingdom and his father is a legend.

He has inherited all of his parent's strengths, so his potential is outstanding. Teaching him will be inspiring.

However, his talent and environment are so good that he is likely to become arrogant. Education will determine his history.

‘There is a title change and two more skills?’

According to Irene, Lord had received constant discipline during the month when Grid was away. It wasn't surprising that his level and stats rose slightly. But why did ‘Genius of Eternal’ change to ‘Genius of the Continent?’

It meant an increase in potential. There must've been a reason.

‘What on earth happened?’

Daluka's Methods and Lantier's Methods. He was also nervous about the high ratings of the newly acquired skills. In particular, Lantier's Methods was a huge SS grade, meaning it was a legendary skill.

‘Who is the discipline teacher...?’

How was he teaching to make a monster like this? This was completely...

‘A profit.’

Grid sent a whisper to Rabbit, telling him to raise the discipline teacher's salary. Thanks to this, the wages of the discipline teacher rose from the minimum wage by 1 silver.

Chapter 377

At the time of the National Competition's opening video shoot.

A total of 224 players from 32 countries gathered in France, where the S.A. Group had created a temporary server. They were the top performers that represented each country and Satisfy. The most prominent person among them was the 1st ranked Kraugel.

"Wow, being able to see Kraugel in real life, I am really rewarded for being a ranker."

"He's surprisingly young. He isn't even 30 years old and is already at the peak of two billion users..."

"I've been a fan of Kraugel for a long time. Can we bribe him to enter our guild?"

"If he was easily bribed, he would've already joined a group. Most of us here are probably fans of Kraugel."

Kraugel's greatness was better known by the rankers than anyone else. The higher the level, the harder it was to raise the level, so rankers could experience it more than ordinary users. For the rankers, Kraugel was a transcendent being who was beyond the realm of a genius.

Buzz buzz.

Like children who had never seen a celebrity, the rankers kept their eyes on Kraugel and made a fuss. Most of them wanted to speak to Kraugel. However, no one dared to approach Kraugel. They just gazed at the distant sky.

It was the same with Zibal.

'I am shrinking back...'

Zibal. He was the leader of the Snake Guild and 2nd on the unified rankings. He had failed against Overgeared, but there were few people who could deny that he was one of the best in the

world. Yet even he flinched in front of Kraugel.

In the midst of this awkward atmosphere.

“Hello.”

Someone reached out to say hello to Kraugel. It was Grid. The rankers laughed at him.

‘The Overgeared Guild is trying to cling to Kraugel.’

‘He will be despised by Kraugel.’

The rankers didn’t know about the relationship between Grid and Kraugel. They thought that Kraugel would show contempt to Grid, who would become ashamed. But they were wrong. Surprisingly, Kraugel welcomed Grid. It seemed like the two men already knew each other.

“It has been a while.”

“Have you been well? I saw the rankings list. You’ve widened the gap with the 2nd place?”

“This is all thanks to you. The performance of White Fang has been upgraded, increasing the efficiency of hunting and raids. Thank you.”

“I ought to be thanking you. Thanks to you, I was able to visit the Behen Archipelago and grow.”

“Were you able to reach the 30th island?”

The 30th island. The trials of the past were reproduced, causing Kraugel to be eliminated. Then Grid gave a shocking answer.

“I’ve just arrived at the 40th island.”

“ ... ”

Kraugel’s expression stiffened. He acknowledged Grid’s abilities to reach an area before him, but this frankly exceeded expectations. He felt like he had been hit in the back of the head with a hammer. But it was a positive stimulus.

"It's the first time I'm worse than anyone else."

Interesting. Existences that could drive him forward, how many were there?

Grid smiled meaningfully and told Kraugel the truth, "I didn't set a high record because I'm better than you. The trials of the Behen Archipelago are just suited for me."

"You don't need to be humble."

Grid and Kraugel suddenly stopped talking while walking next to each other. It was because they felt the others following them.

"There are many ears listening. Tell me the details next time."

"Wait."

Grid called out as Kruugel was saying goodbye to him. He declared with a provocative gaze.

"Have you seen the plan for the opening? The last scene ends with me attacking you. I will do my best, so be careful not to die."

He was curious. As his skills grew, who would prevail between him and Kraugel? Grid's eyes blazed with determination and Kraugel nodded.

"I'm looking forward to it."

And on this day.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcended Link."

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

One of Grid's ultimate skills, Transcended Link was avoided by Kraugel. There was exactly 20 of them. It wasn't frustration that Grid felt.

'I still have a long way to go.'

He had to keep growing. Grid was full of motivation, while Kraugel felt admiration.

‘The orbit is sharper.’

During the spar that occurred two months ago in Satisfy time, the Transcended Link sent by Grid hadn’t given Kraugel any sense of threat. It aimed in a straight line towards the target, making it easy for Kraugel to read and avoid.

But this Transcended Link was different. The orbit wasn’t in a straight line, with different directions mixed together. If the orbit became even more irregular...

‘It will be very interesting.’

Among the players, the only ones who could provoke him were the malicious ones. A prime example was Agnus. But Grid was different. It was really positive that he met someone with pure intentions. The more time he spent with Grid, the more convinced he was that he would develop further.

‘Also.’

He couldn’t easily overlook the fact that Grid was ahead of him in the Behen Archipelago.

Chaaeng!

Kraugel swung White Fang at Grid, who blocked it. This verified Kraugel’s determination.

‘I also need a new challenge.’

He would keep developing until the National Competition began. He promised himself as he received a signal stating that the filming was over.

“Kraugel, it is nice to meet you. I am the 2nd ranked Zibal and I’m just below you on the rankings.”

Zibal approached and held out a hand to shake. He thought that Kraugel would accept his greeting after talking so nicely with Grid. Kraugel sent him a sorry look.

“My mother is calling.”

“...?”

In front of more than 200 rankers and 100 S.A. Group officials.

Pahat!

Kraugel refused to shake hands with Zibal and logged out.

“Pfff!”

Zibal’s face became hot as Chris started to laugh.

A shabby housing complex on the outskirts of Moscow, Russia. One of the crumbling houses was Kraugel’s residence.

Kraugel.

He was a Koryoin (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Koryo-saram>) who grew up in poverty.

Due to this, he was the target of prejudice and discrimination, suffering many crises in his life. But thanks to the teachings of his kind and wise mother, he didn’t give up and was able to enter a prestigious university, eventually getting a good job.

She was a gigantic existence and he could never pay back what she had done for him. Recently, his mother had become thinner.

Pipipipipi!

The emergency light installed on the capsule started flashing. As soon as he heard it, Kraugel logged out of the game and left the capsule. The place he headed was his mother’s bedroom. She had an incurable disease that couldn’t be cured with modern medicine, Alzheimer’s.

He tried to invite the world’s best medical staff with the money he earned, but his mother’s condition didn’t improve.

"My son! Where is my son?"

His mother gazed at Kraugel with a mad look. She threw things around her in a rage, until Kraugel hugged her.

"Don't worry, calm down. You will be able to meet your son soon."

Kraugel never smiled. In order to cure his mother's illness, he quit his job and devoted himself to Satisfy, never giving up. The wealth he accumulated through Satisfy was poured into his mother's treatment, and he believed that one day his mother's warm touch would return.

Until then, in order to endure without despair, Kraugel watched his mother with all his heart, while feeling pleasure playing Satisfy. He always committed himself to everything, so the negative thoughts didn't invade his life.

『 We have learned one thing from the fact that the Silver Knights Guild was absorbed into Overgeared. The Overgeared Guild has a total of three territories. Reidan, Bairan, and Cork Island. 』

『 Isn't it unheard of for one guild to be running three territories? There is speculation that the Overgeared Guild is accumulating a lot of wealth. What do you think about this 』

『 Of course they are making a huge amount of money. Reidan is a large city, Bairan has many hunting grounds with various levels and Cork Island is famous for its tourist attraction. They will be sweeping up a huge amount of taxes every month. 』

『 The Overgeared Guild's funding ability will evolve every day. At this moment, there are many reasons why so many players want to join Overgeared. 』

The opening video for the 2nd National Competition was available. The media focusing on Kraugel started to shift their attention to Grid and Overgeared. It was because of the lack of information on Kraugel. Thanks to Lauel's plan, the Overgeared Guild became a hot topic and their popularity rose every day.

"There are too many fanciful stories. Overgeared is rich?

Nonsense. We are living in poverty every day.”

Vantner snorted. All the revenue was poured into Reidan, so it was funny that the experts were predicting that they were a rich guild when they were actually suffering.

“Reidan is so isolated that there is a lot of futile speculation. It is unlikely that anyone can guess the actual situation of Reidan.”

Lauel was very satisfied. As the reputation of Overgeared expanded, the number of hostile forces would reduce while talents would come swarming.

“By the way, when are we departing for the Behen Archipelago?” Regas asked.

He was always dreaming about becoming stronger, so he had great enthusiasm towards the Behen Archipelago. Most of the Overgeared members were the same. Lauel rose from his seat.

“We will depart in an hour. Sticks will guide us.”

“Grid?”

“Grid will stay in Reidan for a few days. He wants to try the combination of blacksmithing and alchemy.”

“Will combining alchemy and blacksmithing recreate the dwarves’ unique techniques?”

“That is a long story for later. For the moment, adding a unique option to an item is the limit.”

Lauel believed that this one option might upset the battlefield.

[Baby’s Blacksmith’s Hammer]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 28/28 Attack Power: 10~12

Odds of Making a Rare Rated Item: +2%

Odds of Making an Epic Rated Item: +1%

* Dexterity +5.

A hammer made of a solid, but light, black stone.

The legendary blacksmith Grid made it for his young son, so the focus is on making it easy to use.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 3

"Lord, you will be working with Papa for awhile."

It was funny that the son of a legendary blacksmith was learning the techniques of a beginner blacksmith. During his stay in Reidan, Grid planned to train Lord.

"Ba! Bababa!"

Lord was excited. Lord really wanted to share this with his father.

Ttang! Ttang!

Dung dung! Dung!

The two people started hammering at an anvil. Kasim's covert skills and vigilance rose every day as he watched the similar father and son.

Chapter 378

There were 17 nations on the West Continent.

Once the number of people and users from these 17 nations were added up, the population of the West Continent was in the billions. Lord was considered the foremost genius among them. Lord's learning ability, speed of development, and thinking power clearly went beyond common sense.

But blacksmithing wasn't easy.

Dung! Dung dung!

"..."

It had been less than 100 days since Lord was born. Tapping minerals with a light hammer wouldn't affect it. Lord's innate dexterity was high, but he had no experience and his strength was low.

"Puhut."

Who knew that his son could make such a face? Lord was sweating, but he couldn't get any results from the hammering. Things didn't go the way he wanted, so he puffed up his cheeks in a cute and lovely manner.

Grid stroked Lord's dark hair that resembled his and called out to a blacksmith.

"Bring me some clay."

"Yes!"

It was the command of Duke Grid, lord of Reidan and a legendary blacksmith. The blacksmith immediately ran and grabbed some clay.

"Abuuuu!"

His father looked wonderful when ordering people around. Lord

looked at his father with eyes full of envy. At this moment, Lord was determined to learn how to speak as soon as possible. Grid didn't know this and handed his son the clay.

"You don't have to make anything useful right away. Hammer at this to figure out the form."

"Bubu! Buuu!"

Lord started complaining at his father's words. His ego was bruised.

"Bububu!"

'I'm not a four or five year old child. I can't play with clay!' Grid was embarrassed by Lord's attitude.

"Do you have a high pride like Irene?"

He had a noble lineage. Khan approached as Grid was clicking his tongue.

"Huhu, isn't it easy to teach the young lord?"

"The child has my natural dexterity, but as you can see, he's too young to refine the minerals."

"It's natural. Genius doesn't mean everything. The young lord won't be able to deal with fire and minerals until he's at least 12 years old. You have to teach him step by step."

Huff!

Lord's eyes twitched. Kasim glimpsed it from where he was hiding in the darkness.

'Heok... Lord is provoked.'

Kasim had been teaching Lord for over two months, so he fully saw through Lord's character. Lord had a strong pride and was full of commitment to fulfill that desire. Lord never retreated from anything.

"Ba! Abubu!"

The excited Lord clamored at Grid and Khan. Grid and Khan didn't understand Lord's words, but Kasim understood exactly what he meant.

'Rather than 12 years old, you will become a blacksmith by 2 years old?'

Wait, then when will you practice my master, Lantier's, techniques? Lord gazed at the worried Kasim. He would try his best to prevent any disruption to the existing schedule.

'Hrmm... Lord might be able to do it.'

Kasim didn't place Lord in the category of a genius. He recognized Lord as a transcendent being beyond the realm of a human. Therefore, he didn't see Lord's determination as a bluff.

"What does he keep saying?"

"Huhu, he is saying that he loves you."

"Haha, is that it, Lord? I love you too."

"Ahh! Abuuuu!"

Unlike Kasim, Grid and Khan spent less time with Lord. The two people didn't understand what Lord meant, so they just thought he was cute. From this day onward, Lord's special training began.

The usage of alchemy was categorized into five broad categories.

- Production of various potions.

- Raising the rating of minerals.

- Creation of weapon and armor enhancement stones.

- Making special items.

- Giving items extra options.

It was truly amazing. Alchemy facilities seemed absolutely useful. But what was the reality? Most kingdoms on the West Continent didn't invest funds in alchemy. It meant that the value of alchemy was low, and there was a reason for this.

Alchemy was a field where the possibility of 'failure' always needed to be kept in mind. When doing certain things with alchemy, there was always a higher chance of failure than success. It also applied to the creation of potions.

[Reidan's Alchemy Facility]

Level: Intermediate 8.

* Superb quality health and mana recovery potions can be created.

-The success rate is 36%.

* Advanced buff potions can be created.

-The success rate is 14%.

* The lowest grade to low grade minerals can be upgraded.

-The success rate is 14%.

* One option can be given to items.

-The success rate is 1%.

"...?"

One year had passed since the beginning of Overgeared's reign in Reidan, and the Overgeared Guild has poured an enormous amount of money into alchemy. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the revenue from Raiden, Bairan, Cork Island and the individual members of the guild were invested in the alchemy facilities.

But it was like this. It was natural that Grid's reaction would be cold.

"I was expecting a lot from giving items an option, but what is the probability of success? Only 1%?"

Executive Rabbit explained.

"As I said before, once the level of the alchemy facility reaches the advanced level, the probability of the item options will increase

dramatically. Before that, I want to test it out today..."

"Hoh, the probability will jump dramatically? What percentage will it rise to?"

"Around 5%..."

"????"

Grid frowned. The value of the alchemy facility that he and his guild members plunged a lot of money into seemed absurdly low.

"It is no wonder why other kingdoms don't invest a lot of money in alchemy facilities."

He was too blinded by the goal of making Reidan a second Talima. Honestly, he didn't know if it was worth it. It was almost a scam. Rabbit sent Grid a meaningful smile.

"But Reidan has yellow mithril."

Yellow mithril. A mineral that could only be mined from the mine near Reidan. It was the raw mineral of fairy dust, which dramatically increased the probability of success in alchemy. It was the basis for Rabbit's claim to develop alchemy in Reidan.

"I have prepared fairy dust. I want to let my lord experience it."

[Fairy dust has been acquired.]

[Fairy Dust]

A powder made by refining yellow mithril at an alchemy facility.
Increases the success rate of alchemy by 20%.

Weight: 0.1

'20 percent...'

It was still a low probability. Grid was so regretful that he wanted to turn back the time that he invested into the alchemy facility.

But.

'It is true that the probability increased dramatically.'

While the success rate of other alchemists stayed in the single digits, Reidan had at least a 20% chance of success. Reidan was the only city on the West Continent that could demonstrate the value of alchemy.

They were setting their feet in an area that other kingdoms couldn't even see. Grid tried to think as positively as possible.

“Okay, I will try it once. How great will an option given to an item be?”

The best alchemist on the continent, Silverun. He had been involved in alchemy since he was a young man and poured his life into alchemy for the last 50 years.

However, the science of alchemy wasn't recognized anywhere, meaning Silverun couldn't receive the environment and funds to utilize alchemy. He was like an invisible man whose existence wasn't acknowledged by the world. Unfortunately, Silverun couldn't find an opportunity to unfold his knowledge and talents.

Then one day.

“Duke Grid of the Eternal Kingdom has heard rumors about you and is personally sending you an invitation. Duke Grid doesn't doubt your alchemy skills. Why not spread out your wings with his support?”

Rabbit came to Silverun and introduced himself as the administrator of Reidan.

Silverun. The best alchemist on the continent who wasn't recognized by anyone. He lived in lonely poverty, so Duke Grid was a very special person to him. Silverun vowed. For Duke Grid's sake, he would show the value of alchemy to the world.

...Grid didn't know this.

“I greet Duke Grid!”

Reidan's alchemy facility.

Silverun greeted Grid, who visited there after a long time. It was a truly exaggerated greeting.

‘Who is this person?’

Rabbit whispered to the puzzled Grid.

"I picked him up for My Lord."

"..."

He felt like this whenever he met up with Lael and Rabbit. It truly was convenient to be with smart people. Grid, who acquired another loyal person without knowing, reached out to Silverun.

"Get up."

"Ohh...!! Ohh!!"

The great duke who acknowledged alchemy was holding out a hand to him? Silverun grasped Grid's hand with his trembling fingers.

"It is so inspiring that the duke himself will visit here. I'm in tears."

"..."

It was very burdensome. Grid turned away from the tearful Silverun and looked around the alchemy facility.

"I want to give this sword a new option."

The sword that Grid took out was Iyarugt. It was a growth type item that could increase to the legendary rank, an ego sword that had the soul of a demon in it.

Would the effect of alchemy work on special items like this?

Silverun gave a positive answer to the dubious Grid.

"It's possible for me."

Silverun had the best ability in this field. He was filled with

confidence.

“But you should know that the level of options given to an item with intermediate alchemy ranges from a minimum of F grade to a maximum of A grade. In addition, as you know, alchemy is a discipline that always has a possibility of failure.

“If the option fails, will the inherent performance of the item fall?”

"There is no such thing."

"Okay, let's try it."

"I will guide you there."

It was a chance to repay the grace of the master who acknowledged alchemy and Silverun. Silverun was filled with enthusiasm and showed Grid to one side of the facility. It was a room that was filled with many equipment.

Silverun placed Iyarugt on an altar that was located in the center.

“Then I will start.”

Peeeeeeong!

An intense blue light filled the room the moment Silverun gave a signal. In the midst of this light, a notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[You are attempting to grant a new option to Iyarugt.]

[Congratulations! A new option has successfully been granted.]

Ttiring~

“What?”

Grid's face became baffled as he checked the option.

Chapter 379

[You are attempting to grant a new option to Iyarugt.]

[Congratulations! A new option has successfully been granted.]

Grid was excited by the notification window.

‘It succeeded at once!’

Grid had bad luck. He hardly ever won in an odds game until now. If there was a lottery with a 99% chance of winning, he would be the 1% who didn’t win. Now he won in a game where the odds of winning was only 21%.

Grid was deeply thrilled. But it only lasted for a moment.

[The B grade option ‘Coolness’ has been given to Iyarugt.]

“What?”

[Iyarugt has become even cooler.]

Ttiring~

[+8 Iyarugt]

Rating: Unique (Growth)

Durability: 351/351 Attack Power: 793+365

...

...

* The ‘Coolness’ option has been added with alchemy.

"?????"

What? Coolness? The coolness level rose?

‘No, what is this?’

Among the many options, it happened to be coolness? He thought things were going too well. He never dreamt that it would be such a useless option.

“I can’t believe this... Things never work out well at once...”

Grid was feeling frustrated when Silverun cheered.

“Ohh...! Ohhh! The best of the B grade options, ‘Coolness’ was given! It’s beyond expectations!”

“...?”

Coolness was the best option in the B grade? Grid doubted his ears.

‘This is the best option for the B grade? Then how bad are the other options?’

The science of alchemy, the more he knew, the worst he thought it was. The money he invested was being ruined. Rabbit gave positive feedback while Grid was squeezing his head.

“Coolness is an important factor. Whether it is people or object, a good appearance is an easy way to build up favor.”

It was the same in reality. People were constantly trying to be cool. They paid attention to their hair style and attire, and could spend hundreds of millions of won on luxury goods and plastic surgery.

The reason was simple. To increase the value. In fact, when a person judged an object, appearance was an important concept that they looked at first.

“...I see.”

When Grid thought about it, he heard rumors that the hidden class Skin Maker, the user was making a killing when it came to money. It only changed the appearance of an item, not the performance, but there were many people who paid big money to look more beautiful.

Grid observed Iyarugt and had a positive opinion. A gentle radiance was flowing from the long, red blade. Certainly, it looked much cooler than before.

Buuong. Buuong.

Every time he wielded it, Iyarugt shone like jewels. Grid looked cooler when he wielded it. It was obvious that people's attention would be concentrated on him in the National Competition. But once again, Grid wasn't satisfied.

"Until the alchemy facility reaches the advanced level, we will continue to accumulate fairy dust without using it."

"...Yes."

Grid replied in a listless voice. He was disappointed by the option given to Iyarugt. Rabbit bowed with an awkward expression.

"Then I will be going back to work."

"Yes... Work hard."

Grid separated from Rabbit and returned to the smithy. He wanted to make weapons to utilize Spear Shot and Bow Mastery prior to departing for the Behen Archipelago.

'It's enough to make the same bow that I made for Jishuka.'

He would make a spear that was specifically for throwing. Grid devised a plan.

"Create hand plow."

[The hand plow has been developed.]

Paaaat!

Over 50 hand plows rose simultaneously at the newly opened fields near the Altes Mountains. It wasn't a typical hand plow, but a hand plow developed with aura.

Pa pa pa pak!

The 50 aura hand plows started digging at the ground at once. It

was an overwhelming sight. It was as efficient as 100 farmers doing field work at the same time. It was the majesty of Aura Master Hurent.

Hurent. He was embarrassed worldwide after being defeated by Gird in PvP in just 5 seconds. He had a strong desire for revenge against Grid.

‘In the next 40 days.’

The 2nd National Competition would be held in 40 days.

As a representative of the United States, Hurent would participate in the National Competition, compete against Grid and win this time. But there was a problem.

“My eyes are correct. Your skills are very suitable for field work. Do you want to work with me a little longer?”

Legendary farmer Piaro. He was a wicked person who kidnapped Hurent, but Hurent knew how much the value of the hidden quest was worth. Hurent felt his resentment towards Piaro melting away like snow, so he carefully asked.

“How much longer?”

“Three months?”

“Three months...!”

It was too long. He had many things to prepare for the National Competition, which would take place in 40 days..

"Can't it be one month?"

Piario shook his head at Hurent's question.

“If you are only going to help for a month, it is best to just leave now. I am going to teach you a new skill, suitable for farming, and it can't be learned in one month...”

" ... "

Hurent stood at the crossroad of choice. Should he leave Piario

right away to dream of revenge on Grid, or get stronger by staying near Piaro and then get revenge on Grid?

“U-Ummm...

Hurent tried to think objectively. Could he win against Grid right now?

‘To be honest, there’s no guarantee.’

Three months ago in Satisfy time. He was convinced that he was stronger than Grid when he invaded Reidan with Prince Ren, but not anymore. It was because of Piaro’s words.

"You are strong. But there are many people stronger than you. What? How do you compare to My Lord? Of course, My Lord is stronger than you."

At first, Hurent thought that Piaro was biased. However, after experiencing Piaro’s personality, he knew that Piaro wasn’t someone who spoke empty words.

‘If I can’t beat Grid now...’

He was likely to once again be embarrassed in front of the world. If that was the case...

"...I will help you."

There were many opportunities. Even if he didn’t participate in the National Competition this year, there was the one next year and the year after that. Until then, Hurent wanted to grow as much as possible. He was determined to evolve the Aura Master class to legendary.

"Good choice."

Piaro smiled at Hurent’s new commitment. Since this day, Reidan’s agriculture started to develop at a faster pace and Hurent gradually adapted to the life of a farmer. He tried so hard for Reidan that his revenge on Grid was in vain.

Zibal of the Snake Guild, Chris of the Giant Guild, Seuron of the Golden Guild, Hao of the Hades Guild, Bondre of the Ice Flower Guild, Bublat of the Yak Guild, and Ralph of the Zeraph Guild.

The leaders of the seven guilds gathered in one place. They were the strongest players in the top 30 of the unified rankings and also participants of the 2nd National Competition.

“It has been nine months since we united to invade Reidan and were disgraced.”

After that, the seven guilds lost their honor and dignity. The seven guilds were once an object of fear, and now they were made fun of. Only the Overgeared Guild was the best.

“We must regain our honor in the National Competition.”

Seuron expressed doubts at Zibal’s words.

“You mean to smash the Overgeared Guild in the National Competition? How?”

The National Competition wasn’t a guild war. It was a competition in which countries fought against each other. The members of Overgeared were divided into several nationalities, so it would be very difficult to only be hostile to Overgeared.

Zibal smiled in a meaningful manner.

“Grid is the symbol of Overgeared. In addition, Grid is Korean. We must thoroughly shatter South Korea.”

The power of a symbol was beyond imagination. What if they completely trampled on the Korean team led by Grid? It would prove that the seven guilds were still alive, while being able to crush Overgeared’s reputation.

“The Overgeared Guild is no longer the best.”

Zibal was certain because he had items made by Panmir, the 1st ranked blacksmith, in his inventory. The items were produced with dwarf techniques, so they weren’t lacking compared to Grid’s

items.

“Let’s join forces to trample on South Korea and regain the honor of the seven guilds.”

The difference between the best and the worst was huge. When the seven guilds were called the best, the masters of these guilds earned a huge amount of money. It was natural to miss those days. The silent Chris gazed at Zibal and opened his mouth.

“Zibal, since when were you our representative?”

Originally, the seven guilds weren’t one.

Like regular guilds, they kept each other in check. Sometimes they were hostile, sometimes they were allies as they all competed against each other. At one point, Zibal established the alliance of seven guilds and took the lead.

Chris didn’t like this fact.

“Hey, Chris. What are you saying? Representative? I’m the representative? I never thought of myself like that. I see all of you as equal companions.”

The seven guild masters were all people full of pride. Chris said something that would irritate them, so Zibal tried to laugh it off. He wanted to make sure that the atmosphere of the alliance didn’t deteriorate.

Chris scoffed, “Who’s your companion?”

Chris never participated in the alliance of the seven guilds. He didn’t participate in the Reidan invasion. The reason he attended this meeting was to make it clear.

“The name ‘Seven Guilds Alliance,’ don’t use it in the future. My Giant Guild has never joined the alliance.”

Chris declared and rose from his seat. The other guild masters didn’t care about his actions. There was no reason to force him to join the alliance just because they were the seven guilds. But Zibal

thought differently. He judged that it would be better to break Chris down, rather than leaving him as a variable.

Zibal stood in Chris' way and smiled grimly.

"The rumor that you joined Grid is true."

"Chris and Grid?"

The impassive guild members started to react. Chris frowned.

"I'm with Grid? What are you talking about?"

"One of my men came across you in a hunting ground... The weapon you used at that time looks exactly like one of Grid's weapons."

The atmosphere of the room sunk.

Chapter 380

"One of my men came across you in a hunting ground... The weapon you used at that time looks exactly like one of Grid's weapons."

He was probably referring to Grid's Greatsword. In this chilly atmosphere, Chris responded nervously.

"I will say it again. In this world, aren't there one or two items that resemble each other?"

Chris tried to leave as planned, but Zibal grabbed his shoulder.

"This isn't like you, Chris. Originally, wouldn't you be angry when receiving an unfair accusation like this? Are you just laughing because what I said was the truth?"

"I've only ever responded in a gentlemanly manner."

Kwack!

Chris firmly shoved at Zibal's hand on his shoulder. Chris had high strength due to all his labor, so Zibal wasn't able to cope with it.

"Don't push people with unfounded rumors."

Chris spat out. He didn't shrink back, despite knowing that no one was on his side. This was the dignity of the third ranked user. But the opponent was Zibal. He might've been killed in one blow by a crazy farmer, but his strength and influence among the users was absolute. No matter how high Chris' charisma, Zibal wasn't affected at all.

"If you're so confident, why don't you share the details of your weapon with us?"

Ssik.

Zibal suggested with a bright smile. He didn't have anything to lose in this situation. If the weapon information was revealed and

it was related to Grid, Zibal would be right. Otherwise, he could apologize if it was unrelated to Grid.

Chris faltered for a moment before acting wisely.

"Please don't go overboard, Zibal. Who would reveal the information of their item?"

Items could be a person's strength or weakness, so it was always a variable. Disclosing a weapon's information was no different from revealing a private part. The masters of the seven guilds knew this better than anyone else.

They tried to deter Zibal.

"Zibal, please act moderately. Don't make trouble when you are already struggling with Overgeared and the Blood Carnival."

"Yes, why are you suddenly doing this to Chris?"

The flow started to change. It happened when Chris was feeling relieved.

"Do you use the same weapon as Grid?"

The master of the Golden Guild, Seuron, stood up. A combat specialized unique class, Soul Predator. He might've been defeated by the crazy farmer during the Reidan invasion, but Seuron hadn't fully adapted to his class at the time.

But now it was different. Now Seuron would be able to fight the temporary and full-time farmers.

"I don't want to obediently send away a person who might be the enemy of our alliance."

Seuron spoke meaningful words and raised his Brutal Heavy Sword. After being defeated by the temporary farmer, he invested more than 10 million gold to increase it to a +9 weapon. His finances suffered quite a blow, but Seuron was satisfied. The gap between a +9 and a +8 weapon was large.

"Hey, Chris. Take out your weapon."

Seuron's goal was to be number one. By default, he was aggressive so he didn't want to miss a chance to kill a competitor.

"You don't intend to bring it out obediently? Then I will make you take it out."

Pa pa pa pat!

Four spears appeared in thin air on Seuron's left and right. It was the manifestation of the Soul Spears, which required a human or monster soul to be summoned. Seuron accumulated the maximum number of souls through continuous hunting, so he was in the best condition.

Pepepeng!

The soul spears shone as they shot forward. It was a very fast attack that was hard for Chris to deal with, because he invested most of his points in strength instead of agility.

Puuok!

Two spears pierced Chris' body. Seuron used this time to approach Chris with the Brutal Heavy Sword while using Soul Shackles. Chris stood at the crossroads of choice. Should he take out Grid's Greatsword, or take out a second weapon to block it?

'I have no choice.'

Chris had no intention of deepening the false accusation that he had an alliance with Grid. His guild would be damaged if he became hostile to these people. In the end, Chris pulled out his secondary weapon.

Jjejeong!

"Hoh."

Seuron's eyes widened. He admired the fact that Chris struck the Soul Shackles and blocked his sword the moment he took out his weapon.

'Chris' control is greater than rumored.'

They were slow and efficient movements. It allowed for the maximum effect with minimal movements. Chris' greatsword technique was truly brilliant.

"But."

He wasn't Seuron's opponent.

Yiing.

The sword that was engaged with Chris' greatsword was reinforced with the effect of Soul Transference. At that moment.

Chaaeng!

"Kuk...!"

Chris' strength became meaningless. As the weapon's attack power was enhanced, Chris started to be pushed back. This game was truly about items. Chris realized again as he was pushed back a few steps.

Soul Arrows flew towards his head. Chris sensed it.

'It's a combo!'

If he was hit by continuous attacks, the probability of falling into a stiffened state was very high. And top rankers were able to fully take advantage of that moment of stiffness. Chris prepared for pain and suffering.

Suddenly, the arrows pouring down on him were shattered by a chain. Hao intervened in the battle.

"Seuron, don't just do whatever you like."

There were many crazy people in the world. It wasn't unusual for someone to enjoy fighting like Seuron. But there was an appropriate line. Hao didn't understand Zibal and Seuron, who were trying to make someone big like Chris into an enemy.

"Hey Hao. Isn't Chris suspicious? Look at the weapon that he brought out. It's complete rubbish! Do you think that is his real

weapon? He's hiding his weapon!"

"Let's say Chris' weapon and Grid's weapon are the same. Is that solid proof that the two are colluding?"

"..."

Hao asked logically and Seuron fell silent. Bubab also started to help Hao. He shook a hand towards Seuron and Chris.

"Let them play. It isn't bad to experience each other's ability ahead of the National Competition. Isn't it beneficial?"

Seuron shook. He already concluded that Chris was below him. That wasn't all. Everyone in this place thought so. It was a very short fight, but it was true that Seuron completely overwhelmed Chris.

"...I'm going if there isn't anything else."

Chris stepped back.

It felt like he was a dog retreating with his tail down.

"To think that he is 3rd in the rankings. How pathetic."

Seuron laughed at Chris. Seuron and everyone in this room couldn't imagine it. Chris actually hid his skills.

'There will be many opportunities in the future.'

And the best stage was only 40 days away. Chris' eyes filled with fighting spirit.

Weapons Mastery.

It was the ultimate mastery skill that gave extra damage no matter what weapon was equipped. But it wasn't a miracle. The extra damage that Weapons Mastery gave was low compared to the mastery skills optimized for only one weapon.

Therefore, Grid was obsessed with the level of Bow Mastery. If Weapons Mastery added 10% additional damage and Bow Mastery

added 11% additional damage, the effect that Grid would gain when he was using a bow was Bow Mastery, not Weapons Mastery.

In other words, even if Grid later learned Weapons Mastery, Bow Mastery could be used to the end.

‘If I can give items an option that quickly increases the experience of the mastery skills...’

How good would it be? He didn’t intend to use the alchemy facility. Alchemy gave random options and the success rate was low, so he couldn’t rely on it.

“Khan.”

In this situation, Grid tried to get Khan’s advice. Khan’s was an advanced level 8 blacksmith. As well as being excellent in daily life, he had accumulated experience for decades, making him very knowledgeable.

“Have you ever heard of an item that can quickly increase the experience of mastery skills?”

"Hmmm..."

Khan’s family had been in the blacksmithing business for generations. Among his ancestors was Albatino, who inspired the legendary blacksmith Pagma. Khan looked through his decades of knowledge and finally shook his head.

“I’m sorry... I don’t know...”

Grid had always been a big help to Khan. He wanted to pay Grid back if he ever got the chance. But now he couldn’t help Grid when he needed it, making Khan feel depressed. His shoulders were sagging when he had a thought.

“Perhaps you should ask Piaro.”

"Piaro?"

"Yes, shouldn’t he know how to train in weapons more efficiently? If you listen to him, you might gain an idea about how

to add it to an item.”

It was the power of infinite favorability. Khan freely gave Grid advice. Grid gained great enlightenment and hugged Khan.

"Thank you!"

“Haha! I’m happy to help!”

The sight of the two people hugging was familiar to the blacksmiths of Reidan. The blacksmiths just looked away, trying not to interfere in the relationship between Grid and Khan.

On the other hand, Lord was shocked.

“Abubu...?”

Lord was hammering in a corner of the smithy. He was happy to hear his father’s voice, only to get question marks above his head. Lord couldn’t understand why his father was hugging someone other than his mother. In the darkness, Kasim whispered to him.

"This is the friendship between men.”

"Woo...”

He liked the sound of the word ‘friendship.’ Lord vowed. Someday, he would find himself wonderful friends.

Later, Lord would have the strongest colleagues.

Chapter 381

Piario had already lived a failed life once.

He was swept away in conspiracies and betrayal, losing everything. The reason why Piario could recover again was due to Grid. Grid motivated him when he was heart sick, and also released the misunderstanding with Asmophel.

For Piario, Grid was a benefactor who he would serve his whole life. But what about Piario? Why was he training Grid's enemies like Chris and Hurent? This was an insult to Grid and people could accuse Piario.

However, Piario was confident. In the past, he had experienced betrayal and learned from it. The present Piario could see into a person's true nature.

'The more I look, the more sincere and motivated he is.'

The fields near Altes Mountains.

Piario watched the hard-working Hurent with a satisfied expression. Piario judged that Hurent was a person with a good character. He was burning with a desire for revenge due to past events, but this vengeance was due to passion rather than malicious looks.

If Piario guided him well, Hurent would become a person who would surely grow in a positive direction and had the potential to become Grid's right hand later on.

'I didn't know about all the possibilities of aura.'

Hurent's aura was different from the usual aura. It wasn't limited to pure power, but also focused on the shape's diversity. Therefore, it was more useful and had unlimited possibilities for development. If he grew up well, he would show a heroic figure on the battlefield as well as show huge efficiency on the fields.

‘I need to steadily give him carrots.’

Everything was for his lord. Piaro could truthfully say this.

The distance between Reidan and the fields near the Altes Mountains was one day.

But Grid managed to arrive in less than half a day. It was the result of utilizing the movement speed buff of Braham’s Boots and Quick Movements from the Ideal Dagger.

"The desert is becoming a forest..."

Unlike the fields on the outskirts of Reidan, half of the fields cleared by Piaro near the Altes Mountains were orchards. There were immature trees that still hadn’t born fruit, but it was likely to become a lush forest.

Grid was amazed by Piaro’s power.

“Even if he’s a legendary farmer, making a forest in the desert...”

According to Administrator Rabbit, Piaro had less than 500 farmers. But Piaro was very grateful because he was able to secure human resources and develop the agriculture on his own.

“Huh?”

Grid’s face suddenly distorted as he was filled with admiration. It was because he witnessed 200 young girls in their early teens who were working under the sun.

"Turning young children into serfs..."

The girls seemed pretty, but their skin was tanned. If he looked closely, their hands were full of calluses, which meant they hadn’t just been working for a day or two. Grid was very disappointed with Piaro.

"No matter how obsessed he is with farming, does he have to make little girls work?"

Originally, Grid was selfish. He wasn't interested no matter what misfortune other people went through. But now it was different. As Lord's father, he couldn't watch in silence as children were overworked.

"I must speak to them."

It happened the moment Grid stepped on the fields.

Flash!

The 200 girls holding farming equipment in their hands. The moment he stepped on the field, their eyes changed and they pulled out their weapons? Grid realized it the moment he saw the girls pulling out their swords, spears, and shields.

'Don't tell me that they are the Rebecca's Daughters candidates?'

Lauel had sent him a report. The Rebecca's Daughters candidates were being trained by Piaro. In other words, these 200 girls weren't serfs, but Piaro's disciples. The farming itself was part of the training.

'Phew... I'm glad they aren't unfortunate girls.'

Just as Grid was sighing with relief...

"This is Reidan, the territory of the great Duke Grid."

"Goddess Rebecca won't forgive anyone who invades it."

"We will follow Piaro's will and repel all intruders."

"Eh?"

It was a problem. 200 girls rushed towards Grid, calling him an intruder. Grid didn't know what to do at first.

Buuong.

Syuk!

Peeng!

The 200 girls handled the swords, spears, and shields in a

wonderful manner. Grid felt pleasure.

‘Isn’t this tremendous?’

Rebecca’s Daughters.

As a symbol of the Rebecca Church’s mightiest forces, their abilities were far beyond what Grid imagined. It wasn’t something that players could afford to go against. The candidates all had excellent qualities. Maybe they were named NPCs. It was enough to make him think.

“You are strong!”

"But you can’t go any further than this!"

The girls cried out as their attacks were in vain. Nevertheless, they were the secret weapons of the greatest religion on the continent, so they didn’t lose their courage.

Grid’s heart leapt.

‘Becoming stronger.’

He wasn’t talking about himself. Reidan’s farmers, Reidan and Overgeared were becoming stronger in real time. These great results were achieved with all his colleagues, not alone. It was fun to develop his forces, and he felt even more proud that the growth wasn’t alone.

"Let me help you train."

Grid imagined the Rebecca’s Daughters candidates growing up to become a symbol of Overgeared. He shook with joy and pulled out Iyarugt. At this moment, the eyes of the 200 girls shone like lanterns.

‘Beautiful!’

The effect of the alchemy B grade ‘Coolness’ was amazing. Iyarugt shone like jewels every time it moved, making everyone dazzled by its appearance. It wasn’t a concept that had the same effect as ‘bewitchment,’ but it was effective to stamp Grid’s

existence into the viewers.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Restraint.”

Grid started to unfold a spectacular sword dance. At this point, a brilliant light flowed around him like cherry blossoms. Grid had +600 dignity and +800 charm thanks to the effect of the ‘First Duke’ title, so it was enough to stimulate the young girls.

Piario came after hearing the noise and clicked his tongue.

“Duke Grid. Tricking young girls...”

“...”

Grid caused a huge misunderstanding and it almost became a social problem.

“How do you quickly raise the technical proficiency of weapons?”

In the mid-point between the field and orchards. Surrounded by 200 girls, Grid sought advice from Piario.

“Isn’t repetitive movements the most important thing?”

“I want a shortcut. Then I can add it as an option to the weapon.”

“You want to make weapons that can quickly raise the skill level. Hmmm...”

Piario started to think about it. Just as Khan was ignorant about the technical parts behind using weapons, Piario couldn’t easily answer because he was ignorant of blacksmithing. As Piario was thinking, the girls started talking to Grid.

“Duke Grid, it’s an honor to meet you.”

“Thanks to the duke, Damian has become the pope and peace is restored in our Rebecca Church.”

“Goddess Rebecca has certainly blessed you.”

The Rebecca’s Daughters candidates were brainwashed in a

secret facility for a minimum of 5 years to a maximum of 10 years. They weren't like others their age, and were restrained from thinking and making decisions by themselves.

However, they could change thanks to Damian and Piaro. They realized the happiness that humans should pursue and transformed into youthful young girls. In other words, the current Rebecca's Daughter candidates were susceptible girls.

It was a good age to experience first love, and Grid was very suitable for that purpose. The hero who saved them, the one who received the Goddess' blessing, the charm of an adult male. The tall, solid body and mature facial features were stamped in the girls' hearts.

But Grid knew. Girls' hearts changed as easily as the wind blew.

'It is similar to middle-school girls.'

Grid laughed as he patted a girl's head and spoke.

"Please grow up healthy and pretty, and look after my son Lord."

"Yes...! Duke Grid!"

Grid never imagined how much his innocent request would make Lord suffer. The pretty girls laughed as they heard the words, then Piaro finally spoke.

"If you use weapons in bad shape, you will increase your proficiency faster in exchange for overcoming the difficulties. How about using that part in the weapons production?"

"Hoh."

Grid thought about it. A weapon that reproduced bad conditions every time it was used?

'...Can I make a garbage item?'

The legendary blacksmith was trying to do trolling.

The elites of the Overgeared Guild gathered at the Behen Archipelago. It included all the members of the Tzedakah Guild, as well as Yura, Lauel, Peak Sword, and Huroi. They only had one goal.

"Become stronger."

Grid had prepared a strategy for them. They had to pass as many islands as possible and secure a large number of points in order to buy the necessary elixirs and skillbooks.

Pak!

Pa pa pa pat!

The Overgeared members entered the Behen Archipelago one by one. The Behen Archipelago was an instant dungeon with a one person entry limit, so they had to proceed separately.

"Hrmm."

Lauel confirmed the position of his colleagues in the rear and sent a whisper to Euphemina one more time.

-Are you really not going to challenge the Behen Archipelago?

-Yes, I think I should focus on my ongoing quest.

-It seems to be a massive quest. Can I ask about the contents?

-That...

Euphemina's story began and a dark smile appeared on Lauel's face.

Chapter 382

What items should he make in order to quickly raise the level of Bow Mastery? Grid listened to Khan and Piaro's advice and came to a conclusion.

'I have to make a bow that is hard to handle.'

If a weapon was used in the worst condition, the faster the skill proficiency would go up! Grid look at his list of item production methods. Grid received the commission of items from the Overgeared members, so there were already hundreds of items in his items production method list.

"Hmmm."

The bow production methods that Jishuka collected with much difficulty. Among them, Grid looked at the ones with the highest level limit.

'The fire attribute bows that Jishuka favors aren't compatible with me.'

Grid didn't have any fire related skills. He avoided the bows that strengthened the fire attribute instead of the basic performance.

'Pass on the greatbow.'

Its speed was slow, but it had high accuracy rate and attack power. The problem was that the accuracy was high. Grid wanted to produce a bow that had bad conditions.

'I need a low accuracy.'

It was an obvious story, but Grid always tried to make the best items. He never had the experience of making failed items. Was that why?

Ssik!

Grid was having a lot of fun at this moment. It was fun to think differently about items with disadvantages, rather than

advantages.

‘People troll for a reason.’

Grid realized this as he looked at two production methods.

[Pattern: Angel Bow]

Rating: Rare ~ Unique

Rare Rating Information:

Attack Power: 230~249 Firing Speed: +13%

* When an arrow hits the target three times in a row, 150% additional damage will be done.

Epic Rating Information:

Attack Power: 269~280 Firing Speed: +17%

* When an arrow hits the target three times in a row, 200% additional damage will be done.

* There is a 10% chance that the target will fall into the ‘bewitched’ state.

Unique Rating Information:

Attack Power: 300~334 Firing Speed: +21%

* When an arrow hits the target three times in a row, 300% additional damage will be done.

* There is a 20% chance that the target will fall into the ‘bewitched’ state.

A beautiful bow with both ends of the bow spread like the wings of an angel.

Every time an arrow is shot, it feels deceptive because the white feathers are blurred.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. Advanced Bow Mastery level 2 or higher.

[Pattern: Quick Fire Bow]

Rating: Rare ~ Unique

Rare Rating Information:

Attack Power: 210~228 Firing Speed: +16%

* Every time you shoot an arrow, the firing speed will increase by 1%. This effect will only be applied up to 50%.

Epic Rating Information:

Attack Power: 230~250 Firing Speed: +19%

* Every time you shoot an arrow, the firing speed will increase by 1%. This effect will only be applied up to 55%.

Unique Rating Information:

Attack Power: 253~280 Firing Speed: +25%

* Every time you shoot an arrow, the firing speed will increase by 1%. This effect will only be applied up to 60%.

A bow with a resilient bowstring.

It is optimized for fast shooting.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. Advanced Bow Mastery level 2 or higher.

‘I will make the Quick Fire Bow.’

The basic conditions for raising the mastery level was to use it quickly. The faster the firing speed, the better it was for Grid. Grid settled in front of a furnace.

Hwaruruk!

The perfect senses of a legendary blacksmith controlled the furnace’s temperature to the ideal level.

Ttang! Ttang!

He perfectly controlled the power at which he hammered at the molten metal.

“Ohhh!”

“Duke Grid!”

The young blacksmiths in the smithy admired it. Grid’s skill was amazing every time they saw it. But the shape of the finished product was a bit odd.

Ttang! Ttang!

The balance of the bow made by Grid was off. To be honest, the young blacksmiths thought that the bow had a very poor quality. But wasn’t Grid a legendary blacksmith? No matter how bad the bow looked, it was made by Grid, so the young blacksmiths tried to think positively.

It was similar to the evaluation of works by renowned painters who just put dots on a piece of paper, and it would sell for millions. Grid completed one bow.

Ttiring~

[The Extremely Disgraceful Quick Fire Bow has been created.]

[Extremely Disgraceful Quick Fire Bow]

Rating: Rare

Attack Power: 30~183 Firing Speed: +5%

Accuracy: -80%

* It is unknown where the arrows will fly.

A bow made by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

The structure of the bow is good, but the balance is off. Therefore, the power and accuracy is very low.

It is unknown where the arrows will fly, making it the worst.

If you use this bow, you might attack the same side.

It is the stain of Grid’s life.

Conditions of Use: None. It is advised not to use this weapon.

“...”

Grid had the level 7 (Understanding of Gods' Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill. It meant that all the items made by Grid would receive at least 20% more stats than what was specified in the production method.

But the shape was like this. The power of the completed Quick Fire Bow was too terrible.

‘Maybe I should go against the production method.’

The way to make an item was to 100% follow the production method. He made an item with a unique look and performance despite following the production method. What if he didn't make it according to the production method? He didn't know what obstacles would occur.

‘But I don't want to use the Item Creation skill for a troll item.’

Kwack!

Grid once again started hammering. This time, he started to make a new bow, planning to improve the balance slightly.

The result.

Ttiring~

[The Strange Quick Fire Bow has been created.]

[Strange Quick Fire Bow]

Rating: Rare

Attack Power: 160~181 Firing Speed: +12%

Accuracy: -60%

* * Every time you shoot an arrow, the firing speed will increase by 0.5%. This effect will only be applied up to 30%.

* It is unknown where the arrows will fly.

...

...

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. Advanced Bow Mastery level 2 or higher.

‘This time it is slightly better.’

But it wasn’t enough. Obviously, Grid wanted a bow with a low hit rate. However, it didn’t make sense to not know where the arrows would fly. Grid didn’t want to be someone who killed his team members, so he started carefully hammering again.

The result of the third bow was very positive.

[Poor Quick Fire Bow]

Rating: Rare

Attack Power: 180~203 Firing Speed: +14%

Accuracy: -40%

* Every time you shot an arrow, the firing speed will increase by 1%. This effect will only be applied up to 40%.

* The probability that the arrow will fly in an unintended direction is very high.

* If you hit the ‘desired target,’ you will gain additional Bow Mastery experience.

A bow made by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

It’s great if you can hit the target with this bow.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. Advanced Bow Mastery level 2 or higher.

Additional mastery skill experience! He finally got the option that he wanted.

"A little bit more.’

Grid made a determined expression and started hammering again. On the other hand.

“Abubu?”

In order to be recognized by his father, Lord visited the smithy today. He identified that his father was making bows and grabbed one of them.

“Abubu!”

What was Lord saying? The bows made by his father were wonderful. He seemed to be saying. In the darkness, Kasim whispered to him.

“Well done. I should teach you archery as well.”

A bow made by a legendary blacksmith so be easy to use and have a high accuracy rate.

‘Although, it is a bit strange.’

Kasim felt doubts as he pulled out an arrow and handed it to Lord.

“Now, shoot an arrow.”

Ttang! Ttang!

None of the people currently in the smithy were paying attention to Lord. Khan and the 100 young blacksmiths were watching Grid, while Grid was dedicated to making items. There seemed to be no problem if Lord shot an arrow.

“Abuuuu!”

Lord nodded vigorously. Kasim confirmed it with a proud face and showed him how to shoot the bow.

Consequently, Lord pulled the bow.

Kiririk!

“Okay, now is the time. Pull the bowstring.”

Kasim looked at Lord’s posture and breath before giving a signal.

Tatang!

“...!”

Kasim was astonished as soon as the arrow left the bow. Lord was aiming at the wall of the smithy, but why did the arrow fly in the opposite direction?

‘This is ridiculous!’

Kasim was currently the strongest assassin. He had very high agility and excellent skills. He had hardly ever been hit by an arrow. However.

Puk!

“Ugh.”

An arrow was stuck to Kasim’s ass. The arrow flew in a trajectory that couldn’t be seen with the eyes. Kasim was thrilled.

‘It can’t be...!’

Was Lord the second coming of Povia, the legendary archer? In the midst of this deepening misunderstanding...

"Abu?"

[The beginner ‘Bow Mastery’ skill has been acquired.]

Lord grew quickly because his arrow had hit Kasim, who was over level 360.

“Abuuuu!”

Lord rejoiced as he held the Extremely Disgraceful Quick Fire Bow in his hand.

“Everyone is amazing.”

Behen Archipelago, the 40th island.

Sage Sticks watched the Overgeared members with shining eyes. All of them entered the Contaminated Behen Archipelago and passed through the 10th island.

“All of Grid’s subordinates are talented.”

Looking at just their talent, the Overgeared members currently challenging the Behen Archipelago were so powerful that they could become legends. They were the ones who would write a new history with their own strength.

But all of them were Grid's subordinates.

"The more I see, the more amazing they are."

Grid became even bigger in Sticks' mind. He once again felt admiration.

"Wahh! Sticks! What should I do?"

The helper fairy, Bini, flapped his small wings with confusion.

As a helper fairy, he had to give advice to the challengers who entered the 20th island. Now that dozens of challengers entered the 20th island at the same time, he couldn't help being confused.

"Haha..."

Sticks was at a loss for words.

The fame of the Overgeared Guild was rising even today.

Chapter 383

The key to firing quickly was the resilience of the bow. It was the reason why a drake's tendon was one of the materials necessary to produce the Quick Fire Bow.

Drake. The strongest pet that a player could tame. It had excellent combat power and was difficult to hunt due to its high intelligence. In the first place, they were hard to find because the population was low. Even if they found a drake, players were more inclined to tame them than hunt them.

For these reasons, it was difficult to obtain a drake's tendons, and the price was very expensive. Despite only having a small number of users, the minimum price was 10,000 gold each. Grid might be wealthy, but it was a huge burden to invest a lot of it into expensive materials.

'I have to be satisfied with this one.'

[Spiral Quick Fire Bow]

Rating: Epic

Attack Power: 215~249 Firing Speed: +17%

Accuracy: -30%

* Every time you shoot an arrow, the firing speed will increase by 1%. This effect will only be applied up to 50%.

* It is difficult to control the trajectory of the arrow.

* If you hit the 'desired target', you will gain additional Bow Mastery experience.

...

...

Honestly, Grid wasn't satisfied. However, this was the best of the five bows that Grid made.

‘It is enough if it increases the experience rate of the mastery skill.’

Anyway, his intentions were achieved. Grid would raise the level of Bow Mastery by controlling the trajectory of the arrow.

‘There is a lot of work to do before the National Competition.’

He needed to raise the level of his newly learned skills while attacking the Behen Archipelago. he also needed to figure out his deficiencies while doing it and create new items. There were 40 days left in real time until the National Competition started, and Grid planned to increase his gameplay time even further.

The only space where he could prove his worth was in Satisfy, which he devoted his life to.

『 Which country do you think will win the 2nd National Competition? 』

It was the latest international news.

Once the anchor asked a question, the experts in each field came up with enthusiastic answers.

『 The United States will be first. The average level of the US team participants is the highest of all the participating countries. 』

『 The United States has many top rankers such as Zibal, Asuka, Lauel, Box, and Black Teddy. Unlike last year, I don't think Hurent is participating, but the power balance is much better than other countries. 』

『 But won't Lauel act as a variable? Isn't Lauel one of the closest people to Grid in Overgeared? During the competition, it's possible that he will help South Korea, not the United States... 』

『 The Overgeared members aren't young three year olds who can't distinguish between different matters. They know that the National Competition is classified as a different area. 』

『 In the first place, there's no need to be concerned. Helping other nations is a violation of the rules and they won't be able to escape severe punishment. Not just Lauel, but all the other Overgeared members will keep this in mind. 』

It was logical. In fact, the Overgeared members were going to fight for the honor of their country in the National Competition. Grid was destined to face Lauel's smarts, as well as competing against the members such as Pon, Regas, and Faker.

『 Who are other contenders apart from the United States? 』

『 Canada and France have the most top rankers next to the United States. 』

『 What about South Korea, who have Grid and Yura, or Russia, who has Kraugel? 』

『 The 2nd National Competition is very different from the 1st National Competition. There are more events and some rules have changed, so it's impossible for a few players to raise a country. South Korea will be in the top 15, while Russia will be in the top 18. 』

『 Isn't South Korea still too high? Isn't it a country without any rankers except for Grid, Yura, and Peak Sword? 』

『 Of course, on the surface, South Korea is classified as a weak team. But Yura is a variable. If she obtained a unique hidden class as rumored... 』

In the 1st National Competition, South Korea was classified as the weakest. Most of the participating countries looked down on South Korea. Compared to that time, the evaluation of South Korea in the 2nd National Competition was very good.

The reactions of the Korean people varied.

-Why are they ignoring South Korea? Did they forget Korea's third place last year?

-I agree. Even last year, Peak Sword didn't participate.

-Yura was just a normal class.

-But this year, we will get a better ranking because we have Peak Sword and Yura, who has a hidden class.

South Korea can be one of the contenders for victory.

-Are the people from the Patriotic Association bombarding the message boards?

-What was the reason why Korea could get the 3rd ranking last year? Grid was too good.

-Correct. South Korea is still a country weak in Satisfy. Last year, Grid won all three gold medals for South Korea. This year and last year, the overall power of South Korea is too weak.

-Don't you think that Grid can win three gold medals this year? Of course. He is God Grid. But the problem is that the value of the gold medals this year is very different from last year. In last year's National Competition, there were nine events. But now there are 21 events.

-Peak Sword? In other countries, Peak Sword is just an average player.

There were also skeptics. As it happened, most Koreans shared negative opinions like this. Peak Sword was irritated.

"It's so funny that I have to sit down."

The Patriotic Association's headquarters in Seoul. Peak Sword accessed the Internet as soon as he logged out, and now his expression distorted.

"They are underestimating God Grid and South Korea. And what? I only have average skills in other countries? These guys, do you know Peak Sword?"

Peak Sword's enthusiasm grew. He had to make South Korea the winner of the 2nd National Competition...

“...It seems too fanciful.”

Peak Sword thought realistically. He would make South Korea enter the top 10 rankings of the 2nd National Competition. Step by step, he was hopeful that one day, South Korea would raise its status in Satisfy.

Up until this point, people around the world, including Peak Sword, were unaware of something. This was just the opening of the legend of Grid and the Overgeared Guild.

Grid, Grid, Grid, Grid, Grid, Grid, Grid!

This name was heard if the TV or radio was turned out, from phones, in the newspapers, on the Internet and even when neighborhood aunties gathered together. There was only talk about the National Competition and Grid everywhere in South Korea.

It was enough to drive Go Jimyung crazy.

“Damn Grid!”

Go Jimyung.

A player of the KBO League.

He once had the reputation of the best hitter in South Korea. However, since last year, he entered a relationship with the leader of the girl group Farina and his performance fell, as well as being caught up in a series of accidents.

It wasn't just a level to be dropped from the team, but an exit from the league itself.

“Grid...!”

In the Young Ladies High School's Satisfy tournament, Go Jimyung was asked by his girlfriend to defeat Ruby. He risked breaking the rules to kill Ruby, but failed due to Grid getting in his way. In the aftermath of that, he was pushed to his current crisis.

He had been branded as garbage by the public and his girlfriend broke up with him.

Go Jimyung considered the cause of this to be Grid. It was the typical blaming everything on others.

“I won’t forgive you.”

Kwaduduk!

Go Jimyung went somewhere. It was to call the chief of the big gang ‘Poisonous Wave,’ who lived in the back world of Seoul.

"We'll check on the building and sleep at Grandpa's house."

Youngwoo's parents and sister went on a family outing after a long time. Of course, Youngwoo didn't go with them. It was because he was busy preparing for the National Competition.

"Please stay healthy."

As soon as his family members left, Youngwoo logged straight back into Satisfy. There was someone waiting for him.

000-0 Street, XX Neighborhood, Geumcheon-gu.

Grid was a famous resident of the area. It was also a place where people constantly went in order to meet Grid. But due to the opposition of the residents, the district council designated it as a out-of-bounds area and the defense was tight.

As a result, Grid's neighborhood changed into one that was good to live in. Grid's popularity in the area skyrocketed.

“Why does a poor area like this have the same defense as the palace?”

The person in charge of distributing drugs for the Poisonous Wave gang, Kang Cheolgyu. He was known as one of the Five Fingers in Seoul due to his excellent punching skills. Go Jimyung

was a senior from his hometown, so it was easy for Kang Cheolgyu to accept the request to cripple someone.

The problem was reaching the target's house. It unexpectedly took him two hours.

"I will charge another 500 million won."

Kang Cheolgyu had a sly smile on his face. His eyes were looking at the 800 million won car in front of the target's home.

‘Grid. Grid...’

More Koreans set up Grid as a hero, but Kang Cheolgyu thought it was ridiculous. The hero of their country was a gamer? Kang Cheolgyu wasn't able to understand the psychology of people who were so enthusiastic about a gaming contest.

"Drink alcohol over playing games, stupid people."

Kang Cheolgyu waited for Grid's door to open. He planned to aim for the moment when Grid left the house. For 1 hour, 2 hours, 3 hours, 4 hours, 5 hours... 10 hours passed, but Grid's door never opened.

‘What?’

Grid wasn't coming out? It was a cold autumn night. Kang Cheolgyu was weak to the cold, so his complexion gradually became worn down.

Chapter 384

"Whistle!"

A chilly autumn morning, in front of Grid's house. Before he knew it, Kang Cheolgyu had been waiting for 13 hours and his nose became runny. He felt confused as his cold body shook.

'The car isn't leaving...'

For Kang Cheolgyu, a house was just a place to sleep. To him, it was impossible for someone to stay in their house for more than 13 hours.

'What's wrong with him?'

A single storey house. It was a very small house that was 25 pyeong, and this included the garden area. Kang Cheolgyu somehow felt sorry as he thought of the young man living alone there.

"Poor fellow."

Kang Cheolgyu lost his parents early on. He lived in poverty and had no place to lean on. He remembered the days when he lived in a basement room off ramyun noodles and how cold it was. Now the current Grid seemed to overlap with his own past, causing Kang Cheolgyu's heart to feel sorry.

"...No, wait."

Wasn't Grid living with his family?

'I'm not in a position to worry about him.'

Kang Cheolgyu was suddenly filled with doubts.

'Even though he lives with his family, why hasn't anyone left for 13 hours?'

The lights in the house weren't even turned on.

'Perhaps...'

Could it be a robbery?

Kang Cheolgyu was worried.

‘Perhaps Grid and his family are being held hostage by robbers?’

It wasn’t possible. Grid was his target. He needed to hurt Grid to be paid.

“Shit, I guess I have to rescue them.”

Kang Cheolgyu might have a good fighting ability, but his head was bad. It wasn’t just that he didn’t go to school and read, but that he was born with a terrible brain. He forgot the reason that he watched Grid’s house for 13 hours was because the house had a security sticker on it and started to climb the fence.

The reason for making such a stupid choice was nervousness.

Chirppppppppp!

The sensor detected Kang Cheolgyu hanging from the fence and the alarm sounded. It was a loud noise that rang out through the neighborhood.

“Heok.”

Kang Cheolgyu was startled and jumped from the fence. He tried to escape when someone blocked his way.

"A rat came here."

“...?”

The man was wearing a eyepatch over his left eye. He was a young Westerner with a big nose, light green eyes, and short grey hair.

“Who are you?”

Kang Cheolgyu was alert as the Western spoke in a foreign language that couldn’t be understood.

“Kyaaack~ spit!”

The Westerner didn't speak for long. He spat out phlegm and acted like he was going to make a move on Kang Cheolgyu. Kang Cheolgyu's face distorted.

"This crazy one-eyed bastard."

They wanted to act against the chief of the Poisoned Wave gang?

"I don't know who you are, but you will regret this."

Kang Cheolgyu's fists were fast and powerful. It was three consecutive blows and a jab, a perfect killing technique based on boxing. But the Westerner was several times better. The Westerner blocked all of Kang Cheolgyu's punches with just his right hand, then grabbed Kang Cheolgyu's wrist.

Kang Cheolgyu's face paled.

'This guy!'

He saw through the lightning fast punches and even neutralized it? The movements were at the level of a world-class boxer! The Westerner saw Kang Cheolgyu's shaking eyes and raised a long leg.

Pakak!

"Kuk...!"

Kang Cheolgyu shook as he raised his left arm to guard against the Westerner's attack. He tried to pull away the right wrist held by the Westerner, but the grip was too powerful. The Westerner pulled Kang Cheolgyu and raised his knee.

Peeok!

"Heeok!"

Kang Cheolgyu's nose was crushed by the hard knee. The Westerner still gripped his wrist as he tried to block the blood. Kang Cheolgyu determined he couldn't break free with force, so he rotated and swung his elbow.

The Westerner had a sharp scar on his nose. It was like a knife

cut.

‘Fairly good.’

The Westerner was somewhat impressed. But it was only up to there. Kang Cheolgyu’s strength was broken after he suffered great damage to his face. In the first place, the Westerner was more proficient, since Kang Cheolgyu suffered from a one-sided violence.

Bam bam! Bam bam bam!

The Westerner was really cruel. He kept punching, punching, and punching Kang Cheolgyu. Blood flowed down from Kang Cheolgyu’s face, and he now seemed pitiful.

“You... Who the hell are you...?”

Why was this Westerner so strong, and why was he beating Kang Cheolgyu to death like this? The Westerner introduced himself to Kang Cheolgyu.

“I’m Grid’s bodyguard, Toon.”

That’s right. The identity of the Westerner was beast master Toon. He once broke the balance of the Italian mafia, and was the strongest player in reality. The reason he was staying in South Korea was at Yura’s request.

“Toon-ssi, you are lacking funds to buy land in South Korea? If you want to move to South Korea like the other guild members, I will arrange a place for you to live. Instead, please be responsible for Grid-ssi’s safety.”

Grid’s safety was the desire of all Overgeared members, not just Yura. Because there was Grid, the Overgeared Guild could exist. Because there was the Overgeared Guild, they could be in their current positions.

In particular, Toon had a great tendency to rely on Overgeared. The existence of colleagues who he could rely on was very

important for an orphan.

"Touch, Grid, kill."

Chill.

Toon's eyes were as cold as a beast as he spoke in broken Korean. Kang Cheolgyu nodded.

"U-Understood. I won't step on Grid's shadow in the future!"

The moment he declared this.

Creak.

The door to Grid's house opened and a young man appeared. Grid had been lying in the capsule for 13 hours and ran over when he heard the alarm sound.

"What? What's going on? Eh? Toon? Why are you here? When did you come to Korea?"

There was an unidentified man and Toon. Grid couldn't figure out why. At this time, three security company cars arrived in front of Grid's house.

"You're safe!"

The security company's employees descended from the cars and checked Grid's safety. Grid wasn't just a customer, they were also fans of Grid.

"Eh... Well, I'm okay."

Grid replied while standing next to Toon, so that there wouldn't be any misunderstandings. Meanwhile, the security company employees arrested Kang Cheolgyu and reported it to the police station. The officers were astonished when they saw Kang Cheolgyu's face.

And at dawn. There was an explosion of TV and Internet news.

[Grid, he played a significant role in the arrest of a drug trafficker.]

[Kang Cheolgyu, the chief of the drug dealers in South Korea, was caught by Grid and his colleague Toon.]

[The city of Seoul is awarding an honorary citizen's medal to Grid and Toon.]

[The National Police Agency will provide an appreciation plaque and prize money to Grid and Toon.]

[The Blue House is thinking about a president's citation.]

“...Ah, I have to play the game.”

Grid didn't even know why he received the honorary citizen's medal. It was an honor, but Grid's expression showed that it was merely inconvenient. He didn't want to waste time travelling to Seoul City Hall and the police station with Toon, as well as have interviews with reporters.

"I don't have time to play the game."

"..."

Toon felt vaguely sorry towards Grid.

[You have entered the 40th island.]

Grid educated Lord and made a spear and bow to be used. He was fully prepared and returned to the Behen Archipelago. Sticks greeted him.

“You finally came.”

“I will start the challenge immediately.”

Grid didn't ask if the other Overgeared members had reached the 20th island. He had faith that his colleagues would do well, and now he had to concentrate on his own development. The reason why Grid was so worried?

It was simple. The 2nd Satisfy National Competition was to be held in Paris, France. Grid had to play a big role there.

‘I must unconditionally win three gold medals.’

Was it because he coveted the god mineral adamantium? Of course. But that was just secondary. The reason Grid wanted to act in the National Competition was because he was aware of his position as representative of the country.

Grid had the hopes of 50 million people and his family on him. Grid didn’t want to disappoint them. That’s right. Now Grid felt a strong sense of responsibility. It was a noble attitude that couldn’t be compared with his personal feelings during the 1st National Competition.

“Hoo.”

Grid breathed in deeply as he stepped foot into the gate of the 41st island. His vision darkened before a new landscape unfolded in front of him. It was a serene bamboo forest.

[You have entered the 41st island.]

[A mission will be created.]

[41st Island]

Fight with yourself and win.

First Clear Compensation: You can raise the level of one skill.

‘There aren’t any challenger points?’

But Grid wasn’t disappointed. Grid had legendary skills that were hard to raise their levels, so he was quite pleased with a skills level up.

‘This feels like a bonus stage.’

The mission of the 41st island was to overcome his ‘past self’ and transcend his ‘present self.’ It felt like a test. What was at the end of the Behen Archipelago, which forced the challenger to constantly grow?

Grid wondered while looking around nervously.

Sururuk.

A person who looked exactly like Grid appeared. There were four golden hands moving around him.

‘The God Hands are recreated?’

It seemed like the copy of Grid reproduced all of Grid’s items and skills. Grid became tense. Then the clone moved to Grid’s shock and horror.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Linked Kill Wave.”

“...What?!”

Chapter 385

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Linked Kill Wave.”

“...What!?”

The disadvantage of Pagma’s Swordsmanship was its high mana consumption and long cooldowns. But he overcame those shortcomings with the powerful combination of skills. That’s right. Grid knew that it was possible to combine the skills of Pagma’s Swordsmanship. But according to the experiments conducted by Grid, it was limited to combining two skills. However, Grid’s clone had combined three skills.

‘I never managed to do it.’

The impact on Grid was great. It showed a skill combination that he didn’t even know about? His pride was hurt and he was confused. Now he couldn’t afford to be worried.

‘It’s urgent to determine what skills it has.’

The time that passed was less than a second. Grid’s brain started turning quickly.

‘In the case of the level 2 Linked Kill, the power of Kill is weakened, but it can shoot anywhere from 3~8 attacks.’

Then what if Wave was added to it?

‘It can’t be!’

A terrible thought passed through Grid’s head.

‘Will Kill be continuously unfolded in a wave?’

No, that was too much of a scam. There was no way. He tried to shake his head, but couldn’t help but have a bad feeling.

Kurururung!

Grid’s clone moved its sword in the air and quickly connected Kill.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The red afterglow of Kill was overlaid with the blue of Wave, spreading out in all directions. It was truly overwhelming. The power of each one was lethal, and also had the slowing function of Wave. Grid used Fly to escape, but it chased after him like a hungry beast.

‘Unbelievable!’

Grid felt like when he was confronting Piaro’s skill. The fusion of three of Pagma’s Swordsmanship skills was powerful and perfect. Yes, this was a true legendary skill.

‘I must learn it.’

Grid felt admiration, astonishment, and desperation. He needed to cope with the eight Kills. His past self would’ve likely been hit before he could escape. But.

‘I have Revolve.’

Revolve had a cooldown time of 2 minutes. But using it first would be disadvantageous. What if he used Revolve? The other side would also use Revolve to send it back to him.

‘Not yet.’

Grid summoned four God Hands to block four of the Kill attacks. However, the clone also used his God Hands to keep Grid’s God Hands in check.

‘Dammit!’

Grid saw that the God Hands were blocked and summoned Randy.

‘Change locations with me!’

-Yes!

He felt sorry and ashamed that he had to sacrifice Randy. But what could he do? A user would lose experience and items when

dying, but a pet only received the penalty of not being summoned for 24 hours. Objectively, it was right to sacrifice Randy instead of Grid.

Supak!

Randy copied Grid's appearance as soon as he appeared and changed positions with Grid.

Pepepepeok!

Afterwards, Randy was hit by the eight Kill attacks.

"Kyaaak!"

Randy cried out with pain as he turned to grey. Grid felt a stinging pain in his chest.

[Doppelganger Randy's health has fallen to 0.]

[Randy is forced to return to the pet inventory. You can't summon it for the next 24 hours.]

"You!"

Grid's eyes were grim as he saw the rising notification windows. Randy and Kill collided, causing an explosion. Then Grid moved through it and used Kill on the clone. Grid wanted his clone to respond with Revolve. Grid would then respond with the Lv.3 Revolve, which returned 160% of the damage. He could neutralize the counterattack and cause more damage at the same time.

However, the clone didn't do as Grid wanted. Unlike the stupid BOT (artificial intelligence players) that could be seen in normal games, Grid's clone was equipped with the artificial intelligence of a named NPC. The clone recognized the fact that using Revolve first was a disadvantage.

Puok!

It was perfectly calculated. The clone judged that he wouldn't die even if he was stabbed in the heart with Kill. A chill went down Grid's spine. The clone started moving his feet the moment he was

hit by Kill.

'This is the footwork of Link...!'

Kill had straight footwork, while Link was curved. Of course, Grid judged that it was possible to avoid Kill using the movements of Link. In fact, Grid's clone knew it as well.

Halt!

The clone used the footwork of Kill to move backwards, then moved to the left and right. At this point, Grid cut at his clone with Link.

Pit!

Pipipipipit!

Blood splattered. However, the momentum of Grid's clone didn't die. Grid received solid evidence. Grid's clone succeeded in using a skill while hit by Link.

"Pinnacle Kill."

"...!!"

Combining a skill without using Link as the medium? Grid's eyes widened. At this moment, Grid's confusion was reaching the extreme. But the countless battle experience he'd built up so far wasn't in vain.

Grid acted instinctively. He responded by twisting the trajectory of Link to cut the Pinnacle Kill. But Link was a technique that focused on speed rather than power. The power wasn't comparable to Pinnacle Kill or Kill. It was a bad idea to defend against the combined Pinnacle Kill with Link.

Chaaeng!

Pinnacle Kill crushed the power of Link.

Puok!

[You have suffered 59,300 damage.]

"Kuaaaak!"

Grid let out a large scream and felt stunned. A targeted skill that combined the power of Kill and Pinnacle. It was an outrageous power that made Grid's defense obsolete.

[You have lost more than half of your health in one blow! You will be stunned for three seconds!]

[Resisted with the passive effect of One who Became a Legend.]

"Shit..."

Grid hurriedly moved. He wanted to use Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave, to open up the distance and escape. However, there was a clear difference between Grid and Grid's clone. The moment that Grid's clone used Linked Kill Wave, Grid had tried to find a way to avoid it. But the clone's main focus was on blocking Grid's skills. This meant that the clone was a cut above Grid.

Puok!

"Kuk...!"

Grid shook tremendously as he used Wave. It was because the clone precisely broke his ankle, causing his posture to collapse. Due to that, the skill casting was cancelled.

'This rotten person knows my weaknesses better than me.'

He couldn't help cursing. Grid was still lacking. He hated his own ignorance that allowed the clone to stop his casting.

Swaeek!

Iyarugt was swung towards Grid. After using the skill with Grid's Greatsword, it had swapped to Iyarugt. It was proof that the clone had high comprehension of items.

"Blackening."

Peeng!

Black magic exploded with Grid in the center. Grid avoided the enemy's attacks while confirming his rising stats. He linked Blacksmith's Rage and Quick Movements, before using Linked Kill. It was so fast that Grid's clone couldn't prevent it.

Puok!

Puk puk!

[You have dealt 35,300 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 36,106 damage to the target.]

'I did it properly!'

He stabbed the greatsword forward and bet on his victory. Grid believed he would clear the 40th island the moment that the next Linked Kill strike was about to strike flesh. But what was the truth? It was the wrong judgment.

[The target has recovered 54,159 health.]

Doran's Ring instantly restored 50% of the damage as health, while the Holy Light Armor raised health regeneration by 300%.

Grid's clone quickly restored his health by taking advantage of these two items. He followed up with Blacksmith's Rage and Quick Movements, succeeding in avoiding Grid's third Linked Kill.

'It's a scam.'

The effect of Doran's Ring and the Holy Light Armor was ridiculously excellent. Had he been using such fraudulent items all this time? He felt sorry for all the enemies he'd faced in the meantime.

'Well, whatever.'

Doran's Ring had a cooldown time of 10 minutes. Grid hadn't used Doran's Ring yet. He had one more card than the clone.

'...It's still absurd.'

The clone might show new fusion skills in the future. Grid

clicked his tongue and fired the remaining Linked Kill. But the clone responded in an unexpected manner. He didn't avoid and responded with Revolve?

Jjejejeok!

'Now!'

Grid smiled with satisfaction and counterattacked.

"Revolve."

Jjeejeeong!

Revolve was countered with Revolve. This was the ideal result! Grid cheered as the energy of Linked Kill became incomparable to before. It was immensely powerful. Grid was confident this would defeat the clone in one shot.

At that moment.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Revolve."

A new Grid appeared behind the clone and used Revolve? It was Doppelganger Randy.

'It also cloned the pet!'

A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[You have suffered fatal damage!]

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

Grid realized.

'I lost.'

He couldn't win like this. A dark smile appeared on Grid's face. Was it an insane smile? No, he was smiling with joy.

'I have to do it again.'

Until the advent of the National Competition, he would absorb everything and grow.

Chapter 386

‘I lost.’

Grid realized he was defeated, but he didn’t get frustrated. He was burning with motivation.

‘This isn’t the only chance. I must go beyond you (me).’

The clone had 100% of his stats, skills, and items. The clone was now kindly telling him.

‘You can be as capable of me. So exert yourself.’

Kwack!

Grid strengthened his grip on his greatsword. The duration of his immortality was 5 seconds. In the meantime, Grid was trying to combine Linked Kill Wave or Pinnacle Kill. He didn’t worry about winning, losing, or dying right now.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link.”

Cheook!

Grid started a light and cheerful dance like a butterfly. His black eyes shone more sharply than usual, resembling that of a bird of prey. Grid’s appearance was gradually developing along with his solid heart and mature brain. His appearance and expression that were full of passion didn’t look bad.

Teong!

Grid lightly circled around and narrowed the distance to the clone. At this time, Grid’s Greatsword moved horizontally in the movements of Kill. It was the precursor for Linked Kill. Grid tried to link Wave to it.

However.

[The cooldown time of Linked Kill hasn’t returned.]

[The casting of Linked Kill is cancelled.]

Of course it was like this. Combining Linked Kill and Wave was an incomprehensible realm for Grid.

‘Why is my clone capable of it?’

Grid was confused, but didn’t stop his actions. He used Pinnacle and Kill. He wanted to try to acquire Pinnacle Kill. But once again, the combination of Pinnacle Kill didn’t work. Pinnacle was activated before Kill was completed.

Seokeok!

The power might be less than that of Kill, but Pinnacle fell and deeply cut the heart of the clone. However, it wasn’t enough damage to threaten the clone whose health had recovered thanks to Doran’s Ring and the Holy Light Armor.

Grid was wishing for one thing in this situation.

‘Come on, counterattack.’

Honestly, he wanted to avoid losing. The first problem was that he could lose his experience and items, and the second problem was his pride. That’s right. Grid didn’t give up despite sensing defeat.

The moment the clone’s counterattack reached him, he wore Doran’s Ring in order to recover his health and hope for a reversal. But the clone was Grid. No, he knew Grid better than Grid did himself. The clone acted with the knowledge that it would be pointless and dangerous to attack the invincible Grid.

Suuk.

‘You bastard!’

Rather than fighting back, the clone ran away, causing Grid to frown. He ran all over the battlefield, causing irritation to rise. Right before the immortal duration ended...

Snap!

[15,000 health has been restored.]

Grid took the super health recovery potion taken from Reidan's alchemy facility.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

The clone calmly devoted himself to defense. He fully understood and blocked Grid's sword with Iyarugt. Then he started counterattacking as soon as Grid's immortal state was over. Of course, he didn't forget to use a powerful one shot technique that would keep Grid from relying on Doran's Ring.

It was Kill. Blackening, Blacksmith's Rage, and Quick Movements. Since Grid used it one step ahead of the other, the effects ran out for Grid first. Therefore, he couldn't avoid the clone's Kill.

[Doran's Ring has been equipped.]

[You have suffered fatal damage!]

[You have died because health has dropped to 0.]

[You have lost 30.6% experience.]

[Mission failed!]

[Exiting the 41st island.]

[Moving to the last save point, the 40th island.]

A black screen that hadn't been seen for a long time. Grid's vision turned black.

"Are you okay?"

The 41st island. The moment that Grid came here after dying, he saw Sticks' distressed face. He was worried that Grid would suffer a mental blow, since this was his first defeat since entering the Behen Archipelago. But Grid was fine.

"Don't worry."

Grid smiled at the worried Sticks and thought positively.

‘I’m glad I didn’t lose any items.’

Of course, it was painful to lose a lot of experience. His current experience gauge was 2%. If he challenged the 41st island and failed again, he couldn’t avoid losing a level. But Grid didn’t shrink back.

‘This is an opportunity.’

He might fail a few more times, but if he overcame this trial, he would surely grow. Grid was confident and grateful for this situation.

‘I have to overcome this trial.’

Effort was needed.

‘I need to wait until the cooldown of Randy and the immortality passive returns.’

The next 24 hours. In the meantime, Grid concentrated on studying Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle Kill.

‘The order of the skills isn’t wrong.’

The wrong element was somewhere else. Finding it was the key.

“Sigh.”

Grid took deep breaths and sat down to meditate. He tried to follow Regas’ usual practices.

‘Think about it.’

The clone’s Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle Kill were different from when he used it. Grid recalled the previous battle and concentrated on analyzing it. He tried to get a clear picture of each and every one of the clone’s actions.

"Meditation is the act of transcending from the pain of the mind and returning to a pure state of mind, without any distortions. It is the best way to look at yourself, or to look at specific situations and find a solution."

The desert city of Reidan.

Piario returned to the city after working all day in the fields, and was giving a lecture to Lord.

"Meditation can also be used as a means to increase strength and stamina, and to reduce the cooldown of your skills. But humans are always self-centered. Meditation is a very challenging method of training that even the most famous knights find difficult. So young Lord, you don't need to practice it right away. It is sufficient to know the concept... Heok?"

Piario made a sound of surprise.

Lord Steim. The genius that Grid and Irene gave birth to quietly closed his eyes and started to maintain a constant breathing.

'A perfect state of selflessness!'

Lord's mana flowed around him as he breathed. It proved that Lord was affecting nature, so it was natural for Piario to be astonished.

'I was only able to acquire Natural State after becoming a legend.'

Of course, Lord wasn't perfect yet. But just awakening the basic concepts was a tremendous achievement. It was because some of the world's most powerful and tenacious minds couldn't enter this natural state.

'This is...'

What was Lord going to grow up into? Maybe he would be the only one who could transcend Muller, one of the greatest legends in history.

'He will grow more and more in the future.'

It would surely give Piario a new enlightenment. Piario's heart burned hot.

[The skill 'Meditation' has been acquired!]

[Meditation]

Increases health and mana regeneration rate by 50%, and stamina regeneration by 30%.

Skill cooldown time will be reduced by 10%.

Resource Consumption: None.

Skill Activation Condition: Focus.

* This isn't a skill that can be artificially invoked. It will activate automatically when your concentration is extremely high.

In Satisfy, there were several skills that could be learned naturally when certain conditions were met. One of them was Meditation.

'Good.'

Despite the fact that Grid gained a way to increase his stamina recovery rate and reduce skill cooldown time, he didn't make a fuss. He kept calm. He was too busy focusing.

'Think about it.'

Grid quickly erased any thoughts about the Meditation skill and recalled the movements of the clone. Was there any difference in the actions that the clone took with Link? No. He was certain. If so, was there something different about the actions of Kill? There was also nothing. He was certain. What about the behavior of the clone when using Wave or Pinnacle?

'It is me.'

Then why was it only possible for the clone to use Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle Kill?

"...Ah!"

Grid had been thinking for over five hours when he finally got a flash.

‘The timing is different.’

The action that connected Link and Kill, in the case of Linked Kill, it seemed to have been done immediately. However, Linked Kill Wave seemed to have a slight gap. But he didn’t know the exact interval.

‘I will try it once.’

Grid didn’t delay once he had this thought. He got up and used Grid’s Greatsword to try and connect Link and Kill with a little time difference.

Then Link was triggered.

‘The interval is too long.’

There was no need to worry about it. He would shorten the interval in the next attempt. Grid took a deep breath and made a second attempt. The result? It was also a failure. In order to use Linked Kill Wave, the timing of Link and Kill had to be sophisticated and perfect.

‘I will challenge until it succeeds.’

Failure wasn’t shameful. It was a stepping stone to success. Grid knew this fact better than anybody because he had repeatedly lived a life of failure.

After that.

Grid failed to use Linked Wave Kill several times, but he didn’t give up to the end. A smile appeared on the face of the watching Sticks.

‘Truly Pagma’s Descendant.’

Sticks knew that Pagma’s Rare Book was one of the treasures that couldn’t be found. Yet Grid managed to find it. Sticks guessed that Grid’s tenacity was great, but it was actually even more than he expected. In Sticks’ eyes, Grid was the type of person who would have a much brighter future.

Chapter 387

[You have entered the 20th island.]

The time it took Grid to pass 19 islands and reach the 20th island was exactly 45 hours and 19 minutes. He broke through the treasure hunt mission with a versatile key and avoided the thunderstorm with a giant lightning rod. These missions wasted a lot of time for ordinary contestants.

It was the same with the Overgeared members. The Overgeared members were prepared due to Grid who had reached the 40th island. They were able to enter the 20th island as fast as Grid.

‘The mission of the 20th island is to avoid the eyes of the hell moon.’

The Overgeared members thought of the method that Grid came up with.

Sururuk.

They used the invisibility cloak and hid their traces on the island. Thanks to that, the hell moon couldn’t do anything. All of this was thanks to Grid.

39 days remained until the National Competition.

The 1st ranked Kraugel stood at the crossroad of choice. For the remaining period of time, he could re-challenge the Behen Archipelago or re-challenge Piaro.

‘I can acquire skills and elixirs in the Behen Archipelago.’

If he won against Piaro, he could change to a legendary class. Even if he only succeeded in one of the options, Kraugel could play an overwhelming role in the National Competition.

‘Both are likely to fail.’

Could he challenge Piaro and win? Kraugel calculated that the odds were only 30%. Then what about the Behen Archipelago?

‘The probability of clearing the Behen Archipelago is even lower.’

The reason why Kraugel couldn’t re-challenge the Behen Archipelago was the nonsensical 31st island. The 31st island recreated his past trials. There, Kraugel had to fight the great demon Furfu. It was in a state where his level was lower than 180.

‘Furfu...’

One of the great demons who lost to Sword Saint Muller. In the past, Kraugel had dismissed Furfu. A great demon who lost his body. Kraugel was confident that he could raid Furfu by himself, despite Furfu borrowing the body of an intermediate demon.

The result? It was terrible. He had been killed three times in succession, with Furfu chasing him to the ends of the world. If he hadn’t received help, he might’ve died a few more times.

‘The Behen Archipelago isn’t a place I can clear with my abilities.’

Kraugel’s expression was bitter as he made this judgment. He compared himself with Grid. Grid, the first player who defeated him. He said he passed the 30th island. Grid was a man with the amazing ability to overcome past trials.

“...Hmmm.”

Kraugel thought this and turned his attention to the East Continent. He could gain exclusive White Swordsman items, exclusive skills and rapid level increase from the East Continent. There were many rewards that were less valuable than the Behen Archipelago or Piaro, but they couldn’t be ignored.

‘I have to stay on the East Continent until the National Competition.’

Kraugel made his decision and used the East Continent’s portal

scroll.

“This is very hard.”

The 41st island.

Grid studied the combination of Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle Kill in three days of game time, but didn't achieve the desired result. It wasn't easy to catch the timing if Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle Kill.

‘It is absurd.’

He tried from 0.1 seconds to 3 seconds to connect Link and Kill. But rather than Linked Kill Wave, only Link or Linked Kill were activated, making Grid go crazy.

‘I've been doing this for three days already...’

The fact that he couldn't get the results he wanted despite doing his best was irritating him. Grid's head hurt. He once again lamented his low talents. But he wasn't frustrated. Grid still had hope.

‘Perhaps it isn't the gap between Link and Kill, but the fulfillment of other conditions.’

How could he figure out what conditions there were?

“I will fight my clone one more time.”

Grid knew better than anyone that he couldn't win against his clone in his current state. However, Grid wasn't afraid. If he was afraid of failure, he would become stagnant.

“Do it again.”

Grid breathed in deeply and moved through the gate of the 41st island. He would once again fight with the clone, while taking note of the process for Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle Kill.

[You have entered the 41st island.]

[A mission will be created.]

[41st Island]

Fight with yourself and win.

First Clear Compensation: You can raise the level of one skill.

A flat island with no geographical features. The moment Grid stepped onto the small island, the clone came forward to meet him.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Indeed, it was the same as three days ago. Grid’s clone attacked the moment Grid entered the island.

‘Will he open with Linked Kill Wave again?’

Grid focused. He watched the movements of the clone without blinking in order to figure out the secret behind Linked Kill Wave. Then the skill was used.

“Transcended Link.”

“Dammit.”

It used Transcended Link instead of the skill Grid wanted? Grid also used Transcended Link, as dozens of energy blades were fired. The bombardment caused the earth to shake. The impact was enormous as it was a clash between legendary skills.

Kuaaaaang!

“Kuk...!”

The swirling sandstorm disturbed Grid’s visibility and he retreated backwards, while the clone made another choice. Despite the pain of the sand getting into the eyes, the clone persevered as he rushed forward and swung Iyarugt at Grid. It was immediately after using Transcended Link and Grid was still armed with Grid’s Greatsword, so he couldn’t read Iyarugt’s orbit.

Seokeok!

Grid's thigh was cut. He belatedly swapped to Iyarugt, but...

"Wave."

The clone swapped from Iyarugt back to Grid's Greatsword, and used a skill, hitting Grid successively.

'Why is his weapons swapping speed so quick?'

Weapon swapping required a series of processes. It required opening the inventory, putting in the item then bringing out the desired item. In Grid's case, the process took around 2 seconds on average. Grid was confused because the clone did it in less than a second.

'Will I get used to it if I do it often?'

Grid suppressed the confusion and thought as positively as possible while wielding Iyarugt. It was necessary to deal as much damage as possible while the clone was armed with Grid's Greatsword.

Puok!

Iyarugt stabbed at the clone's side, leaving a blood-like glow.

'I have to continue this momentum.'

Grid didn't use a skill. He quickly wielded Iyarugt, not giving the clone a chance to use skills. It was clearly an effective choice. The clone was forced to concentrate on defense.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

The battle entered a lull. Iyarugt and Iyarugt collided with each other, leaving a bloody afterglow in the area.

'Let's think about it.'

How could he shake off the clone in order to use a skill and change the shape of the battle? The clone extended a finger while Grid was thinking.

"Magic Missile."

Peeng!

“Kuk.”

Magic Missile (Enhanced)’s casting time was only one second. It required one finger to be extended, so it was possible to cast while wielding a sword. Grid also knew this, but the one who changed the battlefield using Magic Missile was the clone. It proved that the clone’s thinking ability was better than Grid’s.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Grid winced as he was hit by Magic Missile. The clone swapped to Grid’s Greatsword in an instant and carried out the footwork of Link. Grid also wanted to offset it by using Link the same way, but the problem was that it took time to swap to Grid’s Greatsword.

The moment Grid’s Greatsword was pulled out, the clone’s Link was already complete.

‘Shit.’

Grid gritted his teeth. It was to prepare for the pain. But the pain didn’t come. The clone was still continuing its sword dance.

“Kill.”

Link and then Kill.

‘Linked Kill!’

It was lucky. He wouldn’t have been able to cope if Link was immediately used, but he was given time.

Taack!

Grid hurriedly pulled out the Divine Shield.

“Wave.”

“...!”

The clone combined Linked Kill with Wave. It was Linked Kill Wave.

Kurururung!

Subsequently, waves of Kill attacks filled the air.

‘I understand!’

Grid gained enlightenment. In order to combine Linked Kill Wave, it was essential to withdraw back before connecting each sword technique.

‘Finally, I also...!’

Grid watched carefully. But it wasn’t a situation where he could just sit back and enjoy.

Pepepepeng!

8 Kill attacks were directly aimed at Grid. Grid summoned Randy and had him use Revolve.

Chaaeng!

The 8 Kills were sucked in by Revolve and turned around, heading back to the clone. The clone remained calm. He also summoned Randy and responded by using Revolve. In the meantime, Grid was completely aware the movements of Link and Kill.

He calculated the time accurately and didn’t forget to step backwards before connecting Link and Kill. Then he started on the sword dance for Wave.

Kuwooooh!

A powerful energy centred on Grid. It was the energy of Linked Kill Wave.

‘Okay!’

Grid was filled with joy. After two Revolves, the more powerful Kill attacks headed towards him.

Kuaaaaaaang!

There was an explosion and the earth shook. Did Grid receive

catastrophic damage? He succeeded in Linked Kill Wave, but couldn't even use it? No, that wasn't it. Grid wasn't in a crisis.

“Linked Kill Wave.”

“...!”

By changing his position with Randy, he was able to appear at the side of the clone and unfold the best skill.

Chapter 388

“Linked Kill Wave.”

Kukukukung!

A thunderous sound burst from Grid’s sword. It was the strongest skill, which cast Kill eight times continuously and attached the features of Wave to it, Linked Kill Wave. The momentum and strength was legendary.

[The new skill fusion has succeeded.]

[Your intelligence has increased by 10 due to the successful fusion of a new skill.]

[Linked Kill Wave is added to the list of Pagma’s Swordsmanship techniques.]

[Linked Kill Wave]

Performs three sword dances simultaneously.

Summons eight consecutive Kill attacks that inflicts 1,500% attack power, chasing all objects within a 2m radius.

The targets hit will have all speeds reduced by 50%.

* This skill doesn’t share a cooldown with Link, Kill, and Wave.

Skill Mana Cost: 2,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.

It was a targeted skill that dealt up to 12,000% damage. Depending on the number of targets, it could be used as a single or wide area skill. The three combination skill was several times stronger than the two combination skill, and the utilization was also high. It was truly a legendary skill.

Pepepepeng!

The fierce momentum of Linked Wave Kill shot towards the clone. At first glance, it seemed to be Grid’s victory. But what

about the clone? Just as Grid summoned Randy to deal with Linked Kill Wave, the clone could use the same method.

"Kyaaak!"

The clone's Randy was hit by Linked Kill Wave instead, turning him to grey.

Grid's eyes looked all over the place.

'Where?'

Randy's 'Change Locations with the Copied Target' was similar to Teleport. Depending on where Randy was when switching positions with the target, he could aim for the enemy's blind spot. Grid nervously looked around with the Slaughterer's Eye Patch.

Kuoooooh!

A menacing aura of hatred and killing intent filled the air. The clone was using Kill. Grid determined that it was difficult to avoid or defend against and used a skill.

"Freely Move."

It was the skill attached to the title 'Secret Hero.' There were limits to the range of use, and the cooldown time was one hour. However, it was a top dashing skill that allowed him to avoid all non-targeting skills until he reached his target.

Suuk!

He avoided Kill and at the same time, leapt towards the clone and used Pinnacle.

Puok!

Blood spurted from the clone's chest. But the clone didn't shrink back. Pinnacle had the advantage of being a targeted skill, but the power was less than Kill. It was difficult to inflict death on the clone who was armed with all types of items.

Chaaeng!

Grid defended against the clone's counterattack. Since both sides had equal stats, no one was overwhelmed in a frontal battle. A tense contest began.

Kikik! Kkikikik!

Grid exchanged blows with Grid's Greatsword and provoked the clone.

"Why don't you use Pinnacle Kill? Won't it be hard to beat me without that?"

"..."

The clone didn't say anything. The clone was Grid, but its capabilities were confined. The clone was a puppet doll without feelings. The reason for the clone's existence was to kill Grid, so it had no thoughts or comments.

"Magic Missile."

"Magic Missile."

It was at the same time. Grid and the clone looked at each other through interlocking swords and fired Magic Missiles, both of them flying back with damage.

'This time, we did it simultaneously.'

Grid was satisfied. Previously, he hadn't been able to use Magic Missile first and was one-sidedly hit.

Pa pa pa pat!

Four golden hands appeared behind the clone's back. It was the copied God Hands. They were armed with the Ideal Dagger, the Doppelganger's Greatsword, Failure, and Iyarugt. Grid also summoned the God Hands.

Pahat!

It was truly spectacular. Four golden hands holding weapons were behind Grid and the clone. Someone who could use five

weapons at the same time. It was a nonsensical fraudulent character from the point of view of an ordinary person.

‘How can I take advantage of God Hands in this situation?’

The reason Grid didn’t take out the God Hands was because it wasn’t useful. What would happen if he took out the God Hands? The clone would just use his God Hands to neutralize it, and it would eventually become a one-on-one match again.

Cheook!

Did the clone want to prove Grid’s thoughts wrong? The clone started to actively make use of the God Hands.

Hwiririk!

‘Wheel formation?’

The God Hands formed a circular shape and rotated, wielding the weapons one after another at Grid’s God Hands. Rise and fall. Rise and fall. The effect of the wheel formation, which didn’t have any breaks between attacks, was amazing.

Grid’s God Hands were completely overwhelmed and made obsolete.

‘This is possible!’

The commands that Grid gave to the God Hands were simple. It was classified as attack, defense and waiting. He only gave detailed commands when he wanted them to grab onto something. It was because Grid didn’t have the ability to concentrate while giving more complex commands.

Think about it. Focusing on battle while giving complex commands to four God Hands? An ordinary person couldn’t do it.

On the other hand, the clone was different. He had the same stats as Grid, but was optimized for battle. Since he only existed to hurt Grid, his concentration was extremely excellent.

Jjejeong!

The clone's God Hands kept rotating. Grid's God Hands were attacked with no time difference and they stiffened in order, then the clone's God Hands flew towards Grid. Of course, the God Hands couldn't threaten Grid.

The wheel formation? How funny. The God Hands only had level 2 intermediate Sword Mastery, so Grid was able to shake them off with no difficulty. But the problem was the time spent in the process. The clone approached while Grid was dealing with the God Hands and used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link.

Pipit!

Pipipipipit!

"Ku...ack!"

Blood splattered from Grid's body. If the God Hands hadn't lost their stiffness and flown over to defend him, Grid would've suffered unimaginable damage. Grid fired Magic Missile and retreated in order to drink a health potion. However, there was no time to drink a potion because the clone's God Hands attacked.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Grid was busy blocking the strikes of the God Hands.

'Strong.'

The difference in basic judgment ability and control was too great, despite the clone having the same stats and items.

Ssik!

A smile appeared on Grid's face. He was happy. He realized that he still had room to grow.

'I have to try and improve the control of the God Hands.'

After learning a new skill combination, now he could see the usefulness of the God Hands. Grid grinned with joy as he commanded the God Hands to capture the fake ones. At this time, the clone started to deploy Pinnacle Kill.

At this moment.

‘I must look.’

Grid’s concentration became extremely high.

Kkuok!

A stronger force was added to the God Hands holding the fakes. It was testament to the fact that Grid’s order to ‘hold’ the God Hands was more elaborate.

"Pinnacle."

The clone’s sword moved.

"Pinnacle."

Grid showed an extreme concentration as he followed the actions of the clone.

“Kill.”

The curved orbit of Pinnacle changed to a straight line. Grid did the same.

“Kill.”

[The new skill fusion has succeeded.]

[Your intelligence has increased by 10 due to the successful fusion of a new skill.]

[Pinnacle Kill is added to the list of Pagma’s Swordsmanship techniques.]

[Pinnacle Kill]

Performs two sword dances simultaneously.

Deals 2,000% of your attack power to a specified target.

It changes the trajectory of the sword in the middle, making it hard to deal with.

* This skill doesn’t share a cooldown with Pinnacle and Kill.

Skill Mana Cost: 2,000

Health Consumed by Skill: 4,500

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

Puok!

Seokeok!

“Ack...!”

At the same time, blood poured from the nose and mouth of Grid and the clone. At the same time, both of them lost half their health. They quickly raised their swords and made different choices. The clone immediately used Linked Kill, while Grid summoned Noe to slow down the clone.

“The best demonic beast of hell has emerged! Nyahahat!”

Noe laughed as he appeared after a long time. But this laughter didn't last long. It was because Noe was hit by the clone's Linked Kill.

"Kyaak!"

Noe's fur bristled. He got fresh air after a long time, but was surprised at instantly suffering a crisis. But who was Noe? The greatest demonic beast of hell, a memphis. He had the best speed in hell and the skill to minimize physical damage, Fluidization.

Puok!

Puk puk!

Noe barely escaped the second Linked Kill by using Fluidization. The guy with a cute mouth barely escaped! Then he opened his mouth. It was the manifestation of the worst skill, Soul Ingestion, which take away half of the highest stats of the target.

Noe swallowed up the clone.

[The effect of Soul Ingestion will increase your strength by 1,408 for the next minute.]

Power boiled up inside him. Grid paused as he was about to use Linked Kill.

‘Will the clone also be able to summon Noe?’

Now that his strength temporarily rose to 4,224, what if the clone summoned Noe and used Soul Ingestion? The clone’s strength would increase dramatically. Grid visualized the worst case scenario and couldn’t easily attacked.

“Stupid master! What nyang? Attack this guy! Nyang!”

Noe moved forward to deal a blow to the clone instead of his hesitating master. But despite the use of Fluidization, it was difficult to deal a fatal blow. Grid heard Noe’s voice and rushed forward.

“Linked Kill.”

Puok!

Puk puk puk!

“...?”

Grid was confused. The clone didn’t resist the attack and allowed it.

‘Why?’

Why didn’t the clone summon Noe? Did he read the question in Grid’s heart? Sticks admired Noe while explaining.

"A memphis is the most perfect creature after a dragon, except for their personality. Even the mysterious Behen Archipelago can’t reproduce a memphis."

“...Wow.”

If he had known this earlier, he would’ve summoned Noe from the beginning. No, if he did that, he might not have learned Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle Kill. Grid smiled positively and opened up the distance as much as possible.

Chapter 389

The duration of immortality was 5 seconds. Grid would just receive damage if he tried to fight during that time. Grid planned to secure and maintain a safe distance from the clone until the immortality ended.

'Once it finishes, I will immediately attack and finish off the clone.'

He would get revenge on the clone.

'How is it? Frustrating?'

Grid smiled like a wicked person in the movies or manhwa. Suddenly, the clone sat down.

'What?'

Grid was confused. The clone was sitting down and closing his eyes? It was an unexpected development.

'What is he doing...? It can't be!'

A chill went down Grid's spine. It was because the clone's complexion started to improve rapidly.

'Meditation!'

That's right. After obtaining a safe distance from Grid, the clone used Meditation to restore his health and mana.

'He can use Meditation as he likes?'

Meditation was a skill that spontaneously occurred when concentration was extremely high. It wasn't a skill that could be used anytime a person wanted. But the clone seemed to be the exception.

"Che!"

Grid urgently used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcend.

Kwa kwang! Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Every time Grid wielded his sword, an energy blade was fired at the clone. However, it took more than three seconds to complete this sequence. The clone had already recovered some health. In addition, the clone took a super health recovery potion and used Transcend to cancel out Grid's energy blades.

Pepepepeng!

“Ugh!”

Grid realized that his control skills were still lacking. The clone's energy blades had a much higher hit ratio than his.

‘Launching the energy blades while taking evasion action.’

It was an area impossible for him. Grid tried to think as calmly as possible while being full of wounds.

‘There is no need to fret. The clone has lost his immortality.’

On the other hand, Grid still had his immortality. He had more advantages. There was no need to shrink back. Grid swapped to Iyarugt and rushed forward.

Chaaeng! Chaeeeeeng!

Iyarugt was the sword that told its master the best route. It would be able to make up for Iyarugt's lack of control skills. The battle with the clone began in earnest. However, this tense fight didn't last long.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Linked Kill.”

The clone's Meditation skill meant that the cooldown time of the skills was shortened. The clone was able to use the skills faster than Grid, causing the situation to rapidly become disadvantageous.

Puk.

Puk puk puk!

“Kuuack!”

The God Hands tried to defend Grid, but they were obstructed by the clone's God Hands. Grid was hit by Linked Kill and his health quickly depleted. Doran's Ring didn't show a big effect, so he entered the immortal state.

“You bastard!”

The agitated Grid struck the clone. He was determined to kill the clone during the five seconds of the immortality passive. However, the clone easily escaped from Grid using the Fly attached to Braham's Boots. Grid also belatedly swapped from Grid's Boots to Braham's Boots, but the distance between them widened considerably.

“Master, believe in me! Nyang!”

Noe reached the clone and swung his paws several times. But Noe's claws couldn't completely neutralize the defenses of the enemies, despite being harder than steel. The Holy Light Armor set was truly excellent.

After a while, the second battle ended with Grid's defeat.

[You have suffered fatal damage!]

[You have died because health has dropped to 0.]

[You have lost 30.6% experience.]

[Your level has dropped to 305.]

[You have lost 10 stat points.]

[Mission failed!]

[Exiting the 41st island.]

[Moving to the last save point, the 40th island.]

“Dammit!”

Grid's fury when he returned to the 40th island wasn't just because of his level drop.

'I got Noe's help!'

On the other hand, the clone didn't have Noe. Even so, he lost. It was a huge shame.

"Have strength, nyang."

Noe said while patting Grid's shoulder. It was to comfort him. Noe had been with Grid for a long time, so his affinity towards Grid was very high.

"Wasn't Master originally weak and useless, nyang? Don't be frustrated by one or two losses, nyang!"

"..."

Noe used great demons as a criteria for determining strength. It was the instinct of a memphis, a beast of hell. From Noe's position, Grid had always been weak.

"...That isn't comforting at all."

Grid was feeling resentment to Noe when he suddenly had a question.

"Sticks."

"Yes, Grid."

"Are you sure that the 41st island can't reproduce a memphis?"

According to Sticks' logic, a memphis was the best creature after a dragon, so the Behen Archipelago couldn't reproduce it. There was a fault here.

"Didn't you say something on the way to the vampire city? The Behen Archipelago can reproduce a great demon and a dragon. So why can't it reproduce a memphis?"

"Good question."

Sticks smiled and explained.

"The dragons and great demons reproduced by the Behen Archipelago have a common point. Their bodies aren't complete."

“Bodies aren’t complete?”

"Yes, all the great demons reproduced by the Behen Archipelago were those who had been sealed by Sword Saint Muller..."

The gourmet dragon reproduced during Sticks’ trial weren’t really clones. Dragons were heavy on their hips and couldn’t move directly without magic, so the gourmet dragon Riders was just a fake.

“That’s right. Both the great demons and dragons are incomplete beings, so the Behen Archipelago could reproduce them.”

Grid had another question.

"Then the weakened great demons and dragons are less than a memphis?"

"Maybe if the memphis is an adult?"

"Adult..."

Grid stared at Noe. He was a chubby cat with horns on his forehead and small wings on his back. Now he looked cute, but what if he was an adult?

“Will he grow to be like a dragon?”

Sticks looked at Grid and laughed.

"No, there will be no big change in his appearance."

“Um... Then I’m glad.”

Grid wanted Noe to always be cute. There were many fans in Noe’s fan club just because of his appearance.

‘One day, I will hold a fan meeting for Noe...’

He would be very happy if he could get close to the female members and build up a good relationship. Grid imagined the bright future before having to face reality.

‘Now isn’t the time to be thinking about these things.’

The clone on the 41st island was too strong. Grid could only use 50% of his own abilities, while the clone could take full advantage of it. He couldn't find the answer to win against the clone.

'It might be possible if my control skills grow dramatically.'

Indeed, there was no end to learning. Once he grew, he would meet stronger enemies who mocked his growth.

'If only I had as much talent as the Overgeared members.'

It wouldn't be necessary to undergo such frequent trials. The so-called geniuses, their growth rate was so fast that they were able to cope with new trials.

'On the other hand, I...'

Grid received direct teachings from Piaro and grew through the advice of his guild members, but he was still lacking. It was painful and sad that he had no talent.

"...Wait."

Let's look back. Since when had he been so obsessed with control skills?

'It has been since I became aware of Piaro.'

He realized that he needed control to deal with strong enemies. From that day on, he worked hard on improving his control skills. But was this really right?

'It doesn't matter if I try as hard as others.'

He would only be able to achieve 20%~30% of their skills. It was too inefficient. Grid's developed thinking ability came to this conclusion.

'I don't need to be so obsessed with control.'

Was he dull-witted? No, he was Pagma's Descendant.

'I am a legendary blacksmith.'

He could create and produce all types of weapons, and use them

with no restrictions.

‘Yes, let’s return to the beginning.’

The answer was the power of items. Grid’s eyes shone as he pulled out tools, including the portable furnace. Grid’s brain spun rapidly.

‘In order to clear the 41st island...’

He couldn’t just make a good item. What would happen if he made a good item? The clone could also use it, making him stronger.

‘The item I need right now.’

A gamble. In order to pass the trials that couldn’t be overcome with pure talent, Grid had to seek the help of the heavens.

‘I need to hope that my worst luck also applies to the clone.’

Grid remembered Euphemina’s Rolling Dice skill. It was a skill that could quickly change a situation, either positively or negatively, by randomly generating different effects. If this could be applied to an item...

‘Just wait, Clone.’

Victory or defeat would be determined by luck. He only needed to beat the clone once.

Blood Carnival.

A guild made up of unofficial rankers, its wickedness was unmatched. Hired murders, raid interference, stealing goods from merchant companies, etc. The Blood Carnival only moved for the sake of money. The number of players affected by them was unimaginable, including many top rankers.

“There’s a new request.”

Blood Carnival’s master. A secret existence whose identity was

unknown, they smiled from behind a veil.

“It’s to defeat Kraugel in the National Competition. At the time, the person fulfilling the request must have the logo of a particular company stamped on their item.”

“It’s a top grade request.”

"It seems to be a means for corporate advertising. Won't the price be huge?"

Kraugel had the myth of being undefeated. What if the world was watching when he was defeated? The international media would focus on the person who defeated Kraugel, and the company associated with the person would receive an astronomical advertising effect.

“What event?”

“It’s good if Kraugel loses in any event. However, the pay will be three times higher if Kraugel is knocked down in the PvP event.”

"Then of course it has to be PvP."

"But is anyone participating in the National Competition?"

"I am."

One of the strongest players in the Blood Carnival stepped forward. His face was full of confidence.

Chapter 390

Who was the hero of the informal rankers? If they heard such a question, ordinary people would say Grid. Grid's accomplishments were great.

But there was a law that existed in every world. There were those hiding in the darkness of Satisfy who were stronger than Grid. Tarma was one of them.

Tarma. A player who had been acting as PKer since his early days in Satisfy. A notorious dark gamer, he had a very brilliant career. The most outstanding achievement...

"The 2nd ranked Zibal lost his life to me."

It was true. Tarma's PK skills were unmatched. In the first place, he had a hidden class specializing in PKing. The reigning Kraugel would lose his life to Tarma.

"Hoh, Tarma should be able to do it."

"If Tarma plays in PvP, he will be able to move onto the finals."

The top rankers and Overgeared members that Tarma would meet in PvP? None of them could win in a one-on-one fight against Tarma. The executives of Blood Carnival felt reassured. Tarma was that excellent.

"Well, it's doubtful that you will win against Kraugel just because you reach the finals."

"Kraugel is special."

"He's a monster beyond the level of a genius. There's no one except Agnus and the twins in our guild who can fight one-on-one with Kraugel and definitely win."

"Shut up, you dog scum."

Tarma cursed at his colleagues. He spoke confidently to the master hidden by a veil.

“Tell this to the client. I, Tarma, will surely defeat Kraugel. Oh, and ask them to give me an allowance for every celebrity I defeat in PvP.”

“I understand.”

The master of the Blood Carnival smiled from behind his veil. They trusted Tarma’s skills.

[Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation Skill]

You can create three equipment item production methods every time the skill level of the ‘Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill’ goes up.

Number of items that can be created at present: 13/21.]

* When items are produced using this skill, the name of the creator is automatically placed on the item.

“Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation Skill.”

The moment Grid used the skill.

Ttiring.

There was a loud sound effect and the notification window appeared.

[What item do you want to create?]

‘Hrmm.’

Grid didn’t want a powerful weapon. Grid wanted a weapon that purely relied on luck. He judged that it was the only method to deal with the clone.

‘I’m sick of making swords.’

Anyway, it was a random item. It wasn’t an item he would use often unless he was in a situation like this, so making a different form would be fun.

‘It can’t be difficult to deal with, or have a low accuracy.’

What was a fun and different weapon with a guaranteed hit rate? Grid thought for awhile and recalled Piaro’s flail. Flail. A farming tool used to harvest grains. There were three or four long twigs hanging at the end of a pole, and it was waved around.

‘It is hard to avoid.’

Grid came to this conclusion after thinking about his fight with Piaro and smiled wickedly.

‘That damn clone... I will let you taste this dirty feeling.’

He made a decision.

“I want to create a flail.”

“Heok.”

Sticks was surprised from where he was watching. The Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation skill was a trump card of Pagma in the past. It needed to be used carefully because there was a limited number of uses. Yet Grid was using the skill to create a farming equipment.

Sticks asked Grid, “You’re going to use this to create a flail? Please give me a convincing explanation.”

“...”

It was because he wanted to make a weapon with a high hit rate. A flail was a weapon with a high hit rate. But he also wanted something different, and being hit by a flail would give a dirty feeling to the target. It was a little embarrassing to answer honestly.

“Hum hum.”

Grid ignored Sticks and proceeded to the next stage of Item Creation.

[Have you decided on a flail?]

‘Yes.’

[What materials would you like to use?]

"..."

The reason why Grid could think of producing an item with a random effect was thanks to the gift that Alchemist Silverun gave him before he left Reidan. It was right after granting an option to Iyarugt and before heading back to the Behen Archipelago again.

"I heard you are going to a very dangerous place. I will be praying for your safe return."

Silverun approached Grid and handed over a bottle filled with liquid.

"What is this?"

Was he trying to poison Grid because he knew that Grid thought alchemy was useless? Silverun smiled at Grid's question and explained.

"It is a mystery potion that I poured all my knowledge of alchemy into."

"What does that mean?"

"I also don't know."

"...What?"

"Haha, to be precise, a random effect will be triggered. I'm excited because I don't know the result. Isn't this the attraction of alchemy? Anyway, if you're in a moment of crisis, you can try drinking it. Who knows? The best results might happen."

"..."

This was a crazy person. Grid completely lost trust in alchemy and the alchemists. Grid had pledged not to use this liquid for all his life. But now, a few days later.

"The material will be Silverun's Secret Remedy and black iron

wood.”

Grid was entirely dependent on Silverun’s secret remedy.

[Have you decided?]

“Yes.”

[Please design the item.]

The moment that the materials for the item was determined, a blank blueprint appeared in front of Grid. This was already the 9th item creation. Grid skillfully drew on the blueprint.

‘The flail used by Piaro is the ideal form for a flail.’

Suksak suksak.

The flail drawn on the blueprint bore a striking resemblance to Piaro’s. A long time passed. Grid was pleased with the final design and pressed the confirmation button.

[Have you decided? When you complete the blueprint, the number of available creation skill will decrease by one.]

“I have decided.”

[A great work of art has been completed.]

[One skill count has been consumed.]

[Please describe the characteristics of the item.]

A system that required the features of the flail. Grid knew. A fanciful description actually acted as a poison to an item.

Grid started to carefully explain.

“Designed with black iron wood, it has excellent elasticity and attack power. It is sharp, like a sword made out of steel. Silverun’s Secret Remedy is added, so there will be a random effect every time the target is struck.”

[It has been applied.]

The blueprint of the flail that Grid drew was modified. The skill

compensation effect. After a while, the perfected flail design emerged in front of Grid.

‘Okay, this is good.’

The flexible pole was 1.3m long, while the four twigs hanging from it were sharp and threatening like a blade. It was more like farming equipment than a weapon, but Grid liked this. It was already fun to see how the dignity of the enemy would collapse when they were beaten by farming equipment.

[Please name the item.]

The system made a final request. This was Grid’s answer.

"Motley Flail."

“...No, why?”

The name was the worst. Sticks was at a loss for words. Well, it didn’t matter because Grid was satisfied with the completed design.

[Motley Flail]

Rating: Unique ~ Legendary

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 259/259 Attack Power: 143~191

* A special effect will occur every time the target is hit. The effect is unpredictable.

* Thrashing speed will increase by 150%.

* There is no guarantee how the condition of the thrashed grain will change.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 307/307 Attack Power: 218~275

* A special effect will occur every time the target is hit. The effect is unpredictable.

* Thrashing speed will increase by 200%.

* There is no guarantee how the condition of the thrashed grain will change.

Farming equipment designed by Grid, who has been reborn as a legend.

It's made of solid black iron wood and has excellent durability and attack power. It's at a level to be called a weapon.

However, the effects can't be guaranteed due to the influence of Silverun's Secret Remedy. Use with caution. It is recommended that you don't use it.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher.

Weight: 109

"Um... Black iron wood is expensive, but I would like to give a present to Piaro."

Grid spoke big words. Anyway, thanks to this Motley Flail, Piaro later on... Omitted.

After the creation of the Motley Flail. Grid logged out and rested, then returned to work in the best conditions.

"Please give me a legendary item."

Grid had produced the 10th legendary item and went through the second special event. Now he only got additional stats if he made a legendary item.

It was natural that Grid hoped for the flail to have a legendary rating.

'I wonder about the effect of the third special event.'

Grid had stayed in Reidan for a while to make the Mass Production Grid Set. He made more than 1,000 sets, with two legendary items successfully being produced. Now Grid just needed

three more legendary items to experience the third special event. Grid wanted that day to occur, despite the possibility of a penalty. He believed that the benefits would outweigh the damage.

“Now, shall I begin?”

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

Grid was fundamentally a blacksmith. His face was more energetic than ever as he knocked on the anvil with the hammer.

Sticks felt strange.

‘Indeed, he has the coolness of a legend, but I don’t trust it.’

A legendary blacksmith created farming equipment. It was even called the Motley Flail? Sticks thought that Grid had already given up on cleaning the Behen Archipelago. His heart hurt.

Chapter 391

The flail was a swinging tool. It was impossible to stab or cut with it. It was why Grid chose the black iron wood as the material.

‘Resilience is important for this type of weapon.’

Black iron wood was ‘bent iron.’

It had high rigidity and elasticity. Generally, it was used as a material for spears and the price was very expensive. The rankers and knights of each kingdom needed to have spears made of black iron wood.

‘In short, it’s one of the best materials.’

It was impossible to buy it without any pressure. However, Grid judged that it was natural to have the finest materials for the items he created. It was an item created by a legendary blacksmith, how could he use lacking materials?

‘It hurts that the expenses are so big.’

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid swallowed back his tears and devoted himself to working on the black iron wood. First of all, he made a 1.3 meter pole and attached four long sticks to the end. The pole was at a width that was comfortable to hold in his hands, while the slender twigs were trimmed as sharply and thinly as possible.

‘I have a good feeling.’

Shaving, combining, etc. After repeating a series of processes, Grid looked at the thin sticks that had been shaped and expected the birth of a legendary item. But Grid’s feeling of ‘not bad’ didn’t fit.

[You have completed the production of the Motley Flail.]

[Motley Flail.]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 259/259 Attack Power: 143~191

* A special effect will occur every time the target is hit. The effect is unpredictable.

* Thrashing speed will increase by 150%.

* There is no guarantee how the condition of the thrashed grain will change.

Farming equipment designed by Grid who has been reborn as a legend.

It's made of solid black iron wood and has excellent durability and attack power. It's at a level to be called a weapon.

However, the effects can't be guaranteed due to the influence of Silverun's Secret Remedy. Use with caution. It is recommended that you don't use it.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher.

Weight: 109

"...Shit, just a little bit more."

It would be nice if his hope worked out just once. Sticks didn't notice Grid's frustration and spoke.

"That's a great flail. It seems to be a good farming equipment."

It was his sarcastic way of asking why Grid was making farming equipment. In the end, Grid declared.

"This isn't conventional farming equipment, but a weapon. I'm going to use this to break through the 41st island."

"A weapon...!!"

Sticks admired it. Grid's spirit was amazing to think about using a flail as a trump weapon. Sticks was a sage. He was a wise man. He tried to understand Grid rather than treat him as a strange person.

'There must be something deeply profound.'

However, that didn't mean he had confidence. Sticks looked over. Grid was grabbing the hammer again.

'I will give the unique-rated one as a gift to Piaro.'

He would challenge it one more time.

'I have to get a legendary rated flail!'

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid pledged and started working on the spare black iron wood. Finally, he got the desired form and added Silverun's Secret Remedy. As a result, once again, a unique-rated flail was completed.

"...This \$%!.#."

It had been a really long time since Grid cursed like this. His thinking power might've expanded and his personality matured, but his essence couldn't change. A year and a half had passed since he became Pagma's Descendant.

Meanwhile, only 12 legendary items were made. Even a saint would be enraged.

'Why can't a legendary blacksmith make legendary items?'

Probability games were really rotten. Grid realized it once again and soothed his mind.

'Okay, let's calm down. It isn't necessary to have a legendary flail to break through the 41st island.'

That's right. Grid didn't want a flail for its attack power. He only needed a random effect to cause a reversal. He wanted a legendary rated flail for the special event and rise in stats, but it was better not to be obsessed with it.

"Now I will practice."

21 hours passed since the creation and production of the flail.

Grid needed to get used to the flail in the next three hours, until the cooldown of his immortality and Noe and Randy returned.

The 41st island.

“Bring it on.”

“...”

The clone was puzzled when it saw Grid holding a flail. As a person with 100% of Grid’s abilities, it found it strange that Grid would use the flail.

[Motley Flail.]

...

...

“...”

The clone checked the options of the flail and couldn’t understand Grid more and more.

‘It’s an inefficient weapon.’

Why did he appear with this? The clone questioned it, but didn’t think deeply. The reason for the clone’s existence was just to hurt Grid. It was useless to question the behavior of someone who would die soon.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Teong!

The clone moved forward. It was dazzling like a butterfly’s wings. It was the precursor of Link.

Pit!

Pipipipit!

The clone quickly unfolded the attack. The sharp energy blades shot out from Grid’s Greatsword and aimed at Grid. The Grid from

24 hours ago would've avoided this attack and fought back. But now Grid had regained his original judgment. The swords flying towards him?

'I won't stop it!'

Pepepepeok!

Blood spread like a fog around Grid's body as he was hit by Link. Why didn't Grid take any defensive actions? It was for a quick counterattack. Grid didn't resist the enemy's attack and swung the flail.

Hwiririk!

"...!"

The clone's eyes shook. That's right, it was hit. Grid's speed was incomparably faster, causing the clone to feel confused.

Peeok!

The clone was struck in the face with the flail. There was the sound of a watermelon bursting and blood scattered, but it was just the appearance. The four thin sticks on the flail were so sharp that they triggered bleeding, but the damage was actually low. But was damage important?

Ssik!

Grid's mouth curved upwards.

"Let's try it once!"

The Motley Flail caused a random effect when it hit the target. It could give a buff or a debuff. It would be the worst if the target was giving a buff.

'A debuff is no use.'

Grid knew. The clone was the same as him. A debuff wouldn't have a big effect. Nevertheless, the reason why Grid fought with the flail was because he believed.

‘It will have a definite effect, not simple debuffs...!’

For example, the effect of decreasing the target’s health to 1 point or increasing the weight gauge to MAX. These effects weren’t classified as debuffs, so Grid couldn’t withstand the physical effects.

[The effect of the Motley Flail is triggered!]

The flail had an immediate effect after hitting the clone. A light flashed once.

[The target’s attack power will double for 10 seconds.]

" ... "

Grid had already decided. An unlucky bastard like him, depending on an item with random effects, the probability of getting a positive outcome was like winning the lottery. But still, this was too much.

‘If it is double the attack power...!’

Grid stepped back as the clone’s greatsword started moving.

Seokeok!

“Kuak!”

This was a basic attack, but the level was that of a skill. Grid’s eyes shook as he received great damage. However, he didn’t forget to fight back.

[The effect of the Motley Flail is triggered!]

[The target’s maximum health will triple for 10 seconds.]

[The effect of the Motley Flail is triggered!]

[The target’s skill damage will increase by 20% for 10 seconds.]

[The effect of the Motley Flail is triggered!]

[Grants a shield spell to the target.]

[The effect of the Motley Flail is triggered!]

[The target has been affected by the silence state.]

[The target has resisted.]

"Ah, really!"

Grid's anger soared as the battle continued.

Pisik.

The clone ridiculed him. It was the first emotion that the clone showed.

"You bastard...!"

Grid gritted his teeth. At first glance, it seemed like he had lost his reason. But reality was different. Grid had already anticipated this and was prepared to die a few more times. He constantly struck the clone and activated the effect of the flail.

On the other hand, the clone was careless. It was because the effect of the flail continuously favored him. He was careless as Grid continued to swing the flail. He didn't avoid Grid's attack as he kept pressing Grid.

[You have suffered fatal damage!]

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

In the end, Grid went on the defensive. In order to generate more effects, he tried to speed up his attacks using Blackening, Blacksmith's Rage and Quick Movements, but it just ended up helping the clone.

'I have no choice but to be lucky in the next challenge.'

Grid gave up on this game. He cleared his mind and wielded the flail. The clone didn't even bother avoiding the flail. The odds of the flail threatening him was like finding a needle in the desert. Indeed, it showed that the clone had a very high artificial intelligence.

The concept of ‘chance’ was insignificant to him. The clone was making fun of him.

Peeok!

“...!”

Immediately before Grid’s immortality passive was over. The clone was surprised when it was struck in the face just as the match was about to finish. Grid was even more surprised.

[The effect of the Motley Flail is triggered!]

[Change health values with the target.]

“...!”

The confused clone hurriedly tried to pull out a potion.

"Where are you going?"

Grid smiled with satisfaction and kicked the clone’s abdomen. The clone’s health fell to 1 and it entered the immortality state.

“I can’t miss this opportunity.”

Grid declared and summoned Noe and Randy. The moment of the end of the long battle was approaching.

Chapter 392

‘Really long...’

Grid had been tied up by the 41st island for five days. If Grid was an ordinary player, he likely would’ve been satisfied and abandoned the 41st island the moment that his new skills were acquired.

This was normal. What player in this world could repeatedly challenge death? There would only be 1 in every 10,000. The more high level a player was, the more cautious they were.

But Grid wasn’t an ordinary person. He was obsessed with overcoming his inadequate talent and was persistent. For Grid, giving up was a concept that should be avoided, and was one of the driving forces behind why he could stand shoulder to shoulder with geniuses.

"Well, it ended sooner than expected."

He didn’t know that the effect of the Motley Flail would resolve it from the beginning. He thought he would have to repeat his death several times. Yet the best outcome occurred in the very first fight.

‘God has a conscience.’

Was God sorry about always giving Grid bad luck and gave him good luck once in a while?

Ssik!

Grid smiled as he swapped to Grid’s Greatsword and neared the clone. The clone was in the immortal state. Grid was cautious of Meditation, so he was thankful for the clone’s actions.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Linked Kill Wave.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The sword technique was unfolded and eight stormy energy blades flooded towards Grid. Grid was lost the immortal passive, so

the clone needed to gain the advantage in these five seconds. It was what Grid expected.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Linked Kill Wave.”

Compared to the best artificial intelligence, his skill development rate was rather slow. Originally, it was difficult for him to use Linked Wave Kill, but the power of ‘prediction’ was great. Grid anticipated that the clone would use Linked Wave Kill and succeeded in unfolding it at the same time.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The storm of swords swallowed up each other and a powerful shock wave occurred. The land shook and the sea became chaotic.

“Noe! Randy!”

“Nyaang!”

“Yes!”

A tsunami seemed like it would swallow the island. Noe and Randy flew towards the clone at the same time. Randy used Link while Noe opened his mouth and attempted to steal the stats. But the clone wasn’t easy.

“Blackening, Blacksmith's Rage, and Quick Movements.”

Peeng!

The clone used buff skills as an explosion of dark magic occurred around him, shrugging off Noe and Randy and aiming for Grid.

“Kuk...!”

The movements were as fast as lightning. Grid reeled back as he was stabbed in the heart with Iyarugt. If the tsunami hadn’t covered Grid and the clone at the same time, a combo would’ve succeeded.

Kwa kwa kwang!

Grid and the clone were swept to the edge of the island by the

tsunami. He swapped from Grid's Boots to Braham's Boots and used Fly to escape the destruction of the sea.

“Heok... Heok...”

The damp Grid laughed while panting. On the other hand, the clone revealed impatience. There was less than two seconds remaining on the immortality.

"Magic Missile."

Pepepepeng!

He summoned the fake God Hands and fired four Magic Missiles at Grid. At the same time, the clone used Transcended Link. Surprisingly, Grid responded with Revolve. Why would he use Revolve first when it was unconditionally disadvantageous to him?

The clone was confused and also started to use Revolve. But at that moment.

Pe-ng!

“...!!”

A flash of light struck the clone, who had been paying attention to the approaching strengthened Transcended Link. Where did this attack come from? It was from below. It came from the sea where the clone was standing.

Magic Missile flew from it. The moment that the tsunami occurred, Grid left one of the God Hands in the sea and waited for this moment.

“Ack...!”

The clone stumbled. He had a pale complexion and coughed up blood. It was an unbelievable situation for the clone. Placing items to take advantage of the terrain and using a skill to draw attention? It was ridiculous that Grid had threatened the clone with such a trick.

“Haven't I grown? It is all thanks to you. You have helped a lot in

developing me.”

Grid dealt the killing blow.

"Kuaaaaak!"

The clone screamed with rage as it turned to grey.

[You have won the fight against yourself!]

[You have succeeded in beating the 41st island!]

[You have acquired 1 skill level point from the mission clear reward.]

Grid lost a huge 61.2% experience from the 42nd island. As a result, Grid's level fell to 305. He would have to hunt for at least 20 days to recover 61.2% of his experience. The time loss was enormous.

But Grid didn't think he received any damages. He gained the strongest skills Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle Kill, as well as rich combat experience.

“Very good.”

It was strength that transcended the concept of level. A noble pride could be seen in Grid's smile of satisfaction. A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[You have overcome your limitations and have taken one step closer to being a legend.]

[One of Pagma's Descendant's hidden pieces 'Sealed Ability' has been acquired.]

[The skill 'Blacksmith's Eyes' has been acquired.]

So far, Grid had acquired three hidden pieces. The first hidden piece gave him a 10% reduction in his skills cooldown time and also the Item Modification skill. He got Item Combination from the second hidden piece, and Minerals Strengthening from the third one.

'Since then, it's been a while...'

Blacksmith's Eyes? Grid felt anticipation as he checked the description of the skill.

[Blacksmith's Eyes]

You can see some of the abilities and options when looking at the target item. Limited to equipped items.

* The closer the distance to the target item, the better the analytical power.

"In short... It is an item observation skill that applies to items I don't own."

For example, he could get a glimpse of the armor and weapon that the enemy was using?

"...?"

What was the point of this skill? What was the point of checking items? Grid thought for a moment and was belatedly thrilled.

"Heok, isn't this a huge skill?"

It was a huge scam being able to see the details of the enemy's items. Why? He could block the trump cards hidden in the enemy's items in advance, and also exploit the weaknesses.

"Kuoh..."

Grid's fists clenched as he shuddered. It was a state where he couldn't contain his joy.

"I like it when Grid is happy."

"Me too, nyang."

Noe and Randy laughed and Grid stroked their heads. Sticks smiled as he watched the group of three. There was one fact that Grid overlooked. Grid's clone had died in the Blackening State. The present Grid never imagined that this variable would provide a fun and positive environment for him.

[Skill Level Point]

Increases the skill level of a specified skill by 100%.

“Um.”

Raise the level of any skill?

It would be nice to raise the level of powerful fusion skills like Linked Kill Wave, Pinnacle Kill, Transcended Link and Linked Kill. Unfortunately, the fusion skills didn't have the concept of level.

They were so powerful that they were already judged as complete skills.

‘It is better to raise the level of Kill.’

No, it might not be the case. Grid couldn't decide hastily.

‘It might be good to raise the Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill.’

It was hard to choose right now. Grid decided to save the skill point and not use it hastily. Then Sticks approached him.

“Do you want to move on to the next island?”

Grid nodded without hesitation.

“I will do that.”

There was 36 days left until the National Competition. Prior to that, Grid planned to capture all of the Behen Archipelago, so he hastened his steps.

[You have entered the 42nd island.]

[You have entered the 43rd island.]

[You have entered the...]

The trials to overcome himself seemed to have ended. The 42nd to 49th islands were ordinary missions such as monster hunting and boss raids.

‘It is comfortable.’

The monsters inhabiting the islands in the 40’s weren’t weak. They were just very easy compared to when dealing with his clone. Thus, Grid’s momentum continued until he reached the 50th island.

Braham, who had mastered magic while being a direct descendant of Shizo Beriache. In the end, he was regarded as a legend and was close to the title of the strongest. Then what about now? After losing his body and becoming a soul, he was weak and miserable. The glory of the past couldn’t be found anywhere.

[Dammit...! Dammit!]

The 1st great demon, Baal. That monster’s contractor was one of the few people able to fight with a dragon. They caused trouble for Braham every time.

[It can’t happen again this time.]

Braham went looking for his body sealed at the Sword Grave, only to be weakened by Agnus. He felt irritation at his soul losing strength and was eventually reminded of Grid.

[Pagma’s Descendant will be able to do it.]

Just as Pagma had the power of a great demon.

Pa-at!

Braham’s soul squeezed out all his remaining magic power and triggered detection magic throughout the continent. It was to find Grid.

Chapter 393

“Dammit!”

The 3rd ranked Chris’ pride was as high as the sky. It was understandable. It would be strange to have low self-esteem when he was top three among two billion users.

Chris only felt his limits with two people: Kraugel and Grid. In the case of Kraugel, he was overwhelmed by the incredible level up speed and physical abilities, while Grid was a legendary blacksmith.

In other words.

‘I can’t believe I was jerked around by Zibal.’

Chris thought that everyone except for Kraugel and Grid were less than him. Zibal was one level higher than Chris and fought closely with Piaro, but when Chris thought about it objectively, Zibal was a person with high political skills. He was right below Chris. But such a person played with him.

Chris’ pride was greatly damaged when Zibal raised doubts at the gathering of the leaders of the seven guilds. It would be difficult to recover unless he showed his strength to Zibal.

‘I want to completely smash Zibal and the Snake Guild.’

The Giant Guild, led by Chris, was the strongest guild in the past, but not anymore. It fell after being hit hard by the Reinhardt golem invasion. Now it would be fortunate if his guild power could be considered in the top three of the seven guilds.

In this situation, he couldn’t guarantee an unconditional victory if he clashed with the Snake Guild. In addition, there was the problem of the other guilds allied with the Snake Guild. If Chris struck at the Snake Guild, the entire Giant Guild might be isolated.

In the end, Chris had only one choice.

‘I have to aim for the National Competition.’

He would meet the seven guilds, including Zibal and Seuron, in the National Competition.

‘Trample them.’

Kwaduduk!

Chris was one of the strongest people in the world, despite being defeated by a farmer. His biggest strength? It wasn't his level, control or items. It was his unique rated second class, Tyrant. This was Chris' biggest weapon.

A second class was a great concept. Since a user had two classes, it was hard to list the effects and benefits.

Huroi's combat power was the worst until he got his second class, Apostle of Justice's Partner. He couldn't use any weapons apart from a book and because he was an orator, he had to fight with words instead of attack skills. In the past, Huroi could only believe in his mouth every time he experienced a crisis.

“Heok... Heok...”

Behen Archipelago, the 31st island.

After falling into his days as a level 73 orator, Huroi fell into a desperate crisis. He was surrounded by 13 level 85 monsters, the grey-mane wolves that boasted superb attack power and agility.

‘This is an island that recreates my past trials.’

Huroi was desperate. He couldn't use a sword without his second class and his overall stats were the worst. He wasn't sure how to handle this crisis.

‘How did My Lord overcome such trials?’

Huroi once again thought that Grid was great.

‘It was worth giving him all my loyalty.’

Kwack!

Huroi gained courage from this. As Grid's right arm, he didn't want to cause shame. Huroi wanted to overcome this trial. He made fun of the wolves.

"Your mother is a fox!"

"...!"

The mother who gave birth to the wolves was a fox? It was an insult.

"Awoooooo!"

Bark! Bark bark!

The angry wolves started to go crazy, falling into a mental shock from Huroi's Spiteful Tongue.

"Your father has a yellow mane!"

"You are dogs!"

"Your ancestors were turned into my jerky!"

It was a really low mud fight that made the listeners frown.

"Haha."

It was one month to the National Competition. Chairman Lim Cheolho, who hadn't been able to monitor the rankings for a while due to his busy schedule, watched the recorded video of when Grid hit the 41st island and laughed.

Was he happy about Grid's growth? No, that wasn't it. Grid was making steady progress, so this wasn't anything new. Right now, Lim Cheolho's attention was on the clone who died in the Blackening state.

"The clone should've been destroyed at the moment of death..."

But it actually fell to hell due to the Blackening state, becoming

an independent entity completely separate from Grid.

"It this a bug?"

Lim Cheolho was the creator of Satisfy, but he didn't build all the systems alone. In order to minimize errors and create a larger system, Lim Cheolho left Satisfy's overall operation to the supercomputer, Morpheus. Despite the end of Blackening, Grid's clone wasn't pushed out of hell to the human world. Therefore, Lim Cheolho felt doubts.

Morpheus explained.

[It isn't a bug. Z10B005 isn't a user. Therefore, he isn't subject to the rules of Blackening and hell.]

"Hrmm... This situation is very interesting."

Hell started to tremble with the arrival of Grid's clone. What change would this cause in hell? In addition, how could the clone grow now that it was independent from Grid?

Lim Cheolho was very excited and was looking forward to it.

[You have entered the 50th island.]

[This is a save point. Would you like to register?]

[You have been registered. When you enter the Behen Archipelago later on, you will start from the 50th island.]

On the 41st island, Grid tasted great adversity. After that, he succeeded in reaching the 50th island in a short amount of time. But it wasn't a pleasant feeling.

"The mobs are over level 360."

The higher the number of the island, the higher the level of the monsters. On the 49th island, the average level of the monsters was 360~370. It was at least 55 levels higher than Grid. Their basic stats were very good and they had good defense, making it hard for

Grid.

Was it possible to go 5 against 1? He fought against level 360 monsters in a 5 against 1 match. It was great enough to make general rankers lose their words. But once again, Grid wasn't satisfied. The stronger the monsters, the slower his hunting speed.

"It's doubtful if I can reach the end of the Behen Archipelago by the time the National Competition arrives."

It was a month in reality and 90 days in Satisfy time before the National Competition arrived. It might not be possible to reach the 66th island in this period of time if the difficulty kept increasing.

"In order to increase the speed of hunting, I need Fog Island."

Before he knew it, Grid had collected 18,851 challenger points. It was enough to purchase the Weapons Mastery skill book and 51 elixirs.

'51 elixirs.'

It was equivalent to 51 levels. If he was able to acquire Weapons Mastery and the elixirs, Grid would be able to hunt the monsters of the Behen Archipelago more easily.

'It is also possible to make the ratio of strength and agility 1:1.'

This meant he could copy Piaro's stats distribution. Grid was convinced that he would surely become stronger if he made the ratio of strength and agility 1:1.

'I won't follow anyone else, only Piaro.'

Since Satisfy opened, Piaro was the third strongest person Grid had ever met. The vampire duke Marie Rose and great magician Braham were the other two, so Grid judged that he would become stronger if he copied Piaro's stats distribution.

"Huhuhut!"

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid repaired the items whose durability were severely damaged in the Behen Archipelago and laughed. He was imagining the scene where he would reach Fog Island and be compensated for his hard work.

That's right. Grid had forgotten. The fact this his wishes didn't always occur the way he wanted.

[You have entered the 51st island.]

[A mission will be created.]

[51st Island]

Defeat 10 golden crowns in 20 minutes.

First Clear Reward: 1,900 Challenger Points.

'Golden crowns?'

It was a high level mob that Grid was unfamiliar with. It was the same with 'golden crown.' It was the first time Grid had even heard the name.

"What nuisances will appear this time?"

Unlike his complaint, Grid's expression was bright. Grid boasted the ultimate attack power, so he was confident in time attack missions.

Kkirik. Kik.

It was a small island with rock walls rising in every direction. Grid was about to deploy Fly to find the monsters called golden crowns when he suddenly stopped. It was because he had an unidentified sound coming from a relatively close place. Grid pulled out the blue-black Grid's Greatsword and prepared himself.

"Kyak!"

A monster wearing a golden crown on its head fell from a rock wall. At the same time, it swung a big and heavy club.

Chaaeng!

Grid moved the greatsword horizontally and blocked it, before moving forward.

‘It is dirty.’

The power wasn’t a joke. The damage was almost at the level of a skill. It felt like he would lose at least 6,000 health if he was hit with it.

"But it doesn’t matter."

Grid had met many strong enemies since becoming Pagma's Descendant. It was enough to make fun of common monsters like these.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Chaaeng!

Grid blocked the club and used a skill while narrowing the distance.

“Kill!”

Puok!

It was a monster with green, bumpy skin and a golden crown. The blue-black greatsword precisely struck the heart. However.

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

"Eh?"

Grid’s eyes widened.

“Kyaooooh!”

The golden crown started to counterattack.

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!

He was puzzled by the unexpected situation. Most players would feel confused if the skill damage they were so proud of didn’t affect the target. However, Grid was surprisingly strong against

variables.

‘I’ve been through this once or twice.’

Jjeejeeong!

There was a piercing roar as the greatsword and club collided. Grid calmed down while frowning at the echoing sound. He used his developed thinking skills to try and find the blind spot of the golden crowns.

Chapter 394

‘For Kill to only do 1 damage, it isn’t just physical defense. They have resistance to physical attacks. The status resistance is also high.’

[Kill Lv. 6 (57.1%)]

A killing sword that expresses hatred.

Deals 1,800% of your attack power to a single target. There will be a bleeding and desperation effect.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Mana Cost: 1,000

Skill Stamina Consumption: Consumes 20% of your stamina.

Skill Cooldown Time: 380 seconds

As with any skill, Kill was steadily strengthened as the level rose. The resource consumption and cooldown time decreased, while the power increased. The level 360~370 monsters on the islands in the 40’s would lose more than 60% of their health if hit by Grid’s Kill unleashed from Grid’s Greatsword.

However, the golden crown received only 1 damage. This couldn’t be explained with just high defense.

‘I need to check to make sure.’

Grid thought and planned as the golden crown aimed the club at his head.

Peeok!

[You have suffered 6,360 damage.]

“Ugh.”

It wasn’t a damage that Grid could make fun of.

‘One-tenth of my health disappeared in one blow.’

At level 300, one strength stat increased health by 7, while one stamina stat increased health by 25.

There was the 6,000 health added by the Holy Light Set, the 3,000 health added by the Man who has Touched Hell title, and 3,000 health added by Tiramet's Belt and Tiramet's Shoulderguards, giving Grid approximately 63,000 health.

Now he received 6,000 damage from base damage, not a skill, so he became tense.

'Let's concentrate.'

Grid moved forward. He aimed Pinnacle at the golden crown.

[Pinnacle Lv. 3 (15.9%)]

A sword that expresses the essence of a warrior god.

Deals 780% of your attack power to a single target. This skill will ignore 62% of the target's armor.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Mana Cost: 700

Skill Cooldown Time: 143 seconds

Seokeok!

Pinnacle slashed at the wide chest of the golden crown. Looking at the momentum, it was a blow that could cut the golden crown in half. But the result?

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

'Indeed.'

Grid was convinced. This green monster with a golden crown resisted physical attacks. The proof was that Pinnacle, which ignored the target's defense, only dealt 1 damage.

'Their weakness...'

Magic. Enemies immune to physical damage were vulnerable to

magic, just as those immune to magic were vulnerable to physical attacks. This was common sense for users playing Satisfy, and the reason why party play was prevalent in Satisfy.

It was difficult for a warrior with strong physical attacks or a magician with high magic power to overcome crises in the game alone. But Grid was different. He had the ability to play the game by himself.

Was it because of his legendary class? No, it was because of his relationship with Braham. Due to that bond, Grid had learned magic.

"Magic Missile."

Magic Missile (Enhanced) Lv. 2 (37%) A magic missile developed by the legendary great magician who has completely overturned the activation formula.

It boasts tremendous power, but consumes a lot of resources.

It deals damage equal to twice your current magic power to the target. It also ignores the enemy's magic resistance.

Resource Consumption: 380 Mana.

Skill Casting Time: 1 second.

Skill Cooldown Time: 4.8 seconds

Peeng!

A sharp flash of light pierced the heart of the golden crown.

‘Good.’

The biggest advantage of Magic Missile was its fast casting speed. Grid smiled with satisfaction as he saw the golden crown that couldn't cope with the sudden emergence of Magic Missile. But that smile didn't last long.

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

“What?”

It resisted physical and magic attacks? The golden crown struck the confused Grid.

[You have suffered 6,160 damage.]

“This really hurts.”

Grid wore the Slaughterer’s Eye Patch. His ability to read the enemy’s attack orbit was excellent. But the golden crown was a level 380 monster, so its physical abilities far overwhelmed the level 305 Grid. In addition, there was the penalty due to the level difference.

As a result, Grid couldn’t fully read the movements of the golden crown and allowed a successive string of attacks. Grid was pushed back by the momentum.

“Kiyaaak!”

The golden crown approached and swung its club again.

Jjejejeok!

‘This damn monster...!’

There was 17 minutes and 1 second remaining for the mission time limit. He needed to hunt 10 golden crowns in 20 minutes, but he couldn’t even hunt one in 3 minutes, making Grid feel nervous. But he didn’t despair.

‘Keep my composure.’

Grid had numerous experiences with unexpected things. He wouldn’t repeat the same mistakes again.

Jjang! Jjejeong!

Grid calmly blocked the golden crown’s onslaught.

‘Physical attacks and magic attacks don’t work on the opponent.’

Then how could he hunt them?

“Ah...!”

Grid was blocking the club from hitting his collarbone when he remembered an unusual monster.

‘Mimic!’

Mimic. They were monsters that looked like treasure chests to deceive adventurers. One of their greatest strengths was that they had the ‘resist all damage’ passive. Grid had only met a mimic once.

‘No matter the attack, it only suffers 1 damage.’

However, this didn’t mean that a mimic was invincible. The maximum health of a mimic was 10~120 depending on their level. Grid only dealt 1 damage, but he would be able to hunt it if he hit it many times in a row.

That’s right. Grid judged that the golden crown was a monster like a mimic.

‘It is only 1 damage per hit, but they have low health.’

He just needed to hit them a lot. Grod swapped from Grid’s Greatsword to Iyarugt to increase his attack speed and used Link.

Pit!

Pipipipipit!

[Link Lv. 7 (61.2%)]

A dazzling sword dance that is like the wings of a butterfly.

Deals 800% of your attack power to a single target.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Mana Cost: 300

Skill Cooldown Time: 60 seconds

The number of strikes for Link was proportional to the attack speed. With Iyarugt, he could do a total of 25 strikes.

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt...]

...

...

The biggest advantage was that continuous attacks caused the target to stiffen. Due to the series of attacks, the golden crowns were unable to move. Grid used Continuous Stab during that gap. It was the skill he acquired from the reservist training.

Puk!

Puk puk puk!

A total of five stabs struck the golden crown's body. In the midst of this, the God Hands were also moving rapidly. All of them held a weapon and attacked the golden hands without stopping.

‘It should be now.’

Grid believed that the golden crown's health gauge should've fallen sharply. But reality was relentless when he checked it with his eyes.

“Heok.”

Despite the efforts of Grid and the God Hands, the golden crown's health gauge was still full. Grid realized. The golden crown was different from a mimic.

‘Should I try another way?’

Pakak!

Grid's face was hit by the club while he was trying to think.

Kuuong!

Grid felt pain as he was thrown back and hit a rock.

"Kilkil!"

Grid heard a bad laugh from above his head.

‘Don’t tell me.’

Grid stiffened as he looked in the direction of the laughter. Then he felt despair. Three golden crowns were looking down at him from a rock.

‘The worst.’

He couldn’t do anything against one golden crown. Now three more enemies were added.

‘I am going to die from normal mobs, not a boss.’

In the beginning, Grid was killed by rabbits. But this experience became unfamiliar since becoming Pagma’s Descendant. The mental blow was very big.

‘There has to be a way...’

The three golden crowns jumped from the rock.

Fortunately, there was a lack of cooperation and the separate attacks could be blocked by the God Hands, buying time for Grid’s brain to work. He couldn’t think of a way to overcome this crisis.

‘Should I just give up and die?’

He had barely recovered the experience that he lost from dying to the clone, and now he had to die again? It couldn’t be.

‘It would be better to give up the mission and survive.’

Grid decided and was about to summon Randy and Noe.

[The name is golden crown? The body isn’t the green monster, but the crown on its head.]

It was an unexpected voice. The familiar voice entered Grid’s ears.

“You...!?”

Grid was confused by the unimaginable existence and raised his head to look at the sky, where a faint soul was floating. It was Braham’s soul.

[Pagma's Descendant is playing around in the playground that Pagma made.]

Originally, Braham's voice was filled with infinite power. It contained absolutely confidence and magic power. But not anymore. Compared to before, Braham's voice was very weak.

'He still hasn't found his body? What on earth happened?'

Why did he come here in the first place? Grid was puzzled but still kept an eye on the golden crowns. After avoiding the clubs flying from the front and rear, he cut the golden crown of a green monster with Iyarugt.

Then.

[You have dealt 5,900 damage to the target.]

'This is the strategy to handle them.'

Thanks to Braham, Grid got a glimpse of the light. But he still had to give up on the mission. There was 12 minutes and 59 seconds remaining. He might've discovered the weakness of the golden crowns, but it was difficult to beat 10 of them in that time.

Braham suggested to Grid.

[Accept my soul once again. This time for a bit longer than before.]

Grid received a hidden quest.

Chapter 395

‘A playground made by Pagma?’

This place called the Behen Archipelago, hadn't the Hall of Fame existed since a long time ago? The timing wasn't right to say that Pagma made it.

‘Don't tell me.’

Did it mean that Pagma made the ‘Contaminated’ Behen Archipelago?

‘In other words, the person who contaminated the Behen Archipelago is Pagma?’

Pagma was always being exposed through Braham. Grid didn't 100% trust Braham, but he had positive feelings towards him.

“And why should I accept your soul again? Did you fail to recover your original body?”

No, what was this? Didn't he say he would be resurrected if Grid made him the Vessel of the Soul?

Jjejeong! Jjang!

The onslaught of the golden crowns continued while Grid was asking Braham questions. It wasn't easy to cope with the clubs from four golden crowns, and Grid couldn't rely on the God Hands. The Sword Mastery level of the God Hands couldn't cope with the remarkable movement of the level 380 golden crowns.

Braham gave advice to the struggling Grid.

[The golden crown is a parasitic being that uses other monsters as a host. Since there isn't a limit in controlling the host's body, the overall stats are better than other monsters at the same level. With your present skills, it isn't easy to overwhelm them. So accept my soul.]

"Speaking nonsense with my body, do you think I would agree to

that again? Don't just speak one-sidedly. Answer my questions."

Grid suffered greatly from the arrogant and chuuni words that poured from his mouth when he accepted Braham's soul. He didn't want to have the same experience again. In the first place, he was uneasy with not having control of his body.

Peeng!

Grid temporarily restrained the behavior of the golden crowns with Pagma's Swordsmanship, Restraint. At the same time, he fired Magic Missile at the golden crown opposite him. The golden crown screamed but didn't die.

"Kakakakak!"

"Ugh!"

Indeed, it was as Braham said.

The golden crowns didn't care about the safety of the host monster.

It showed movements beyond the limit, not caring if the muscles or joints were damaged. The arms swung the club like an electric fan. The bones that protruded from the broken elbows were used as weapons, making Grid feel confused in many ways.

[The petty questions that you have, if you accept me then you will naturally get the answers. You can also easily overcome this crisis.]

[A quest has been created.]

[Legendary Great Magician]

★ Hidden Quest ★

Braham has failed to recover his original body. He wants to stay in a safe space until he recovers his exhausted magic power, and has chosen your body as that space.

If you accept Braham's soul, you will gain a powerful force.

Quest Acceptance Reward: 50% increase in affinity with Braham. The legendary second class 'Legendary Great magician' will be acquired.

'Legendary second class?'

Grid's mind shook like he was struck by a hammer. It was a truly shocking offer. He would get a second class that was hard to obtain, and it was also a legendary class? Was there anyone in the world who could enjoy such good luck?

'This is a dream, right?'

Since Huroi first obtained a second class, it was said that less than 100 users had obtained a second class. Most of them received a normal rated second class. The number of people with a higher rated second class could be counted on one hand. A legendary second class was an uncharted territory.

But he was able to obtain it.

'A legendary blacksmith and a legendary great magician...!'

Grid shook.

Sticks, who had been silent, cautioned him.

"Grid, you might not know it, but Braham is actually a vampire, not a human. He is also one of the nine direct descendants of Beriache. Don't be misled by him just because he is a legend. You might become his host, just like the golden crown monsters."

Sticks earnestly spoke. Grid looked at him in a mysterious manner.

"The man who was silently watching while I was attacked by the golden crowns is now speaking up."

Now Grid knew Braham's identity. But Braham helped him, so Grid didn't feel negatively towards him. So what if he wasn't human? Grid had gone through too many things to be prejudiced towards a person because of their species.

Sticks was embarrassed.

“I’m called a sage, but I don’t know everything. I didn’t know about the golden crowns, so I wasn’t able to give you advice. It wasn’t done maliciously.”

"You don't have to be so serious. I'm not trying to sell you off."

Grid was no longer interested in Sticks. He summoned Noe and Randy and started to attack the golden crowns while talking to Braham's soul.

"Braham, if I accept your soul, will you also freely move my body like last time?"

If so, he couldn't accept this hidden quest, even if he wanted the legendary second class. Grid's caution couldn't be compared to the past. Braham inwardly admired it while answering.

[No, your flesh will purely be yours if you accept me. I won't take over your body unless you want it yourself.]

"It is a spiritual rapport?"

Once Grid accepted Braham's soul, he would be able to share his thoughts with Braham and communicate. It was a mysterious experience in many ways. Braham wasn't 100% reliable, so it was right to draw a line.

[Right now, I am very weak. If I communicate with you spiritually, I am likely to be influenced and absorbed by you. Rapport... It doesn't exist unless I take over your body.]

It was a satisfactory answer. Grid nodded and asked a question.

"What is the duration of your stay?"

[A minimum of one year.]

“Give me a definite answer. Up to how many years?”

[...Four years.]

From one to four years. It meant that Grid could only have the

legendary second class for that long and of course, it was based on Satisfy time. Grid was a little disappointed.

‘It is too short.’

It would be hard to bear if he suddenly lost power one day. Wouldn't it be better to ignore that power from the beginning? Braham read Grid's worry and tempted him.

[Do you think you will get nothing from me? You will be able to learn all types of magic and wisdom from me. Isn't that alone beneficial?]

“...Okay.”

There was no reason for Grid to reject. Sticks tried to stop him, but it was useless.

"Grid, you don't know how atrocious the demonkin are...?"

"Demonkin or human, it doesn't matter. I want to become stronger. "

The reason that Grid was so devoted to Satisfy, despite making enough money, was to prove the value of his existence. In order to get further away from his despised past, Grid was looking higher and higher.

His first goal was to win three gold medals in the National Competition. Grid once again wanted to be recognized. In particular, for those who tormented him, he wanted to show that he was living well. In order to do that, he needed to cross beyond the mountain called Kraugel.

"Braham, I will accept your soul."

[A wise choice.]

Flash!

Braham's soul was sucked into Grid's chest. A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[You have become one with Braham's soul.]

[The second class 'Legendary Great Magician' has been acquired.]

[You are the first player to achieve two legendary classes!]

[It is truly a great achievement!! The title 'Glimpsed the Myths' has been acquired!]

[Glimpsed the Myths]

The minimum qualification to raise your class rating to 'Myth.'

The title itself has no effect.

'Myth...!'

Most players already knew about it. The highest rating in Satisfy was myth, not legend. They were able to know this because there were all types of myth rated items, including the Rebecca Church's three divine artifacts.

But who could've imagined it? A player could actually reach the myth rating.

'Laue! didn't even know it.'

It was a great feeling of accomplishment to obtain new information before anyone else. A notification window appeared in front of Grid. But the contents...

[You have learned all of Braham's magic.]

[It failed because of your low intelligence!]

[In order to master Braham's magic, you must raise your intelligence.]

[In order to provide Braham's soul with steady magic power and restore it, you must raise your intelligence.]

[The skill 'Assimilation' has been generated.]

[Assimilation]

Will awaken Braham's sleeping consciousness in your body and

become one.

At this time, your class will be converted to Great Magician' and control of the flesh will be transferred to Braham.

Skill Duration: 3 minutes

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 days

“...?”

He acquired a legendary second class, but why didn't the result look good? No, it didn't look good.

“%\$(#!!”

It stunk. He gained 10 stat points per level. Of those, six would be forcibly invested in intelligence? Grid naturally cursed. He couldn't control his anger, so Sticks asked with an anxious expression.

“Did Braham deceive you? A demonkin isn't someone you should encounter.”

“...”

The elves who wanted to keep the balance of the world, and the demonkin who wanted to destroy the world, their relationship was the worst. Grid continued to ignore Sticks' remark, since he had a bias against Braham.

‘I wasn't deceived.’

It was his fault for not asking what penalties he would receive if he accepted Braham's soul.

‘For example, I already had the experience of falling to level 1 after becoming Pagma's Descendant...’

Nevertheless, he didn't regret it, since obtaining a legendary second class was priceless. He never thought it was possible.

“First of all, I have to test Braham's strength.”

The time left to clear the mission of the 51st island was only 8

minutes and 35 seconds. He needed to hunt 10 golden crowns. It was an impossible task for Grid alone, even if he summoned Noe and Randy.

‘But what if I use Braham’s abilities?’

“Assimilation.”

Sururuk.

Grid’s wide shoulders and thick forearms started to gradually change. His jawline became tapered and his black hair was as white as snow.

“...Kukukuk, failing to catch such dogs.’ I will burn them together with the whole island.”

It was the white-haired version of Grid that attracted female hearts and brought about the 5th Korean Wave in Japan. This was indeed...

“Fireball.”

[The magic isn’t cast because your intelligence is too low.]

“...”

The first time Grid accepted Braham’s soul, it was full of magic power. Then what about now?

‘...Shit, it’s like this.’

Now Grid wanted to cry at the compensation of the hidden quest. In many ways, it was regretful.

Chapter 396

Behen Archipelago, the 51st island.

Four golden crowns faced the white-haired Grid.

“Fireball! Fireball! Fireball!”

[The magic isn’t cast because your intelligence is too low.]

[The magic isn’t cast because your intelligence is too low.]

[The magic isn’t cast...]

“...”

He tried again, but the result was the same. The white-haired Grid, no, Braham, couldn’t accept it.

“How can this be? How bad is your head that you can even get the formula for Fireball wrong?”

Grid snapped back.

‘My head isn’t bad!’

It was true. If they used the scale of the ‘intelligence stat’ to measure good or bad, Grid’s head wasn’t bad. Why? Malacus’ Cloak increased the wearer’s intelligence by 200 and the Black Quartz Earrings increased it by 15%, so he had close to 1,200 intelligence.

The influence of items was great. Which blacksmith in the world would have intelligence over 1,000? No, it wasn’t just blacksmiths. Grid was currently level 305. Among the level 305 users, it was extremely rare for them to have more than 1,000 unless they were magicians or scholars.

In other words, Grid was smarter than average. Once again, Grid was smart when using the intelligence stat as a measuring stick. But Braham saw Grid at the level of an idiot.

“What a fool.”

The level of Braham's magic spells could be broken down into 10 levels. There were many types and uses. However, Grid's current intelligence meant he could only use the lowest 10th level magic. Braham couldn't even use Fireball, which was 9th level magic? Braham's Fireball wasn't a regular Fireball, but an enhanced one. It was impossible to complete the complex formula with Grid's current intelligence.

"Your intelligence is a means to overcome a crisis, but it's like I entered the body of a skunk."

'...W-What?'

Why did he keep being blamed for not being able to use magic? Grid thought it was ridiculous, so words couldn't come out properly.

Braham explained, "Currently, most of my soul is asleep in your body. I am just a fragment of that soul. I have to borrow your brain and magic power to use magic. But it has no meaning with your current status."

'Eek...!'

Grid's anger skyrocketed. He accepted Braham's soul to become stronger, but the reality was that he just became angrier. It was truly a cursed life. There was no way to solve this.

'Then is there any meaning in accepting you?'

"Let's see?"

Braham just nodded at the agitated Grid. His relaxed attitude made Grid more heated up.

'Dammit! What the hell is this?'

Grid cursed and shouted.

"Kieeek!"

"Kyaak!"

Suddenly, the mood of the golden crowns changed and they sprang at Grid. The atmosphere of the white-haired Grid was different from before, but they judged that he was still easy. Grid wanted to cry.

‘Will I die like this?’

The duration of Assimilation, this useless skill where the miracle was $1+1=0$, had 2 minutes and 30 seconds remaining. Grid had given over control of his body to Braham, so he thought he would die because he couldn't rely on items or Noe and Randy.

Braham read Grid's fearful mind.

"I must look very funny to you."

Braham was special among the legends. Unlike the other legends of human origin, his abilities were overwhelming. He was also unique enough to raise the science of magic to another level.

"Do you think that this body will be hit by hybrids?"

'...!'

Grid was beyond shocked. Braham's vision of the four rushing golden crowns was different from his own.

"Magic Missile."

Peng!

Pepepeng!

Great magician. A legendary great magician was on a different dimension. The skill description for Magic Missile (Enhanced) said that it had a cooldown time of 5 seconds, but Braham was able to shoot four without a time difference.

“Kuwek!”

The golden crowns was accurately pierced and the monsters hesitated in pain. Braham didn't give them a break.

"Magic Missile."

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

He used only Magic Missiles. But the power was effective enough. Braham was in assimilation state. In other words, Grid's class was Great Magician. His Magic Missile was at the 10th level and the power was incomparable to Grid's Magic Missile.

Finally.

[The golden crown has been defeated.]

[13,498,000 experience has been acquired.]

[The golden crown has been defeated.]

[13,498,000 experience has been acquired.]

[The golden crown...]

...

...

Golden crowns. Golden crowns that emitted light to attract monsters.

They used the lured monsters as hosts and were capable of showing overwhelming combat power, but they had one weakness. The health of the golden crowns were low when compared to monsters of the same level.

Grid was filled with joy as he saw that they couldn't endure the bombardment of master level Magic Missiles.

'This might be possible!'

He thought he might be able to clear the mission of the 51st island.

'There is 7 minutes and 34 seconds until the mission ends.'

Assimilation would end in 1 minute and 59 seconds. Would Braham be able to defeat 6 golden crowns in that time? Grid was

looking forward to it, and Braham tried to meet those expectations. He used Magic Detection (Enhanced) to find the location of the golden crowns on the island, then fired Magic Missiles towards them.

Pepepepeng!

"Kyaak!"

‘Wow.’

Grid once again felt admiration.

In the case of Grid, he fought it difficult to hit four targets that were 50 meters ahead with Magic Missile. Meanwhile, Braham accurately struck the golden crowns that were 200 meters ahead.

‘Great.’

Six golden crowns around the island were hit and flocked towards Braham. Grid trembled as he sensed the approaching success of the mission.

‘Shit, my mana is gone.’

“...?”

At level 300, every point in intelligence gave him 6 mana. Grid had 1,193 intelligence, giving him 7,158 mana. The master level Magic Missile (Enhanced) cost 350 mana, while the master level Magic Detection (Enhanced) cost 2,000 mana. Braham wasn’t joking when he said his mana ran out.

Grid looked at the six golden crowns approaching and shouted.

‘A great magician can’t even properly control his mana?’

“It is the first time I’ve had such a small amount of mana, so I made a mistake.”

‘Shit! Don’t waste time giving me excuses. Drink a mana potion!’

Grid’s skills had a high consumption rate. Thus, he always kept mana potions on him.

Click.

Braham identified the mana potions in Grid's inventory and pulled out one of them. It wasn't the advanced mana potion that cost 20 gold each. Instead, it was the super mana potion produced by Reidan's alchemy facility that didn't have a price yet?

'No, what are you...?'

In fact, even advanced mana potions were a luxury for Grid. The mana restored by an advanced mana potion was higher than Grid's total mana. However, the reason that Grid had the advanced mana potions was because the intermediate ones were lacking. Anyway, for Grid who was always in pain when drinking an advanced mana potion, he couldn't stand Braham drinking a super mana potion. He even felt hatred.

'You...! What are you doing?'

The price of an advanced mana potion was more expensive than a chicken. But the super mana potions were at least 10 times more expensive. Braham shrugged at Grid, who couldn't believe the scene occurring in front of him.

"My mouth has luxurious tastes."

'What...? It's the same!'

Grid felt anger and annoyance. While Grid's regret deepened, Braham showed his worth.

"Magic Missile. Magic Missile. Magic Missile."

It was only one type of spell. Thanks to this, Grid was able to safely clear the 51st island.

[1,900 challenger points have been acquired.]

[The gate to the 52nd island is open.]

[Your level has risen.]

[As someone with a second class, you will receive a level up

bonus. 12 stat points have been acquired.]

[The duration of Assimilation is over. Braham's soul will be asleep for 10 days.]

"..."

It was easy to clear the island and reach level 305 thanks to Braham. However, he couldn't feel any happiness.

Grid pledged.

'I shouldn't summon him in the future.'

Grid thought he might die if he had to often face Braham. But Grid was also dimly aware. Braham had a great affinity towards him. His words, tone and expression were much softer than they were in the past.

'He will gradually reveal Pagma's secrets.'

Grid gained the solid insurance called Braham, so his expression was bright, despite wasting points in intelligence. It was exactly 30 days in real time until the National Competition.

Chapter 397

'It isn't a big loss if I think about it calmly.'

A typical player gained 10 stat points for each level increase. But those with second classes like Grid were able to gain two additional stat points. Six of them were forcibly invested in intelligence, but it wasn't a negative thing.

'Intelligence increases my maximum mana, so I'll be able to use more skills and the power of my magic will also increase.'

Above all, the important part was for Grid was to increase the efficiency of the Assimilation skill. It was very difficult to give control of his body to Braham, but there was an irresistible appeal about Assimilation.

The charm of it was shining in the 'Magic List' right now.

-Available Magic Spells that can be Learned!-

[Magic Detection (Enhanced) Lv. 1]

A magic detection spell developed by the legendary great magician who has completely overturned the activation formula.

Emits a large amount of mana in all directions, locating all living things in a radius of 10 meters.

The higher the magic level, the wider the detection range and the more information that can be seen.

Resource Consumption: 3,000 Mana.

Skill Casting Time: 6 seconds.

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.

-If you use this spell three times in Great Magician mode, you will learn it.

Thus, it was possible for Grid to acquire magic used by Braham in Assimilation mode. It meant he could get the unique magic of a

legendary great magician for free. This was a complete scam. It was so crazy that it wouldn't be strange for others to be blinded by jealousy.

‘I want to learn more of Braham's magic, so I need to raise my intelligence.’

Grid's main duty was as a blacksmith and then a swordsman. If he was blinded by immediate greed and invested a lot of stat points in intelligence, he was likely to shed tears of blood in the future.

‘A weak hybrid is the worst. Don't be impatient.’

Of course, the way to raise his intelligence wasn't just stat points. He could wear items that increased his intelligence, such as Malacus' Cloak and the Black Quartz Earrings. But it wasn't easy to make items that raised stats. If it was that easy, Grid would've made agility items from scratch in order to make his agility and strength ratio 1:1.

“I will try to challenge it later. First, I need to try my best to finish the Behen Archipelago.”

He saved his 6 remaining stat points despite being filled with the sudden desire to raise intelligence.

『 There were a total of eight events in the 1st National Competition. 』

<The 2nd National Competition's Special Broadcast> The director of the broadcast, which expected them to have a lot of interest, pointed to the monitor on the stage. Boss raid, PvP, pet marathon, escape the labyrinth, the target processing match, international siege, and various production events were listed on the monitor.

These were the events in the 1st National Competition

『 Unlike the 1st National Competition where there were 17

participating countries, this time there is a total of 32 participating countries. The size and interest are naturally bigger. 』

『 The S.A. Group has found that it's hard to show the best of the players with only eight events, and there is also a limit on the spectacles provided to the viewers. 』

『 The number of events has been increased to 13, and many of them are non-combat events. It is more friendly to various classes rather than just the combat classes. 』

『 Still, the most popular event in the 2nd National Competition will be the PvP, just like the 1st National Competition. 』

『 The S.A. Group said they would be changing the PvP system so that no nasty results like the Grid vs Hurent 3 second incident or Grid vs Bondre 4 second incident will occur again. 』

『 The damage of PvP (Player VS Player) will be reduced by 50% compared to the damage of PvE (Player VS Environment: a player's actions against monsters, dungeons, traps, terrain, etc). 』

『 In other words, if you use a skill that deals 100% damage to a monster, it will only deal 50% damage to a user. This will make the strategic elements of PvP more advanced, and viewers will be able to watch the spectacular sights for a longer time. 』

“Hoh.”

"This means they don't need to watch out for the destructiveness of people like Grid or Chris."

"The importance of control has increased."

"The tankers will be the biggest beneficiaries."

The faces of the PvP participants in the National Competition brightened after they confirmed the changes. On the other hand, the Korean netizens felt resentful.

-Ah... One of Grid's gold medals will fly away.

-To be honest, Grid's strength is his powerful attacks. This is

basically a patch to seal it. It is absurd;; -This is a patch completely aimed at Grid. It isn't fair.

-Once upon a time, when Korea was still the gaming powerhouses, there were many patches to balance the power of the Korean players. This reminds me of that time.

-This is what is called a 'nerf.'

-Wow, that's a classic game term;;; my father used it when he was young;;; how old is it?

-Anyway, now that Grid can't win a gold medal in PvP, Korea will never enter the top 10.

-This is really... The S.A. Group is a complete traitor... Screwing up their own country like this...

-This is the conspiracy of the world governments. It's only the Koreans who are suffering.

The foreigners named this PvP system the 'Grid Nerf.'

In particular, countries such as China and Japan, who had a big sense of competitiveness with South Korea, were dancing with joy.

-Ah, ah. A small nation like South Korea is being squished by the world.

-China will prove that they are the best country in Asia!

-The best in Asia! China is the center of the world! Hao is participating, so it's natural that he will win!

-Don't make me laugh. Japan is better than China.

-China's only strength is their tactics, because each country in the National Competition is limited to 7 participants.

-In the end, Damian, Katz, and Yoshimura are the best in Asia.

-Let's see.

The 50% reduced PvP damage in the National Competition. As this patch was shaking the world...

[You have entered the 56st island.]

“Heok... Heok... Wow, this. It is really too much. The difficulty rises exponentially every time I pass an island.”

The main subject of all the conversations, Grid, was solely devoted to capturing the Behen Archipelago. Was he pioneering his own way, regardless of what people said? That wasn't it. Recently, Grid only had time to play the game, sleep, and eat.

He was unaware of what was going around the world. Did he check the TV or Internet? No. Every moment of the day was too precious for Grid. The difficulty of the Behen Archipelago was so high that he had to focus his whole mind on it.

In other words, Grid didn't know that he was nerfed in the National Competition. Thus, the world started to misunderstand him.

-Grid is silent.

-Yes. He didn't complain to the S.A. Group despite being nerfed.

□ □

-If this had happened to other rankers, they would be accusing the S.A. Group in various interviews around the world;; -It's common sense to ask for compensation.

-Grid is seriously... A guy like this is cool.

-Truly God Grid!

The old stories on the Internet paint Grid as complete trash, but they must be written by anti-fans.

-Absolutely. Grid is amazing.

The spread of things was scary. Once favourable opinions about Grid started to appear, Koreans as well as people from all over the world started praising Grid's attitude.

He was acknowledged by the racists filled with the ideology of white supremacists, and even some terrible terrorist groups in the

Middle East supported Grid. It was an amazing phenomenon.

Once it was 22 days away from the National Competition, South Korea had a talk show about Grid.

The guest was Peak Sword.

『 Why isn't Grid reacting to this patch? To Grid, this nerf is a minor problem. He is like this. Nerf? Try it. No one can stop me Why? I am God Grid! A healthy person from Korea! Do you know God Grid? Hooray South Korea! 』

“Dammit.”

Things had already become too big by the time Grid heard about it.

In Grid's mind, he immediately wanted to call the S.A. Group and say, 'Why do you have to patch a person? Aren't games supposed to be fair?' However, he was too embarrassed to come forward now.

It was due to Peak Sword's words on the talk show.

“Dammit...”

Peak Sword. They had known each other for over a year, but he still wasn't aware of Grid's personality? The power of bias was too terrible.

“Unfortunately, this is where I give up.”

"This is also my limit.”

"Everyone seems to be the same.”

The Overgeared members challenging the Behen Archipelago. The vast majority of them failed to pass the 31st island and raised the white flag. The worst trials of the past caused even the famous geniuses to feel despair.

"How did Grid pass?”

“How far has Grid developed...?”

“We’re on the same side, but he’s still scary.”

The concept of the 31st island. The more genius a person was, the greater the difficulty they faced. Lael was aware of this fact, but he didn’t want to pour cold water on the Overgeared members praising Grid.

‘Their respect and affection towards Grid is becoming stronger.’

Lael predicted that on the 31st island, Grid likely faced monsters like ogres.

‘In other words, the 31st island is a privilege for bad players.’

Except for Grid, it was natural for the Overgeared members to drop out at the 31st island.

However.

How did Yura, Jishuka, and Huroi pass the 31st island? Lael found the results incomprehensible.

Chapter 398

‘Well, I can understand Huroi to some extent.’

The combat skills of the orator class were the worst, so his past ordeals were likely to have a low degree of difficulty. It wasn’t difficult for Huroi to overcome the trial, since he had grown after acquiring his second class.

‘But Yura and Jishuka are different.’

They were both geniuses. The difficulty of their past trials would be beyond imagination. So how did they get past the 31st island?

‘Did they never have hard times because they were so good in the first place? If so, it’s great enough to be compared to this body.’

As Lauel was taking these ridiculous thoughts seriously, the other Overgeared members were comparing the items they purchased on Fog Island.

“I bought five agility elixirs and one rare skill book.”

“Huhuhu, I bought 13 stamina elixirs. I’m becoming increasingly qualified to be called a tanker.”

"Wow, Faker and Vantner hit the jackpot.

“I’m envious... I found Fog Island too quickly and only bought four elixirs.”

“I reached the 31st Island and didn’t see Fog Island at all. It’s irritating.”

“Me too...”

The system of the Fog Island in the Behen Archipelago purely depended on luck. It wasn’t easy to use the island because it appeared too soon or too late.

“I’m worried about Grid.”

“...Yes.”

The world thought that Grid was an extremely lucky person. Wasn't Grid the first legendary class? People appreciated Grid's luck and assumed he was a person who saved a country in his previous life.

However, the Overgeared members knew the truth. Grid was never lucky. The question was whether he had been abandoned by Lady Luck.

"A legendary blacksmith who has bad luck and can't make legendary items..."

"Even if he completely clears the Behen Archipelago, what if Fog Island never appears again?"

"..."

The Overgeared members were genuinely concerned, while Lael's heart ached.

'Even if you have bad luck as usual, keep up your mental strength, My Lord.'

The Behen Archipelago.

"What is this?"

Grid frowned after entering the 56th island. There were two caves in front of him.

'Why two instead of one?'

Did he have to attack both?

'The scale isn't a joke.'

On the 55th island, level 400 monsters started to pop up. If there were many monsters in the huge caves in front of him, Grid wouldn't dare to challenge it.

'It will take a long time to deal with those in the cave due to the level difference...'

As he continued further into the Behen Archipelago, the difficulty increased exponentially. Grid's confidence was declining when a notification window appeared in front of him.

[A mission will be created.]

[56th Island]

Break through the labyrinth!

First Clear Reward: 2,150 challenger points. Access to Treasure Island for 3 minutes.

‘Treasure Island!’

Grid, whose shoulders were slumped, instantly brightened.

‘Treasure Island, the name is fantastic!’

A place where legendary achievements were celebrated, the Behen Archipelago. In some ways, it was the most sacred place on the whole continent. A hidden Treasure Island, wouldn't tremendous treasures be buried there?

‘It will be great if I can obtain adamantium.’

The Holy Light Set that he used since the Pope Drevigo raid was made of the god mineral adamantium. Grid was convinced that he could make huge items if he had adamantium.

“Okay... I will challenge it.”

Grid regained his motivation and neared the entrance of the two caves. At the same time, Grid's body stiffened like a stone statue.

‘Eh? I can't move?’

It was different from a status condition. His hands were stiff and couldn't move as a choice entered his view.

[Do you want to go to the left cave or the right cave?]

‘Ah...!’

From the moment he entered his island, the labyrinth had

already begun. He wasn't able to move in a direction other than the two options.

‘There are no variables.’

Grid turned his gaze to the rear. He wanted to ask Sticks, ‘What should I do to clear the labyrinth?’ But he couldn't speak.

‘It isn't just my movements, but my mouth as well...’

It seemed to be the same for Sticks. He was standing as stiffly as Grid.

‘This is confusing.’

Grid had no experience with labyrinths. The complex structure and traps made the difficulty of clearing labyrinths so high that he never challenged it. In other words, Grid didn't have the knowledge to break through labyrinths. It was dark in front of Grid.

‘In the end, I have to gamble.’

Grid thought about it for a while before taking one step forward. The direction he chose was the right cave. The result.

‘This is crazy!’

As soon as Grid entered the right cave, he automatically screamed. It was natural. There were six paths in front of him!

‘I won't be able to pass it like this.’

Grid was able to get a sense of how much time it would take to pass through this massive labyrinth.

‘Maybe I won't be able to pass it before the National Competition begins...’

It was the worst. He was desperate. However, Grid had a trump card.

“Assimilation.”

Sururuk.

Grid's hair became white and his eyes shone like rubies. Did he borrow the wisdom of a sage? No, he borrowed the wisdom of someone much higher than that. Grid was gradually becoming more versatile.

“Hoh, you thought about using this method to take advantage of my wisdom.”

Braham used Magic Detection (Enhanced) and walked towards the path with the most powerful and malicious aura.

After a moment.

Braham handled the hidden monster and appeared in front of a new crossroads. Then he taught Grid.

"The labyrinth has a habit of not wanting to miss anyone who steps in it. The closer you are to the exit, the more danger there will be. Use Magic Detection to move slowly.”

The duration of Assimilation was 3 minutes. Braham gave Grid great advice and then fell asleep. A smile appeared on Grid's face.

‘Thank you, Braham.’

Thanks to him, Grid got a hint about how to break through the labyrinth and learned new magic.

[Magic Detection (Enhanced) Lv. 1]

A magic detection developed by the legendary great magician who has completely overturned the activation formula.

Emits a large amount of mana in all directions, locating all living things in a radius of 10 meters.

The higher the magic level, the wider the detection range and the more information that can be seen.

Resource Consumption: 3,000 Mana.

Skill Casting Time: 6 seconds.

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.

‘If I move using Braham’s advice...’

Paaaat!

This time, Grid stood in front of eight paths and used Magic Detection that he had learned from Braham. Mana stretched out in all directions around Grid.

‘I found it!’

The strongest aura was felt from the end of one of the eight paths. Grid was sure that there was a monster there. He summoned the God Hands, Randy, and Noe and entered the battle with his full power.

“Heok... Heok...”

The monster that appeared in the labyrinth had a level between 400~410. The level difference between the level 306 Grid and the monsters was so great that he didn’t do much damage, while Grid suffered from tremendous damage whenever he received a hit. It was like a boss raid every time Grid encountered a monster.

‘The problem isn’t the monsters.’

The reuse time of Magic Detection was 10 minutes. This was reduced to 8 minutes if he wore Braham’s Boots, which reduced cooldown time. As a result, Grid could only move every 8 minutes.

‘How long will it take to break through this labyrinth?’

His eyes were dark. He was mentally very tired. But.

‘I will continue.’

Labor was a familiar area for Grid. Grid’s grim mentality started to shine.

The master of the Yak Guild, part of the seven guilds, was Bubat.

He was 53rd on the unified rankings. It couldn’t be compared to his 25th rank in the past, but nobody said that he was worse than

before. He combined bold judgments and powerful CCs to be called Satisfy's best initiator. The battlefield was always favorable to his allies when Bublat was fighting in the lead. His nickname was 'Yak who Promises Victory.'

But at the time of the last National Competition, Bublat was helpless. He didn't live up to his reputation and disappointed people. Was it because he was in a bad condition? No. It was because he met Yura and Grid in succession. In the case of Yura, his CC was destroyed by her excellent physical abilities. Grid was too bad because he resisted all CCs.

Bublat was frustrated because it couldn't be helped.

"But I won't be the one feeling frustrated in this National Competition."

After reaching level 300, Bublat obtained many hitting skills. Unlike the past where he relied exclusively on CC, he now had appropriate attack skills. Besides, Bublat was fundamentally a tanker!

"The biggest beneficiary of the patch is me! Huhuhut!"

Grid's legendary skills? 50% reduction in damage meant that Bublat could endure several blows. He would make it become a long battle and eventually break Grid with his high stamina.

"I will repay the shame of the past while gaining a gold medal for my country, Turkey!"

"Waaaaaaaah!"

The people of Turkey cheered at Bublat's declaration.

At this moment.

It wasn't just Bublat. All the participants from all over the world were confident that they could handle Grid. One patch made a person into a pushover.

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"Grid? Certainly, he has grown. I was impressed when I saw the Eternal Kingdom war video."

The strongest nation in Satisfy, the USA.

Thousands of people gathered at a press conference for Zibal. The theme of the interview was the 2nd National Competition. However, most of the questions were about Grid.

"In the past, Grid played while relying on his items, skills, and stats. Now he has combined it with moderate control skills. Considering his talents, I guess it's a result of his efforts. I admire his efforts."

"You described Grid's control as 'moderate.' Are you saying that it isn't at an amazing level?"

"Well... Isn't it good enough from the public's point of view?"

"Then he hasn't reached the level of high rankers yet. It's said that Grid's power will be weakened in the National Competition due to the patch. How do you see it?"

"I also have the same opinion. If it wasn't for Grid's items and stats... He will be very ordinary."

"I have a question about that. Is Grid really weak? If his damage has been halved, can't Grid overwhelm the opponent in two blows instead of one?"

The reporter's question caused all the people in the room to laugh, including Zibal. The reporter's question was very rudimentary. Zibal stopped laughing and opened his mouth.

"Satisfy's stats aren't just attack power and health. Isn't there also the concept of defense? For example, let's say my defense is 100 and Grid's attack power is 1,000. How much damage will I get if I am attacked by Grid?"

“...Isn’t it 900?”

The old and retired reporter didn’t know much about Satisfy. He was out of date, and in fact, he hadn’t even been intending to attend this press conference. But a sudden mishap occurred and he attended on behalf of his junior.

Zibal saw that he was a layman and kindly explained.

“No, that isn’t it. A formula is applied to defense. First of all, besides the defense that can be found in the stats window, every class has a unique resistance that is additionally added to defense to reduce the enemy damage.”

“In other words, this patch will reduce Grid’s attack power by more than 50%?”

“That’s right.”

“Then isn’t this patch fatal to other players with low attack power, not just Grid? How will you cause damage to each other?”

The reporter continued to ask basic questions. Zibal shook his head and pointed to his head and heart.

“It is to attack the enemy’s weak points. Be faster and more accurate.”

But Grid didn’t have that type of skill. The old reporter finally understood and sat down to take notes. Other reporters’ questions followed.

“Now that Grid’s influence in PvP has weakened, what is your prediction for South Korea’s overall ranking?”

“22nd? As you know, there isn’t any other talent in South Korea besides Yura. There will be a limit to her alone.”

“What about Peak Sword?”

“Of course, Peak Sword is excellent. But his attack mode is one strike. It’s very powerful, but the delay after each attack is long. He’s also one of the victims of this patch. South Korea is tragic in

many ways.”

"What about Russia and Kraugel?"

“Russia has some great participants and Kraugel is the only competitor I admire... They can easily enter the top 10.”

“What about the host, France?”

“They can get at least in the top 5.”

"The United States?"

“Of course, we will be 1st. As always, in all areas.”

Beijing, China.

"Hao. You didn't participate in the 1st National Competition held in South Korea last year. Because of that, China was forced to stay in 7th place. The reason you expressed your intention to participate in this National Competition is to sooth the disappointment of our Chinese people, right?"

Hao kept his 16th ranking despite the Overgeared members causing a cataclysm in the unified rankings. The miracle of their country was known as a genius of fighting. Whether it was a solo exhibition or team play, he boasted overwhelming stats in PvP.

Last year, Hao's vacancy was huge for China, who couldn't achieve remarkable results in PvP related events. He felt cynical towards the reporters' questions.

‘I want to say that it has no relation to the hearts of the people.’

Hao was a Chinese person, so he knew them well. If he made a slip of the tongue, he could be kidnapped one day.

Hao took a deep breath and nodded.

“That's correct. Last year, I didn't participate in the National Competition due to personal circumstances and deeply regretted it. I swear before the spirit of the great Mao Zedong and China, I will

lead our country to victory in this National Competition.”

“Last year, Grid and South Korea interfered with China and rose to the 3rd spot. Now that Grid has been nerfed, will you be able to repay the past disgrace?”

‘Grid...’

According to Lauel, Grid was someone beyond Kraugel. He would dismiss it as nonsense, but Lauel wasn’t someone to exaggerate. It was clear that Grid had something.

‘I can’t say anything good.’

Hao looked around the room. The reporters were staring with expectations in their eyes. Hao sighed and eventually opened his mouth.

“Whether Grid is nerfed or not, he wasn’t my opponent in the first place.”

“Ohh!!”

The reporters got the answer they wanted. It was natural for the people of a great country to win over those of a small country.

Snap!

Snap snap!

Hao’s remarks were written on Internet articles as photos were taken of him. Meanwhile, Hao sipped his cold water.

‘It isn’t a lie.’

The only one better than him was Kraugel. Hao had a high evaluation of his own skills. It was because he was able to tie up the feet of several Overgeared members alone during the Reidan invasion.

Paris. France.

“Bondre, you experienced a humiliating defeat after being logged

out by Grid in just 4 seconds. Did that incident cause trauma? Will you be able to participate well in the National Competition?"

France was a strong favorite in the 1st National Competition. Surprisingly, many experts analyzed that France would win over the United States. But France's greatest player, Bondre, was torn apart by Grid and everything became a tangled mess. France narrowly settled for second place.

Bondre scoffed at the reporters' malicious question and made a scathing remark.

"Trauma? That's something that will happen to hyenas like you. I am a beast of prey. I will never shrink back."

"Your confidence is good. But isn't this patch fatal for you? Your Absolute Zero won't be able to function properly."

France was the host country of the 2nd National Competition. As the host country, the entire nation was hoping for them to win. But the public didn't trust Bondre. Bondre ridiculed the reporter's question.

"You still think that Absolute Zero is my only skill?"

"...?"

"A year has passed since the first National Competition. In the meantime, I have learned many powerful spells. In the first place, an ice mystic specializes in defense and utility rather than high attack power. This patch is just giving me wings."

Bondre was so angry that he spoke in informal language. He declared to the dozens of media outlets gathered in this place, "Those uncivilized Koreans who eat dog meat, I will shatter them. Then your attitude towards me will change. I will lead France to victory."

Ottawa, Canada.

3rd ranked Chris was also holding a press conference.

"Last year, Canada was one of the strong candidates to win the National Competition. But we had to experience the shocking result of not being able to enter the top 3."

"This year, the country is hoping for a different result. Chris, do you have the confidence to revive people's expectations?"

Please provide a satisfying answer. Chris read the words in the reporters' eyes and bowed his head.

"Last year, I was helpless. I lost to Zibal in the boss raid, was defeated by Bondre in the labyrinth breakthrough, and was defeated by Regas in PvP. I want to borrow this place to once again apologize."

In fact, Chris shouldn't have to apologize. Last year, Chris was very cool. He won the silver medal in the boss raid and labyrinth breakthrough, and reached the quarter-finals in PvP. That's right. Chris struggled against the best players of the world alone.

"Lift your head!"

"You're our hero!"

The reporters cried out, causing Chris to slowly raise his head. Then he smiled at them.

"I will try to show a better performance this year. I am confident of winning against all opponents except for Kraugel and Grid."

"G-Grid?"

The reporters were startled. Wasn't Grid a victim of the patch? At this moment, rankers and experts from all over the world were evaluating that Grid would find it hard to play a big role in the National Competition. Why did Chris see Grid as superior to him?

'Chris is also a victim of the patch, but...'

'Chris has much higher skills when it comes to the greatsword. He is different from Grid.'

Chris laughed at the reporters faces.

‘I can’t easily beat Grid, who competed with the crazy farmer for a long time.’

The world didn’t know Grid’s true value. Chris couldn’t comprehend the public opinion, who ridiculed Grid despite all his achievements just because of his normal control. Of course, this didn’t mean Chris was already obsessed with defeat.

Grid and Kraugel. Both men weren’t easy to beat, but Chris didn’t think there was no chance at all. This was the pride of the 3rd ranked user.

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Japan, Tokyo.

Yoshimura exclaimed under a splendid chandelier in the press conference room.

"Yoshimura will make Japan the most powerful Asian country!"

Among the Japanese, Yoshimura was known as the 'Defeated General.' His fight against the Korean Silver Knights Guild for Cork Island was a disaster. Then he was defeated by Damian, who was considered a traitor from the right side extremists.

Yoshimura had once been the 2nd ranked archer, but now his peak was over. Nevertheless, the Japanese still trusted Yoshimura. Yoshimura's achievements in the past were so great that there were still a lot of expectations. Unfortunately, Japan didn't have as many talented people as Yoshimura.

"Ohhhh!"

"It truly is Yoshimura!"

The reporters applauded at Yoshimura's flamboyant appearance. But they didn't ask any questions because there was no big interest. The reporters were interested in Damian and Katz who were sitting to Yoshimura's left and right.

"Hum hum."

Yoshimura felt ashamed and sat down. The reporters first questioned Katz, who hadn't appeared in public for a long time.

"Katz, I'm looking forward to seeing you after a long time. What have you been doing this whole time?"

"Bah, what a stupid question. Can't you tell by looking at the list of rankers? I have been raising my level."

Katz was the son of one of the largest conglomerates in Japan. He grew up with everything since childhood, causing him to become

arrogant. Due to that, he had a lot of anti-fans around the world. But the Japanese didn't hate Katz.

The reason was simple. Katz was one of Japan's few hopes.

The third epic hidden class. Blood Warrior Katz, he dreamt of becoming the 1st ranked user and only focused on hunting for the past year and a half.

"That reminds me, you reached 19th on the unified rankings two weeks ago. At that time, all of the Japanese media outlets reported on Katz' news."

"You must be happy to be the first Japanese person ranked in the top 20."

"..."

The reporters praised him, but Katz was offended. It was embarrassing. A year and a half ago. He declared to the world that he would take the first position in six months, but he hadn't even entered the single digits yet. This caused Katz to go crazy.

19th out of two billion users. It was certainly a huge achievement, but Katz' pride was too high. Katz wasn't satisfied at all.

"What events do you plan to participate in this time?"

"I haven't decided yet."

"What are you expecting Japan's ranking to be?"

"How should I know?"

"..."

Based on Katz' attitude, it seemed unreasonable to ask him any more questions. The reporters were satisfied that photos and videos were taken of Katz and turned their eyes to Damian.

"The pope is known to have a special relationship with Grid. Will you be able to face Grid as an enemy in the National Competition?"

It was a question with hidden meanings. Damian chose Grid over

his country. Would he be able to face Grid as an enemy in the National Competition? As Yoshimura felt tense and Katz indifferent, Damian declared with a proud expression.

"I know how to distinguish between the two. In the National Competition, Grid is naturally my enemy."

"Ohh...!"

The questions from the reporters poured out.

"What sort of events will you participate in?"

"Any combat related events are okay."

"Does this mean you have confidence in battle?"

"Of course. I am really big."

"What are you expecting Japan's ranking to be?"

"Hrmm." Damian glanced sideways at Katz. "At least in the top 10?"

"Ohhh!"

Being in the top 10 out of 32 countries wasn't low. It was likely to be the highest rank among the Asian countries. Damian, who had responded coldly to requests for cooperation from the right-wing groups, was now speaking favorably about Japan, causing the reporters to feel excited.

They were once again glad that a powerful presence like the pope was a Japanese. But some right-wing media groups questioned Damian.

"Is there still no plan to build a Rebecca Temple in the territories that the Japanese Guilds rule over?"

"How about giving healers from the Rebecca Church as support for Japanese rankers?"

Questions not related to the National Competition started to pour out. Damian was silent. He couldn't understand the psychology of

the extreme right-wingers who wanted one-sided help just because he was Japanese.

"Tsk, I am building a temple in Reidan."

"You really must be a Korean."

The moment that the right-wing reporters made the atmosphere uncomfortable.

"What do you think about this balance patch?"

One young reporter asked a new question that reversed the mood. Damian's answer was enough to excite the Japanese people watching the press conference broadcast.

"It's a patch to benefit me."

Damian had strong defense, recovery skills, and phenomenal buff skills. What person could damage him with this patch?

"At least in the National Competition, I am invincible."

"Waaaaahhhhh!"

Japan was overturned. The expectations of Japanese people towards Damian skyrocketed. The Internet speculated that perhaps Damian could win three gold medals in the National Competition. However, Damian poured cold water on them.

"Well, as long as I don't go against Grid."

"..."

Why? Why did Damian praise Grid so much? The Japanese people didn't know the details about the relationship between Grid and Damian, so they questioned it. More people wondered if Damian was actually a Korean.

Moscow, Russia.

The press conference held for the participants of the 2nd National Competition.

" ... "

In the end, Kraugel didn't attend.

Seoul, South Korea.

"Zibal doesn't know anything. If he meets God Grid in the same event, he will eventually have to give God Grid the gold medal."

Kang Daehan of the Korean Patriotic Association. His ID was Peak Sword in Satisfy and he was sitting in front of hundreds of reporters.

"And Hao? He doesn't seem Chinese with how rude he is. Whether God Grid is nerfed or not, he is no match for God Grid."

"Excuse me... Kang Daehan, why didn't Yura and Youngwoo attend this interview...?"

"Also!"

Peak Sword didn't answer the reporters' questions. It was only 17 days until the National Competition. There was only one reason why Peak Sword attended this press conference despite being busy. It was to refute the words of rankers around the world.

Kung!

Peak Sword slammed his hand on the table and shouted.

"Bondre, the French person who called Koreans uncivilized because we eat dog meat! The French eat foie gras, which is far more atrocious! A pot calling the kettle black. Bondre, I will make you feel ashamed, so be prepared! Understood? Hooray South Korea!"

" ... "

It was the moment when the National Competition's press conference was turned into a Korean Patriotic Association meeting. The reporters thought it was silly, but also nice to have a

character like Peak Sword in South Korea. He made them feel much better.

As the whole world was paying attention to the 2nd National Competition, Grid was still wandering the labyrinth.

[You have killed a cavalry knight.]

[16,112,300 experience has been acquired.]

‘Heok... Heok... Wow, I’m going crazy.’

He had spent a fortnight of Satisfy time trapped in the labyrinth. It was hard to keep moving through the dark labyrinth without knowing how much was left until the exit.

‘It might be different if the monsters are weak.’

The monster that appeared in the labyrinth were between level 400~420.

It took Grid at least three minutes to hunt one. The monsters were strong. Allowing one attack would decrease his health by at least one-fourth. If he met three or more monsters at once, it was hard to deal with them without relying on his immortality passive.

‘If it wasn’t for the immortal passive, I would’ve died and gone back to the 50th island.’

Just imagining it was horrible. Grid gulped and used magic.

[Magic Detection (Enhanced) Lv. 1 (93.1%)]

-The cooldown time is 4 minutes and 42 seconds-

‘Sigh...’

After entering the labyrinth, the newly acquired skill was almost at level 2. It was catching up with the level of Magic Missile. It showed how many times Grid had used Magic Detection, and how long he had travelled. Yet he still couldn’t find the exit...

Grid sighed and sat down. He would try and use Meditation to

recover his health, mana, and stamina while waiting for the cooldown time of Magic Detection to end. But it was difficult to use Meditation since he needed the utmost concentration.

Grid was able to succeed in Meditation after two minutes.

[Entering a meditative state.]

[Increases health and mana regeneration rate by 50%, and stamina regeneration by 30%.]

[Skill cooldown time will be reduced by 10%.]

'Not bad.'

At first, it took him more than five minutes to succeed in Meditation. Grid was fairly satisfied with the current speed of Meditation while thinking back to that time.

'The level of the God Hands' Sword Mastery has gone up by quite a lot.'

Grid had certainly improved when compared to before he entered the Behen Archipelago. He was proud that he didn't walk on this path in vain. However...

'When can I escape this labyrinth?'

He wanted to at least clear it before the National Competition began. Come to think of it, he should be able to use Magic Detection again. Grid got up and approached the three paths in front of him.

'Magic Detection.'

Pahat!

Mana poured out as Grid tried to find life in one of the paths. However.

'Eh?'

No signs of life were detected anywhere. This was the first time.

'What am I supposed to do?'

According to Braham's advice, the closer he was to the exit of the labyrinth, the bigger the risk. But all three paths had no danger, so Grid couldn't help feeling confused.

'Should I ask Braham for help again?'

He already relied on Assimilation when he faced a big crisis three days ago. If he waited for the cooldown of Assimilation to return, wouldn't he need to wait at least six more days here? It was too big of a waste of time.

'In the first place...'

He felt like he degenerated every time he depended on Braham.

'Yes, haven't I been doing it all by myself so far?'

How could he overcome this situation? Grid took a deep breath and focused his mind to the limits. Then he discovered an answer.

'Perhaps?'

So far, monsters were waiting on all the paths he took...

'Maybe I have already passed the labyrinth?'

It was possible that the exit was right in front of him. However, he couldn't go back after stepping on a new path, so he was terrified.

'It will produce a much more valuable result than staying here.'

If his thoughts were wrong and he fell into a new labyrinth, he would just need to find the way out again. Grid raised all his courage and took the path in the middle.

At that moment.

[You have succeeded in breaking through the labyrinth!]

[You have acquired 2,150 challenger points for the mission success.]

[You have entered Treasure Island (the 57th island)!!]

[Escape from Treasure Island in the next three minutes.]

“Ohh...! Ohhhhhh!”

Grid was extremely excited. It was strange not to get excited as the island full of gold and treasures appeared before him.

‘Today’s lunch is seafood jajang!’

The moment that Grid decided to summon Noe and Randy to get more treasures.

[Fog Island haunts this island.]

Treasure Island was covered with a thick fog.

“Ah.”

Grid shed tears. They were deep tears of regret.

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